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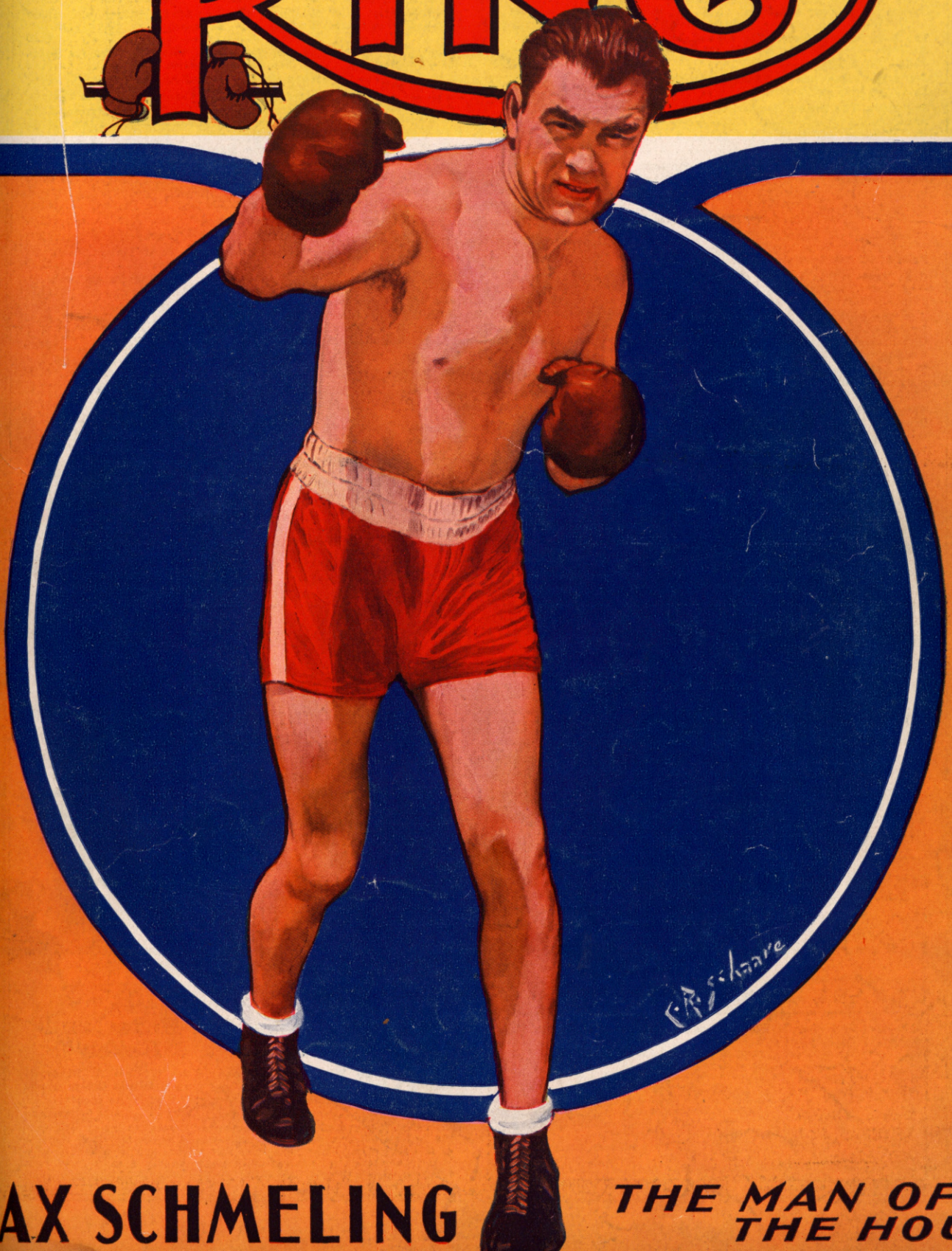

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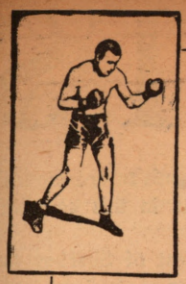

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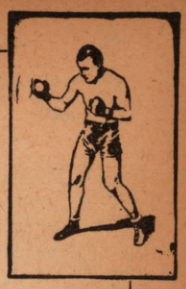

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In Our Next Issue

As this issue goes to press, the uncertainty of a Schmeling-Braddock fight is still in the air. But, regardless of the standing of these two heavyweights, the eyes of the boxing world are turned again to the man who enabled Schmeling to become the leading challenger for the crown he once held — Joe Louis. The fine comeback of the Brown Bomber in his fight with Jack Sharkey, brings this interesting Negro character back in the spotlight.

What about Joe's future? What is in store for him now?

Let Hype Igoe, one of America's leading boxing critics, tell you. Read what he has to say in the next issue of “The Ring.”

New York now boasts of a promoter of sports who is doing things up in the style that made Tex Rickard famous. Mike Jacobs is the man behind the guns in New York's leading sporting ventures and his entry into the field, is a reminder of “The Gilded Age of Boxing.” Nat Fleischer's story of the rise of Goldfield where boxing on a big scale had its birth, is one you'll enjoy.

“Ringers of the Ring” is another of the interesting articles by Jim Tully, the Hobo Author, famed story teller. You'll obtain facts about the boxing game you never saw in print before in Tully's latest contribution, told as only Jim Tully can.

These in addition to articles by Daniel M. Daniel on Joe Humphreys; Bob Edgren, George T. Pardy, T. W. McNiel and other stars on the Ring's great staff.

Also additional slow motion pictures of the Sharkey-Louis battle which you'll want to save.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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LOUIS STARTS

Brown Bomber, Morale Undamaged, Hurdles First Step in Comeback by Knocking Out Sharkey in Third Round —Negro's Boxing, Hitting and Timing Superb as He Floors Ex-Gob Four Times

COULD Joe Louis come back after the severe shellacking he received at the hands of Max Schmeling? Would Joe the Bomber be gun-shy as a result of that beating? Would the judgment of the sports critics, who were so sadly humiliated by the Detroiter's downfall, be vindicated?

These and a number of other queries were answered in a most thorough manner by Joe Louis himself in the Yankee Stadium on August 18 when, before a huge gathering, he knocked out Jack Sharkey in the third round.

It wasn't so much the K.O. that answered the critics, as it was the manner in which Joe turned the trick. The Negro turned in as fine and finished a job as he did against Max Baer and Primo Carnera when he showed at his best, and the artistic performance, even though it lacked some of the technique which was in evidence in other of Louis' contests, was sufficient to reassure the Negro's army of loyal supporters, especially the scribes who have stood by their guns despite Joe's knockout, that he is a great fighter.

Would Joe Louis return to the form that caused the scribes to dub him the Brown Bomber, the Michigan Assassin, the Detroit Executioner? Would he again be the Dark Destroyer who fought his way to the top flight of the heavyweight ranks in one year by scoring twenty-three knockouts? Those who, like myself, have followed Joe's career since his start as a professional, were of the opinion that he would, but so seldom does a fighter recover from so severe a trimming as Joe got from Schmeling that we cannot blame the general public for shunting Joe aside in favor of a new fistic hero—Max Schmeling.

Today, however, they are again singing the praises of Louis. And why not? Didn't he raise the fog that has hovered over the boxing game since he met his first setback? And out of that mist there emerged a new Joe Louis, not the cocksure Brown Bomber who hitherto had taken it for granted that he was invincible, but a confident young man who believed in himself and went about his task of proving to the world that he was still worthy of championship consideration.

Instead of cocksureness, he went about his task with sufficient caution to indicate that he had learned a lesson in the Schmeling fight. He boxed beautifully and he fought viciously when he sensed the kill, and above all, he didn't get him with sucker punches as in the fight with Herr Max, though a number were flung his way by Sharkey. He rated himself nicely, didn't flinch when Sharkey's right crashed against his jaw—once with terrific force—and thus completed the first round of his comeback with flying colors.

As was expected, those who refuse to give credit to Joe for the fighter he is, regarded Sharkey in the line of a set-up and openly around the ringside, one could hear the old standby of the disgruntled: "Well, who did he beat anyway? Just an old man."

True, Sharkey is an old man so far as fighting age is concerned, but how anyone could have left the Yankee Stadium with such thoughts after viewing such a fine performance by both of the contestants is beyond me.

The Sharkey who fought Louis was unlike the Sharkey I had seen in several years. Older? Yes, but full of fight, game to the last.

Jack's performance was far better than his recent splendid fight against Brubaker, a bout I had witnessed in Boston, and therefore Louis must be given full credit for his victory. Beating the aged Sharkey, I agree, is not the greatest triumph a young, strong youth could accomplish, but again I say it is not the knockout of the erstwhile Boston gob, so much as the manner in which Louis turned the trick that counts in this comeback story.

The defeat of Sharkey was just another of the long string in boxing history in which former champions, out to regain the world title, have fallen by the wayside. His dream of another chance to win the crown he once held was sadly shattered by the crashing, thudding, devastating fists of Joe Louis. Sprawled on his hands and knees, his eyes bleary and head in a whirl, Sharkey heard Referee Arthur Donovan toll off the fatal ten that counted him out of the heavyweight picture, and then with great difficulty, arose to shake the hand of the man whom he had belittled only a few hours before.

* * *

SO thoroughly convinced was I after watching Joe in training camp that he would come back with a vengeance, I didn't hesitate to say, not once but several times, in my radio talks that, despite the reports emanating from his quarters, the Brown Bomber would win by a knockout within four rounds and prove himself the Louis of old. If Louis should meet Max Schmeling again, I'll continue to stick by my guns and again pick Joe to beat Max. I do not belittle the great performance of Schmeling when I say that the Louis who fought Sharkey would have whipped Max Schmeling on June 19.

Why? Because in contrast to the lackadaisical Joe who fought Schmeling, we saw the same Brown Bomber in action against Sharkey who rolled up such an amazing record prior to last June.

As for Sharkey, he went into the fight with Joe with one objective—to flatten him as did Schmeling, and it must be said that he did his best to make good. Sharkey has been an in-and-outer throughout his long career and often has been discredited because of his poor battles, but he atoned for everything he ever did to the fight fans by giving an exhibition of gameness which equalled that of Louis against Schmeling. What more can one ask?

Four times Sharkey hit the canvas and three times he dragged himself to an upright position to face the killing fists of the Bomber. He would have gotten to his feet again the fourth time, but his legs were gone. The will was there but the power was not. His legs refused to obey the command of his brain, and as he sat on the canvas, he was counted out, the twenty-fourth knockout victim of Louis in Joe's twenty-nine starts.

Truly that was nothing to be ashamed of! Hammered into submission after putting up a gallant battle is a worthy way to pass out of a fighting career. Only Romero Rojas, Jack Dempsey and Primo Carnera turned that trick in the twelve-year campaign.

* * *

WHAT pleased me most was the calmness with which Louis' victory was received by his handlers and his admirers. Instead of the glee, the shouts and the wild commotion around the ringside that greeted Joe's other triumphs, the celebration of the past was not in evidence. All hands, even the huge gathering in the Yankees' ball yard, viewed it as just the first short step in a long comeback trail. Perhaps that silence was due to the fact that the crowd realized that the Brown Bomber again looms up as a menacing shadow over Jim Braddock's world heavyweight throne.

Sharkey took a cruel beating and that, for an old man of the ring, also had its reaction on the crowd. Had the gob dogged it, the Louis-Sharkey fight would have given the sport a black eye from which it would have taken months to recover, but Sharkey saw to it that no such thing would happen by exhibiting the bravest, gamest exhibition he has ever put on view for the fight public. Jack tried to mix it. At times he succeeded, but he eventu-

ANEW

By NAT FLEISCHER

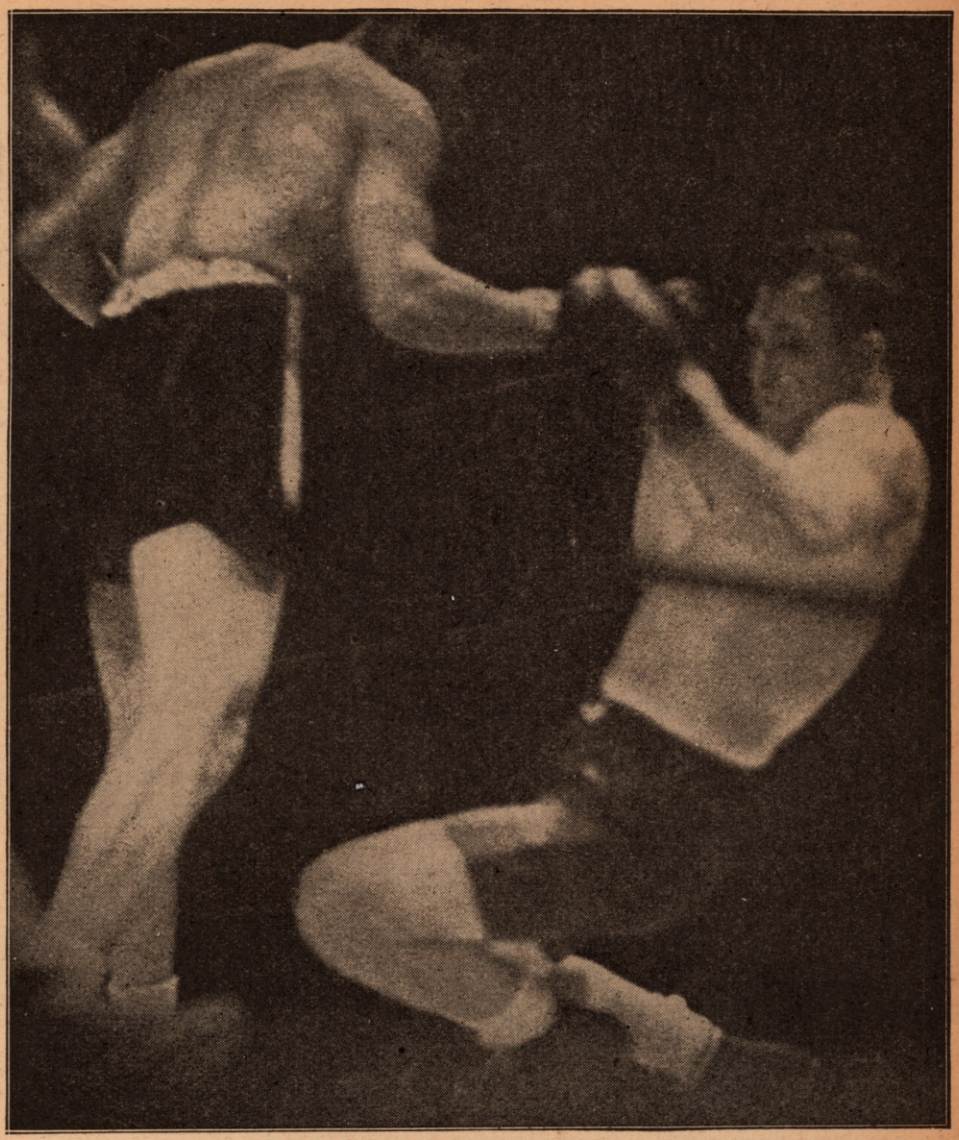
ally lost the gamble. On each occasion when he went to the canvas, it was from the telling fists of the Bomber. Not once in the four times he was down did Jack take any easy way out. It was the flaying fists, the devastating punches of Louis that brought him down.

He took counts of nine and eight, respectively, in the second round, a count of eight in the third, and the last time he was floored, he was unable to avoid the fatal ten. When he went down for the first time, a right-hander, clean to the jaw, turned the trick. Jack hit the deck and his seconds frantically shouted advice to him.

Blood was sprayed all over his face as he tried to smile the smile of confidence, and as he faced the Bomber for an additional bombardment, it was evident that the fight would not last much longer. Joe had Jack's number—that was a certainty. The destruction of the Boston fighter could not be delayed if Louis was to prove his worth again, and Joe set about his task with a vengeance.

Louis quickly leaped in with a fusillade of rights and lefts, and he never ceased until Jack went down for the second count. It was a savage attack and came so unexpectedly that Sharkey's face turned pale with the bombardment.

But he was game. He took the punishment without flinching. Sharkey took to bobbing and weaving in an effort to dodge the punches, but without success. A powerful left straightened Jack, and then a series of rights and lefts sent him down for the second count. When he arose, he was wobbly and jumped into a clinch.



The beginning of the end. Jack Sharkey wilting under a murderous assault to the head, slowly sinks to the canvas for the last knockdown.

* * *

THEN came the final session, one that will long be remembered as Jack's final stand. He was determined. He realized that only a quick rally would give him a fighting chance by discouraging the infuriated Louis. But, stung and humiliated by his previous knockout, Joe had only one thing in mind—he sensed a kill and he was going to follow it up. A three-round knockout he had predicted to me at his training camp, and as in every other prediction he has made with the exception of the Schmeling fight, he called the turn.

In went Louis. He disregarded Sharkey's rush and met him with a stinging left to the face. Jack retaliated with a right-hander such as Schmeling had so often landed, the punch being delivered with the idea of making Louis hesitate. But it failed in its mission.

Louis crashed a left to the chin and then two short, thudding rights to the temple that jarred Sharkey and the finish was close at hand. Sharkey went down for the third time, this time face forward, his body striking the lower ring strand. It required considerable gameness and effort on the part of the gob to get back to his feet at the count of eight and his efforts were wildly applauded. It was a new Sharkey the crowd was seeing and the sympathy was with him.

No sooner up than Louis was at him again. There was no stopping this determined young Negro, who was bent on regaining his lost position in the world of fisticuffs. A terrific left to the forehead stunned Jack and a thunderous right to the chin was the last blow struck in the fight. The Hub heavyweight sank to the canvas and he was through. Sharkey had furnished a good test for the Bomber and I'm sure that with the exception of a very small minority, those who witnessed the fight left the arena, like myself, with the thought that Joe Louis was still a mighty good fighter.

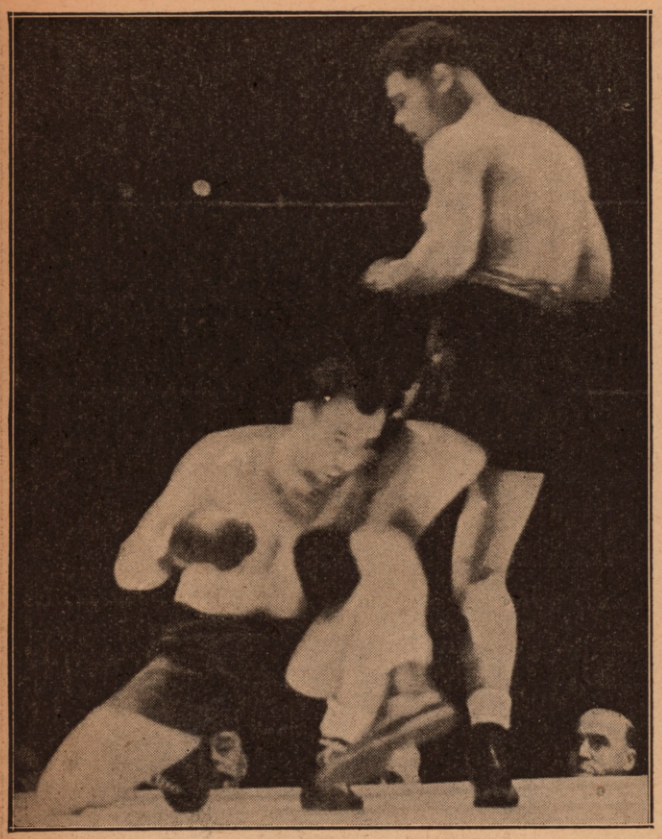
He proved that his morale hasn't been damaged by the Schmeling K.O., and also proved to me, that he'll never again be a sucker for a right, as he was in the Schmeling battle. The way he stepped back out of range of Sharkey's rights and then lunged in with powerful lefts that landed with accuracy on the face or on the body, was a revelation. His punches carried T.N.T. His timing was almost perfect and his boxing was a treat.

A false alarm, Joe Louis? A highly-touted amateur? A Negro who has been falsely acclaimed a great fighter by a ballyhoo brigade?

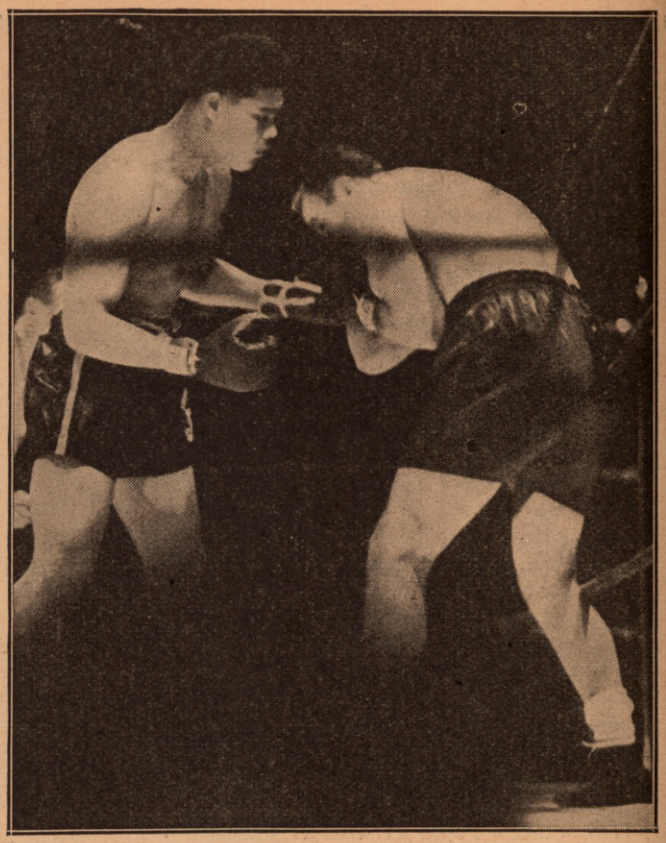
No, folks. I think I know a good fighter when I see one, and I'm going to stick by my guns in singing the praises of Joe Louis.

The fight drew a gross attendance of 29,331 for gross receipts of $159,982.26, fifty thousand dollars more than had been anticipated.

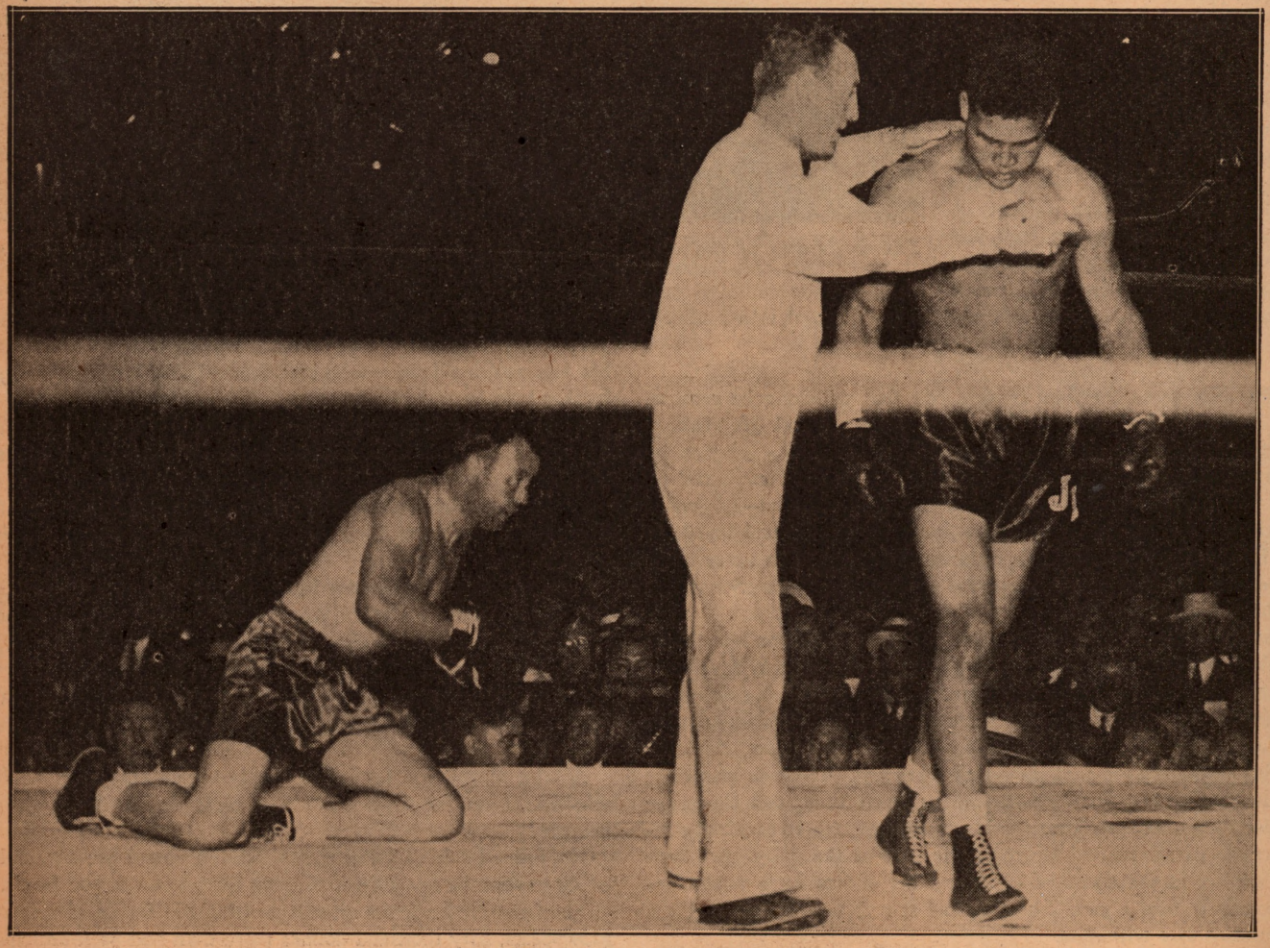
The Thrilling Second



Louis moving out of Jack's way to let the gob tumble to the canvas for the first knockdown in the second round. Jack took a count of nine, then met another heavy barrage.

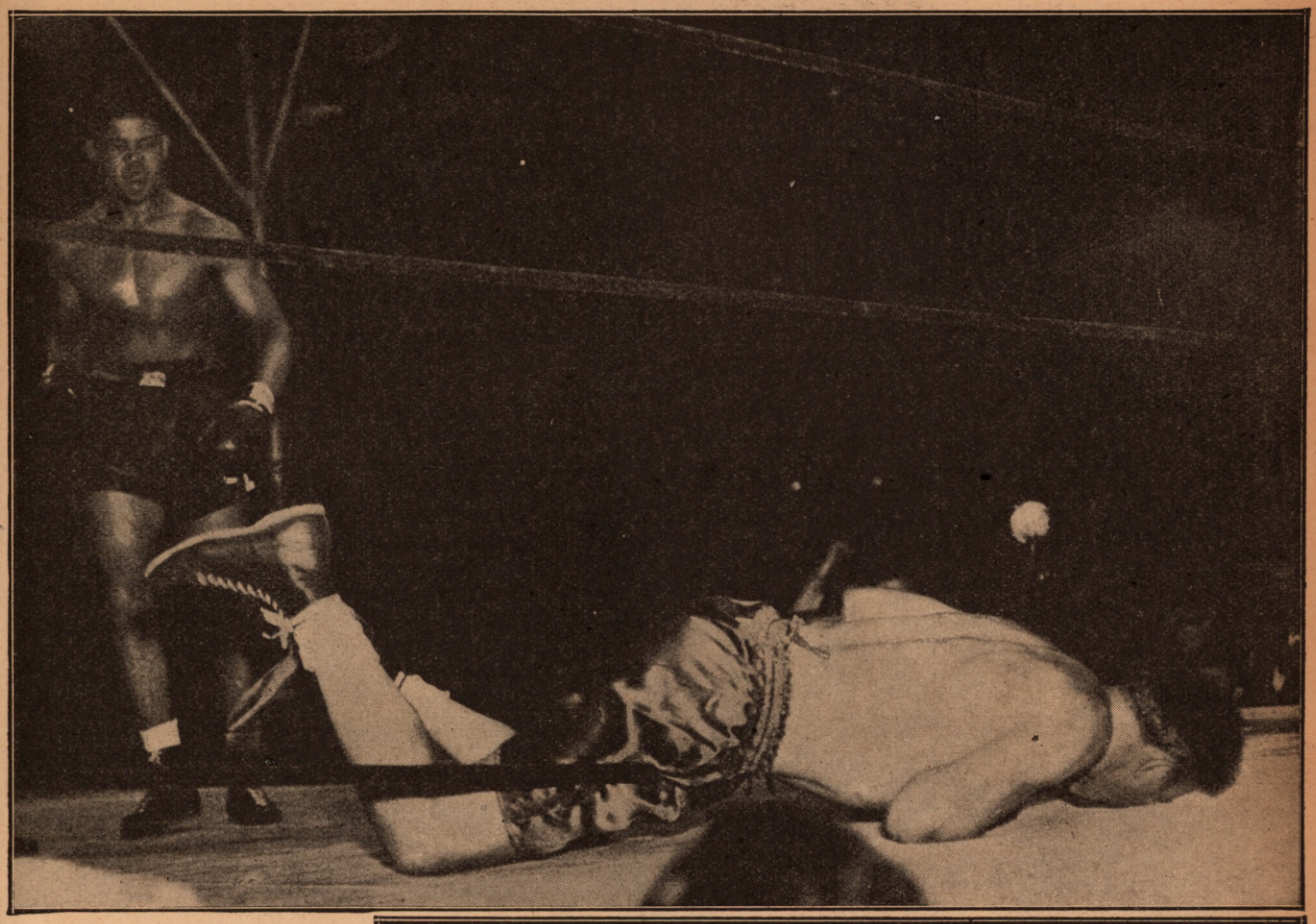


Louis ready to shoot over a right hook as Sharkey attempts to weave. Joe crashed the punch against Jack's jaw and down went the Bostonian for the second time in the second session.

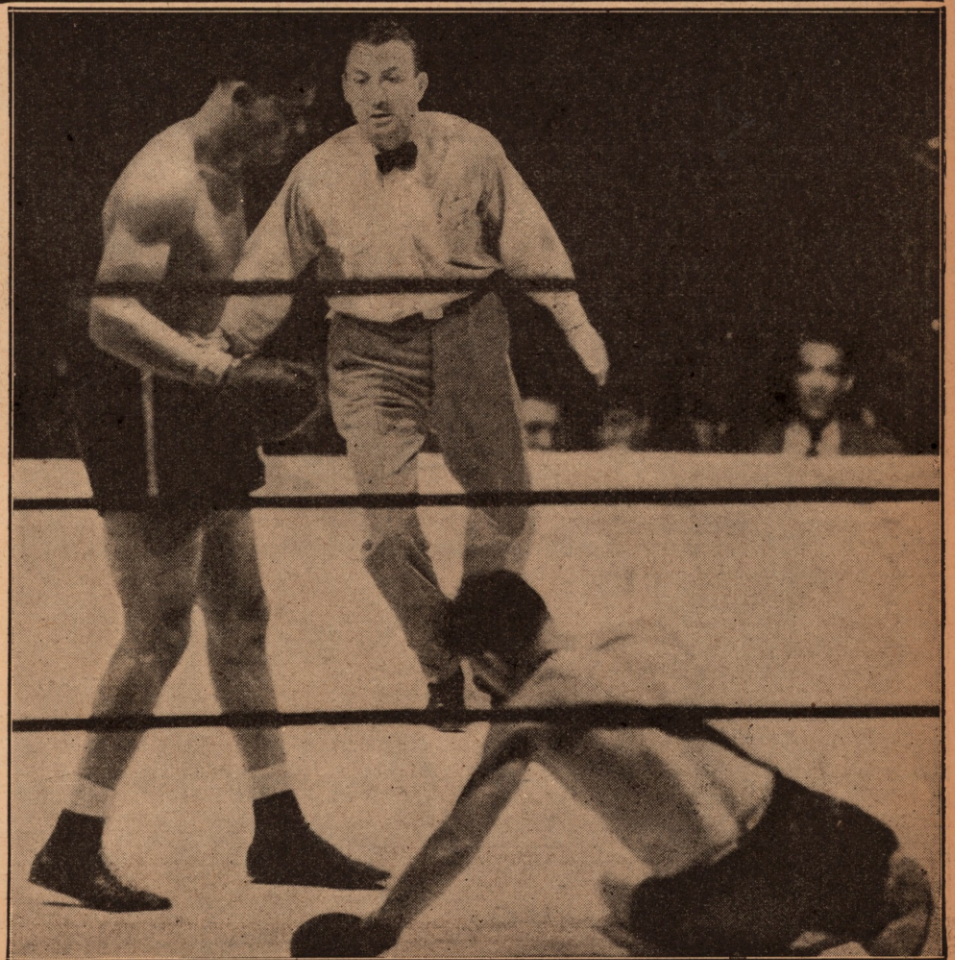


A scene in the second round, showing Jack watching Louis' movements after the first knockdown.

Back in His Strides



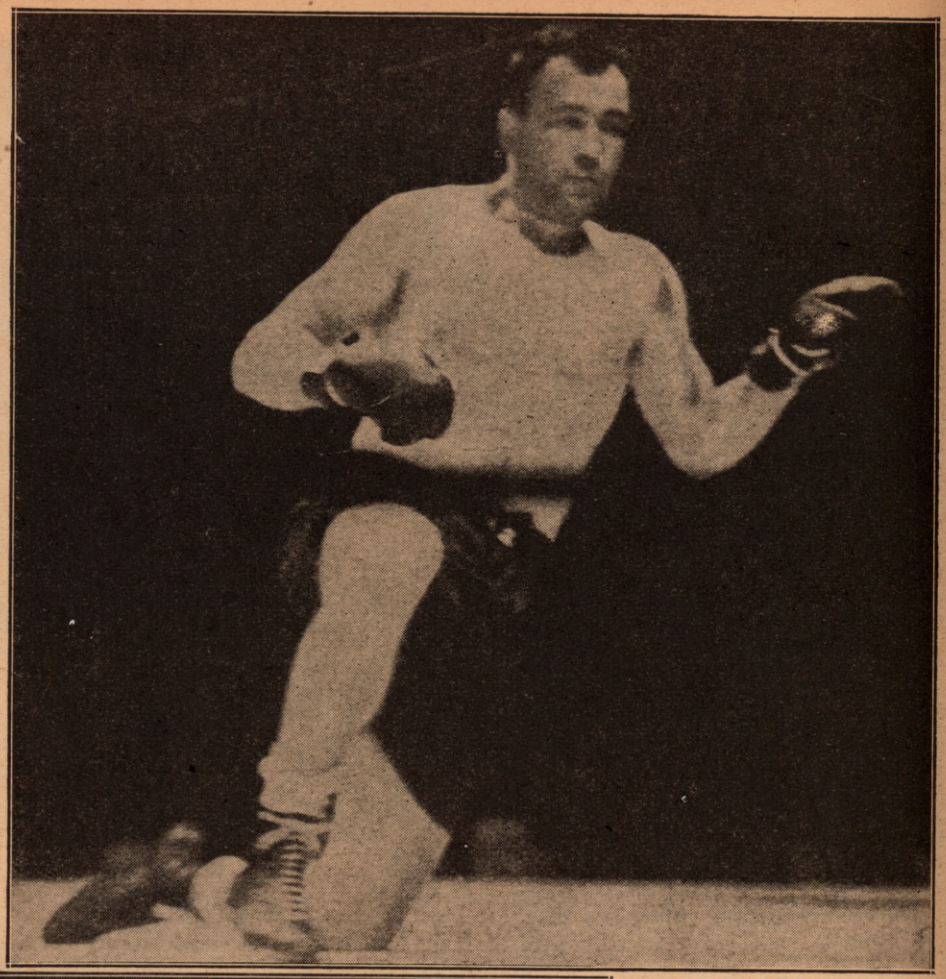
Jack has plunged over the rope with nose resting in the resin. He got back into the ring and at the count of eight, was on his feet again. This was the first knockdown in the third round.

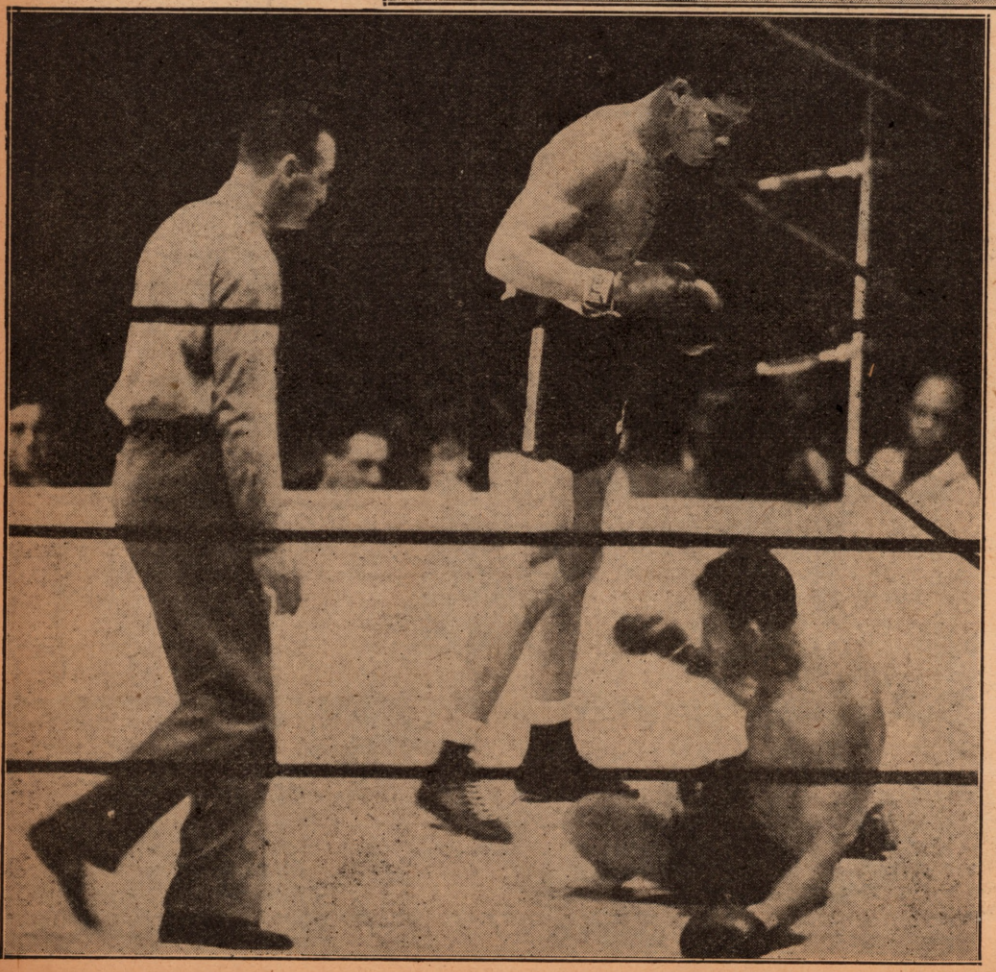


Another view of the final knockdown. The Brown Bomber is being ordered away from his fallen victim, who is unable to get to an upright position in time to save himself from being counted out.

The FINAL COUNT

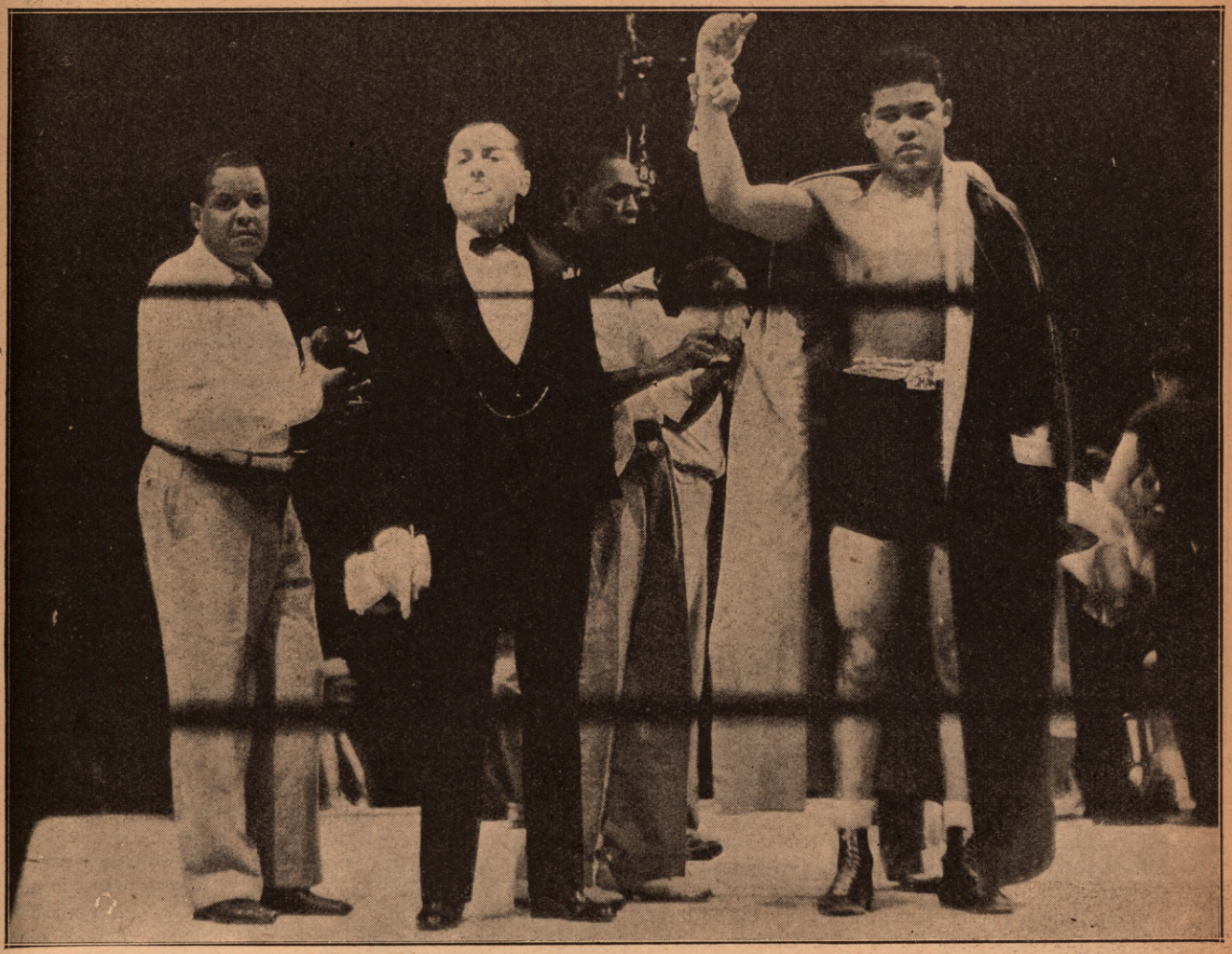
Game to the last, Sharkey, holding on to the ropes, raises himself for the third time only to meet another barrage that ended the bout. Jack's gameness gained for him the sympathy of the crowd as his youthful rival battered him into submission. Jack surprised even his most ardent followers by his exhibition. Note the look of anxiety on the Bostonian's face. He realizes the end is only a few minutes away.



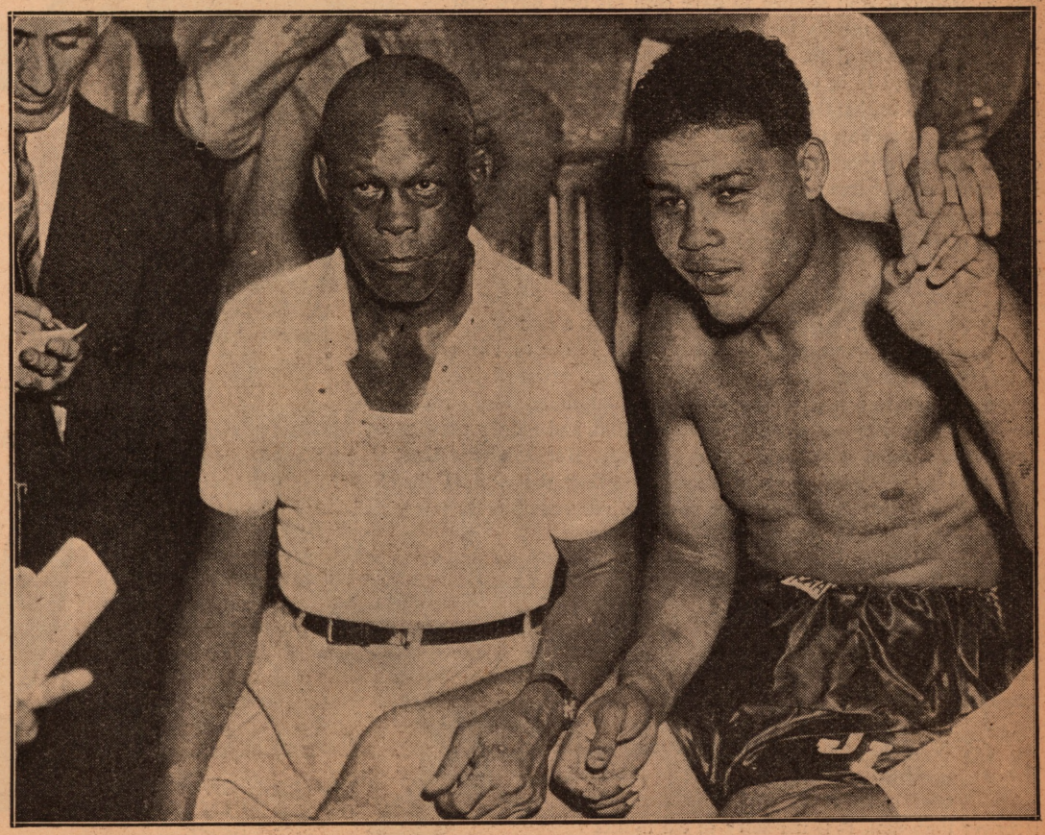


Here's Sharkey on the deck while Louis towers over him waiting for the gob to rise. Referee Donovan is alert, however, and gets Joe out of the way before taking up the count that ended the battle. In Louis' corner, note how Jack Blackburn, Joe's trainer, is eagerly watching every move of the fallen gladiator. That knockout probably saved old Blackburn his job.

A HAPPY RECOVERY



Harry Balough, the announcer, holds up Joe's hand in token of victory. Joe's handlers rush into the ring and surround him, and the Bomber, expressionless, stands motionless while the voice of the announcer echoes over the mikes through the stadium.



Joe finally laughs! Yes, he's happy, and why shouldn't he be? Didn't he make good? He holds up three fingers to indicate to the photographers the round in which he triumphed while Jack Blackburn, his trainer, looks on.

Up from the Basement,

The goal of his ambition reached—Jimmy Braddock proclaimed world heavyweight champion after defeating Max Baer on points.

THE Braddock-Schmeling fight has stressed many dramatic angles. The match brought together two men who apparently had left their best years, their best achievements, their last chances for greater glory, behind them. The Braddock who fought Corn Griffin in the Garden Bowl was a Braddock who seemed to have seen his best days, and who was battling merely for coffee and sinkers. The Schmeling who came out of the beating by Steve Hamas in Philadelphia appeared to be merely the shell of the Schmeling who had fought so brilliantly and adroitly against Jack Sharkey.

However, the Fates have their little jokes, the old lady called Dame Fortune has her whimsies and her quirks. Life is a succession of turns of the wheel, and since boxing sometimes is called the quintessence of action, it must stress the strange pranks of Luck and the strange turns of the wheel to an amazing degree.

In James J. Braddock, heavyweight champion of the world, American boxing sent into the Schmeling match a fighter who had demonstrated his gameness and grit not only in the roped square, but in the bigger and, let me say, more difficult, arena of life.

It is difficult to conceive, at first blush, of anything more straining on the powers of physical concentration and effort than a heavyweight fight, with its constant jeopardy. But it is true that compared to life itself, with its struggle against the wolf at the door, a mere fight in the ring for so much per round, is as tame as throwing baseballs at a Senegambian target.

Braddock knows what fighting is, and he also knows what Life is. And between the two, he will tell you that fighting for a living in the ring is rather soft when compared with fighting the struggle of every day existence, when the Fates are against you and Opportunity turns nothing but a deaf ear.

* * *

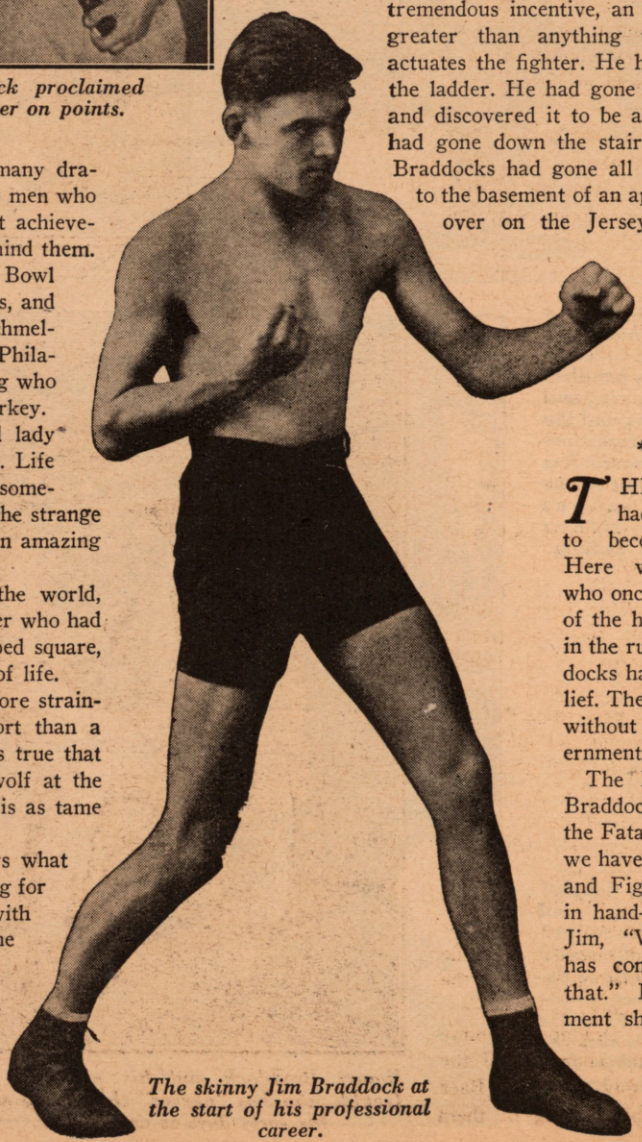
IN Braddock, you have, of course, the apotheosis of the old theme of the man who came back. But it is something stronger than that. It is the story of the fighter who came out of the basement, to sniff clear, clean air; to see his children once more clothed fully and well; to see his wife enjoying those small comforts which, in adversity, seem large and remote enough; to enjoy Life itself.

Of course, you know Braddock's history. You know how he came up the ladder, and how he went down that same ladder. It is the inevitable journey. But once they go up and come down, they almost always stay down. The heights usually beckon just once in boxing. That's why, in the modern history of pugilism, no heavyweight champion, once dethroned, ever had come back to the title before the Braddock-Schmeling match was made.

Your ringster is a Fatalist. If he were not, he would find it all the more difficult to battle with the divers circumstances which array themselves against him, once the bell rings, and he is left on his own. "There comes a day, and that's that," your modern wearer of the cestus will tell you. The day may be the day of glory. The day may be the day of defeat. But, says your fighter, "there comes a day, and that's that."

And so, when your battler takes it on the button, and the cobwebs of sleepy forgetfulness clear, he says to himself, "The day has come—and that's that."

Braddock was a shining exception. But he had a tremendous incentive, an urge that was greater than anything which usually actuates the fighter. He had gone down the ladder. He had gone down the lane and discovered it to be a dead end. He had gone down the stairs. In fact, the Braddocks had gone all the way down to the basement of an apartment house over on the Jersey side, in the very shadow of New York's opulence and at times frightening grandeur.



The skinny Jim Braddock at the start of his professional career.

* * *

THE Braddocks had been forced to become janitors. Here was the man who once had dreamed of the heights, lurking in the ruck. The Braddocks had to go on relief. There was no food without help from governmental sources.

The Fatalist in Braddock—and he is the Fatalist, because as we have said, Fatalism and Fighting go hand in hand—whispered to Jim, "Well, the day has come, and that's that." But the basement shouted back at Braddock, "No, not this. This surely is not Destiny.

The New Jim Braddock

Match Between Baer's Conqueror and Schmeling Stresses Many High Dramatic Features, Including American's Rise from the Ruck

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

This is merely an error by some power above, some mistake in the mails of Fate. Get up and fight."

And so James J. Braddock went up the stairs from his janitor's apartment in the basement of a Jersey house—up the stairs from the cellar quarters of Life—took a good squint at the sun, and saw in it an augury of success.

You know how Braddock got his chance against Corn Griffin the night Max Baer knocked out Primo Carnera. You know how Braddock got the match with Baer—how James trounced Max, showed him up in the arts of cleverness and the science of slug, and scored a well earned triumph. Perhaps it was an upset. Perhaps just the triumph of a Fatalist who had to eat.

Great was the amazement of the World when Braddock went round after round with Baer of the Right. Great was the wonder when Braddock wrested the championship from the playboy of the Golden State.

The wonder, of course, diminished when Joe Louis whaled all the fight out of Baer in just a few rounds. It became apparent that the Baer of the Carnera fight, the Baer who had stopped Schmeling, had been lost somewhere along the tracks of Time and that whipping Max no longer could be accepted as even the semblance of a feat.

When Schmeling came back and knocked out Louis, Baer's standing in the all time rating of heavyweight champions took as big a tumble as stocks in 1929.

However, this is no disparagement of Braddock's feat in whipping Baer. Remember, please, that Braddock had gone down into the basement.

ONCE victor over Baer, Braddock faced a strange world. Jim was set and eager to accept the financial emoluments of his new title. But the world sat around and snickered.

A new wonder had developed in the fistic world—a man by the name of Joe Louis. He had beaten Carnera. He had won from Baer. Braddock shouted in the desert. But then he sat back and decided to wait for the Tides of pugilism and the swings of Fortune to bring the prize to his door.

"Here is Braddock—Jimmy Braddock, the champion of the world—the guy who beat Baer—the undisputed king of them all—the bird with the title—a real guy and a clever scrapper—here he is," shouted Joe Gould, Braddock's manager. He raved and he ranted, and the world kept right on snickering.

A happy family gathering—the Braddock children and Mrs. Braddock.

Jimmy Braddock and his manager, Joe Gould, who has "nursed" the champ since his early days as an amateur.

"Pardon me, but will you please stop hollering, and take a back seat while we give our undivided attention and time—and dough—to this latest wonder, Joe Louis," said the World, as it shoved Gould aside and snubbed Braddock as an interloper.

After the victory over Baer, Braddock had been acclaimed as a wonder. His struggle against adversity had been lauded from the house tops. But when the time came to capitalize, Braddock discovered the bulky, menacing, disconcerting shadow of Louis across his path.

Yes, there must be the Fatalist in the fighter. Jim sat back, quietly. "The day will come," he said.

The roar of the crowd was for Louis. The Black Bomber, from Detroit, got all the notice, all the adulation, all the furor, all the acclaim of expert and man in the street.

"The day will come," Braddock repeated, as he sat back and waited for the turn of the wheel.

* * *

IT was a somewhat unkind situation. But what to do? Louis had made himself the most remarkable fistic attraction since the Dempsey heyday. *(Continued on page 30)*

A COUPLE of

IT wouldn't shock me one bit if some 100,000 people stood up and sang,

"DARLING YOU ARE GROWING OLDER,
SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD"

when Max Schmeling and Jim Braddock come down the aisle toward the ring for the international struggle for the heavyweight championship of the world.

Two "old" men they are, as fighters go, both thought to be past their fighting days, yet there they go up into the ring, one the "ancient" champion defending his title, the other the "passe" challenger, lucky enough, if the "breaks" come his way, to be the first man of the glove era to regain the heavyweight title!

The "OLD BOYS" have arrived at the great fistic crossroads through the most amazing series of upsets the roped arena ever has known. Champion and challenger alike have attained their places in the sun when the world, believing they were "through," bet 10 to 1 that their sun had set and that never again would they be heard from.

Aside from the gleaning of glory their greatest thrill in landing where they are must have been the inward or outward laughs they directed toward the critics.

One of the first actions of Max Machion, Schmeling's chief handler, when Max knocked out Joe Louis, was to run to the side of the ring, kneel down and laugh in the faces of the newspaper men. Shaking a finger at one and then another, he chortled:

"So, what will the critics say NOW, yet?"

* * *

OF course, every face in the press row was turkey red. Never had boxing critics been so sadly dumped. After vowing in these columns that I did not consider the Brown Bomber the "greatest," and following an uncanny guess as to how Schmeling might win, I weakened and turned around and picked Louis to stop Schmeling inside of FOUR rounds in the columns of the New York *Evening Journal!!*

None of us gave Braddock a living chance to defeat Max Baer. In a spirit of generosity with my own mind money, I quoted odds of a million to one against Braddock's winning Baer's title. How could a has-been, stiffened by hard work on the docks after his apparent retirement because nobody would give him a match, hope to whip the gay, swashbuckling Livermore Lover?

How in the world could Braddock, floored by an ordinary hitter like Corn Griffin, hope to stand off Baer, who had flattened this same Schmeling, Ernie Schaaf, King Levinsky and Primo Carnera, whom he had knocked to the deck ELEVEN times? Why, it was absurd to even hint at a Braddock victory, and the "Wise Men of Broadway" went around trying to herd the weak and the unwary into betting one of their pitiful dollars against their clinking ten. If the world thought that Braddock's dethroning of the handsome California Baer was a shock, Schmeling's knockout of "the greatest heavyweight of all time" was dumbfounding!

* * *

EVERY wager made on Joe Louis—and there were precious few placed on Schmeling—concerned the length of the bout. They wagered that Joe would knock the German kicking in ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR or FIVE rounds. Nobody bothered about betting on any of the rounds after the fifth because the smartest judges of fighting in the world didn't give Schmeling a ghost of a chance to get beyond the fifth chukker.

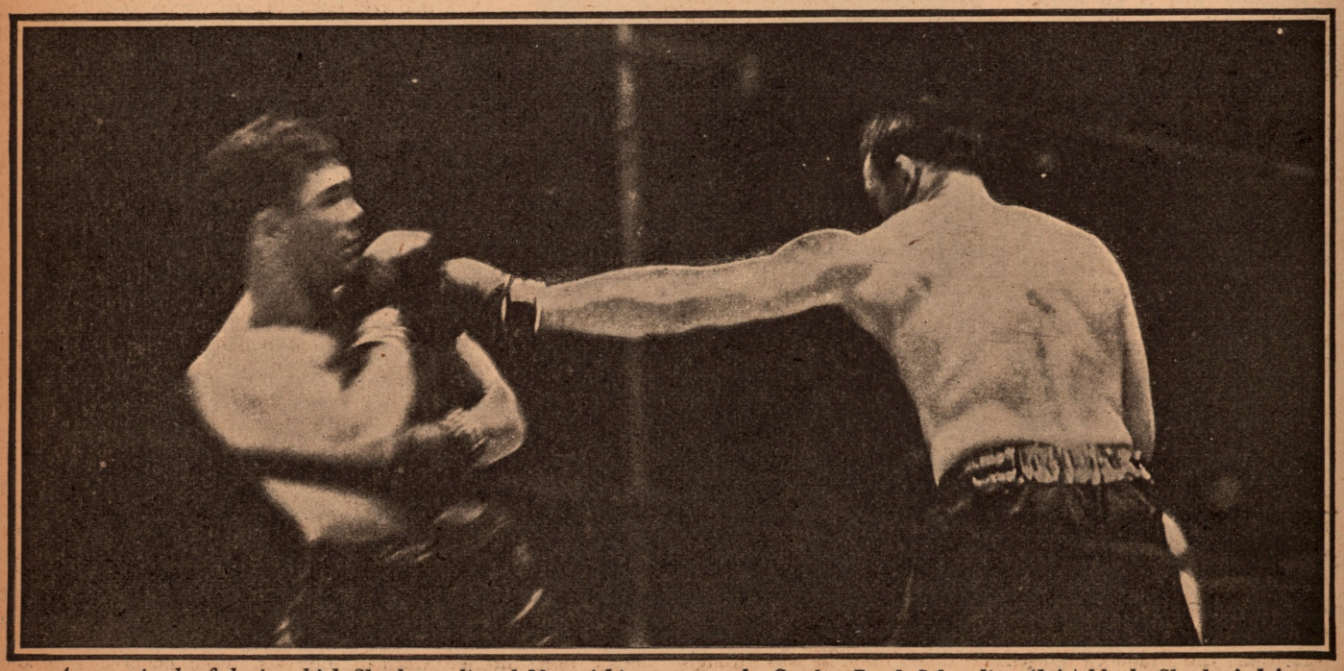
One man, a former world's champion and a great one, held his ground on the assertion that Joe Louis was NOT a "great" fighter. He went on to point out the flaws in the fellow's stance and his defense. He criticized his hitting and pointed out why Louis never kept his victims on the floor, telling why they always happened to be on their feet when the fights were stopped. He begged, old as he is, for a chance to spar just three rounds with Louis, vowing that the Bomber "wouldn't lay a glove" on him in that time. That man was Jack Johnson, who won the title from Jim Jeffries.

When we heard Johnson chattering about Louis we thought perhaps that Jack was a little jealous of a fellow of his own color coming along and usurping his place with the Negro race.

It wasn't that at all. Johnson really "saw the flaws" in Louis. Being one of the keenest students of defensive boxing who ever lived, it was only natural for Johnson to "see defects" in Louis which the ordinary onlooker couldn't detect.

* * *

JOHNSON'S most pointed criticism of Louis was about his stance. Johnson told us that the old-timers like himself, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, McCoy, Jeffries, Ruhlin, Maher and Tom Sharkey "always advanced on a man with the toe of their left foot pointing directly at the opponent." If the opponent moved away, that left toe followed him like the needle in a compass. The



A scene in the fight in which Sharkey relieved Max of his crown at the Garden Bowl. Schmeling (left) blocks Sharkey's left.

OLD GUYS

By HYPE IGOE

opponent was the North Pole and the needle, the left toe, never failed to follow its pole.

"That was the basis of a perfect stance, of a perfect pose for perfect hitting. Joe Louis' left toe never is pointed at a man. It is pointed sideways and always off the line. That's why Joe Louis never will be a great fighter, that's why Joe Louis never hits hard enough to keep his men on the floor—out. It is the reason why, improperly balanced as he is, when someone comes along to really tag him with a right hand, he is going to be muddled and a sucker for a right hand knockout punch," Johnson predicted.

That was prophecy incomparable. Johnson's own people in Harlem, the great Negro section of New York, hated him for his criticism of their new hero. It's the other way around now. Johnson is the hero, fauned upon as a man who knew more than all the white and black critics put together!

The beauty of Johnson's prognosticating was that he didn't wait until after the fight with Schmeling to say his little piece. He went on record before the fight, long, long before the fight. It wasn't second guessing. He called all of Louis' faults and they stood out like horns in a herd of Texas steers before he had gone five rounds with Schmeling, a man who at least had experience and the punch, a man who was relaxed and unafraid and who—PUNCHED!

* * *

BRADDOCK'S success against young Max Baer rekindled the old war flames in Jack Sharkey, retired to the life of a pub owner, and he came back and only recently defeated the "sensation" of the California rings, Phil Brubaker. The "old man" of the East exploded the Western phenomenon and then comes the "old man" of Germany to crush, in a heart-gripping encounter, the young terror of the East. And there you have it. Sharkey, thought out of the ring and the record books for all time, through the medium of that victory over Brubaker, got his crack at the sadder but wiser Louis. Schmeling, because of his splendid achievement against Louis, is the "old man" challenger for "Old Man" Braddock's title.

If someone had come up out of a session with the crystal ball and had predicted two years ago that in September, 1936, Jim Braddock would be defending his heavyweight title against Max Schmeling, he would have been seized, strapped into a double strait-jacket, and flung into the booby-hatch.

"THE BATTLE OF THE TWO OLD GENTS." That's the way the banners should read. That's the way it should be billed along the highways and byways of all outdoors. If the officials really are on the job, they should see to it that "Old Man" Jim and "Old Man" Schmeling are provided with rocking chairs in their corners instead of stools. The fighters themselves should come to the ring wearing old-fashioned nightgowns and knitted sleeping caps. They should be assisted up the stairs into the ring by stalwart young gendarmes. To their knees and elbows should be attached Maxim silencers so that the creaking of their rusty old joints won't annoy the cash customers!

Of course all this is said in a spirit of fun. Actually, Jim and Max are not "old" men. They are in the prime of life. As athletes, they are past that period when muscles and mind are supposed to coordinate with clocklike precision.

* * *

THERE is no question that Braddock was considered out of the running entirely when he hung up his gloves and went to work on the docks. He was on the dole and things were as blue as indigo so far as his future was concerned. He had a family and life's problems loomed up like mountain ranges, unsympathetic, heartless crags which seemed unsurmountable. The public had lost interest in and sight of Jim Braddock. There seemed to be but one person on earth who believed in Jim Braddock, and that person was Jim Braddock himself. He didn't think he was through as a fighter. Even as he toiled he was certain that he had more "stuff" than the best of the young crop of heavyweights coming along for recognition.

Max Schmeling, as he looked when he won the title from Sharkey.

Jim called in Joe Gould, his former manager, and he told him that he had determined on a "comeback." The hard work of the docks had put him in better condition than any training camp ever had done. He felt that his old power still remained hidden in his fists. Surely his wind and his legs still netted perfection. Gould had long since given up any thought of keeping Jim going.

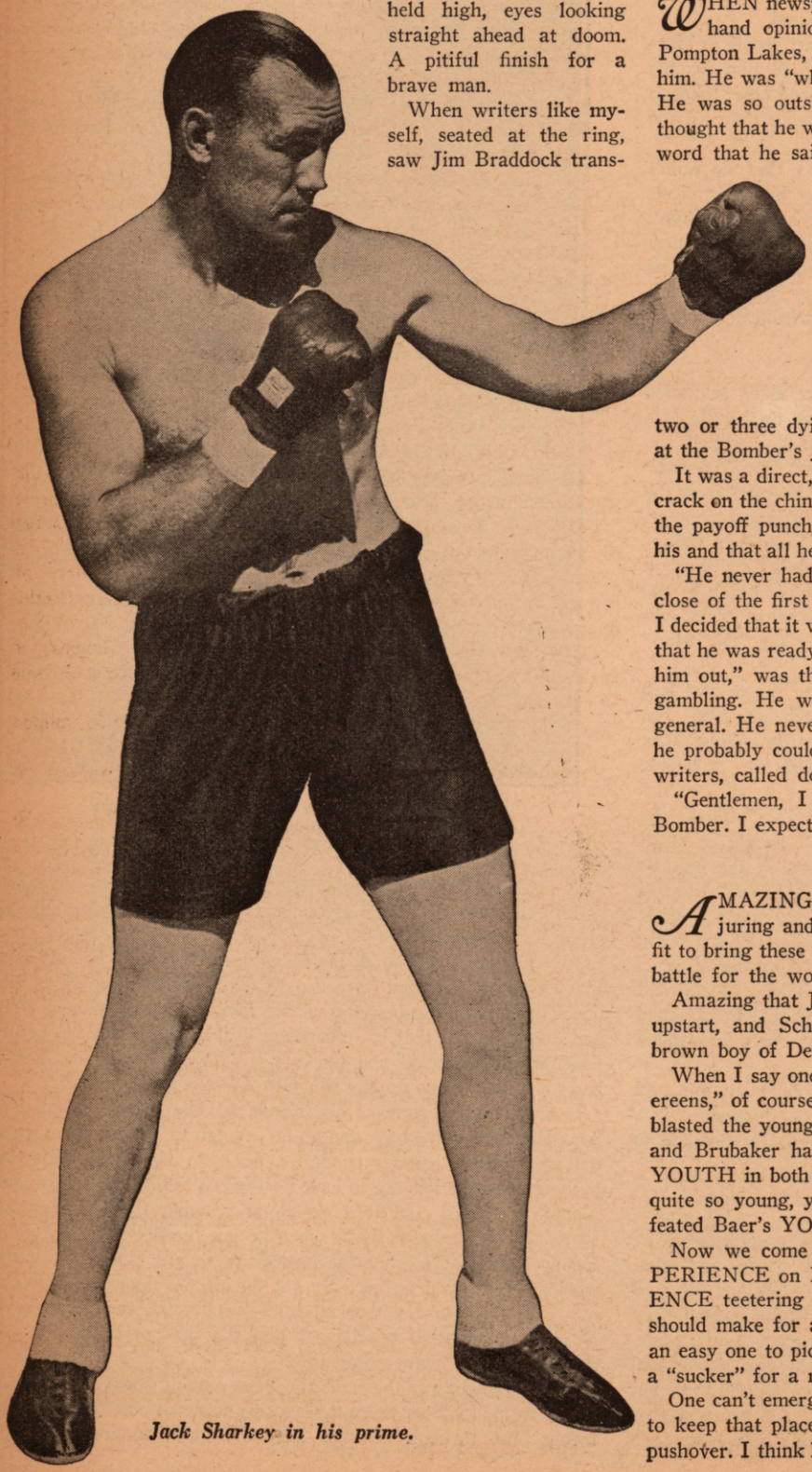
Gould consulted some of his friends and they thought that perhaps Jim could come back and go far enough to get a few thousand dollars together, just far enough, at least, to pay up his bills and perhaps get a fair chance to look Battling World in the face again. Nobody dreamed that he'd go along winning fight after fight. Braddock registered a shock when he got the decision over John Henry Lewis, at present the light-heavyweight champion of the world, a real good fighter. He got up off the floor and knocked out Corn Griffin. He worked himself up until the New York Boxing Commission proclaimed him the outstanding challenger for Max Baer's heavyweight title.

Max Schmeling at the same time was moving heaven and earth, trying to induce Baer to go to Germany to defend his title, guaranteeing him, through German interests, three hundred thousand

dollars. Baer didn't go. Baer fought Braddock over here and went into the ring with 999 out of every 1,000 persons there wondering which way poor Jim was going to fall. The "Old Man" couldn't possibly survive the terrific right-hand hitting of the Livermore Lulu. It wasn't a pleasant thing to anticipate. Poor Jim! All his hard work, his hopes, his dream of conquest and a title to go out in a blinding blast when Baer's "Sunday" punch crashed against his chin as it had landed on Schaaf, Schmeling, Levinsky and Carnera.

A lot of Braddock's truest friends remained at home, unwilling to look upon his being drawn and quartered by the good looking giant from California. They waited at home, with bated breath and trembling, to get the sad news over the radio. At least they wouldn't have to see the slaughter which Jim was facing with head held high, eyes looking straight ahead at doom. A pitiful finish for a brave man.

When writers like myself, seated at the ring, saw Jim Braddock transform his own fistic wake into an unbelievable triumph, saw him meet Baer, punch for punch, and finally drive the champion into a complete rout by outgaming and outslugging him, we couldn't find enough or the proper superlatives with which to paint the word picture. We were left dumbfounded, stunned, just as Schmeling left us stunned when he accomplished an even greater overthrow by knocking out Joe Louis, "the greatest fighter of all time."



Jack Sharkey in his prime.

Schmeling stalked Joe Louis before the fight. He came here before Louis fought Paulino Uzcudun and declared without the least hesitancy that, in his opinion, Louis was "still an amateur," was "wide open for a right-hand punch," and so full of fighting flaws that it would be a "cinch to knock him out."

* * *

WHEN newspaper men crowded around Schmeling for a first-hand opinion after he first saw Louis box in training at Pompton Lakes, Max unbosomed this speech. None of us believed him. He was "whistling past a graveyard" for "appearance sake." He was so outspoken about his ability to whip Louis that we thought that he was kidding himself as well as us. He meant every word that he said! He fought Louis exactly as he predicted he would fight him! He used the identical right-hand punches against which he had declared Louis would be a "sucker."

If ever there was a "sucker" in a fight it was Joe Louis. He got a terrific right hand pop on the chin just before the close of the first round and he never came out of the daze which that punch seemed to cast about him. Few of us paid any attention to that particular punch. We figured that it was only one of two or three dying shots Schmeling would be expected to take at the Bomber's jaw.

It was a direct, well-meant, deliberate, confident, come-to-popper crack on the chin and Schmeling told me the next day that it was the payoff punch, the blow which convinced him that Louis was his and that all he had said about the Negro wonder was true.

"He never had a chance after I landed that first punch at the close of the first round. I knew I could knock him out whenever I decided that it was time to close in and finish him. I made certain that he was ready for the finish and then I walked in and knocked him out," was the way Max put it. There was no guessing, no gambling. He worked out his battle plan like a grizzled war general. He never strayed from that plan. After the first round, he probably could have walked to the ropes and, addressing the writers, called down to them:

"Gentlemen, I am now retty to finish your greadt Brown Bomber. I expect to knock him oudt."

* * *

AMAZING, we call it. Amazing that Fate, after such conjuring and pulling of rabbits out of the silk hat, has seen fit to bring these "Two Old Men" to the center in an international battle for the world's heavyweight championship!

Amazing that Jack Sharkey should ruin Brubaker, the Western upstart, and Schmeling smash to smithereens the "unbeatable" brown boy of Detroit!

When I say one was "ruined" and the other "smashed to smithereens," of course I do not mean to say that the "Old Men" have blasted the youngsters out of the running for good and all. Louis and Brubaker have that wonderful thing YOUTH as an asset. YOUTH in both cases fell prey to EXPERIENCE. Baer wasn't quite so young, yet "Old Man" Braddock's EXPERIENCE defeated Baer's YOUTH.

Now we come to EXPERIENCE vs. EXPERIENCE. EXPERIENCE on Braddock's OLD head pitted against EXPERIENCE teetering on Schmeling's. Experience put to such a test should make for a great fight. I think it will be, and it won't be an easy one to pick. I know for one thing that Braddock won't be a "sucker" for a right-hand punch.

One can't emerge from "RAGS TO RICHES" without fighting to keep that place in the glorious sun. Jim Braddock won't be a pushover. I think he'll retain his title by stopping Max Schmeling!

Heavyweight Championship Trail from Last Bare-Knuckle Fight to Present Day

THE heavyweight championship has been held by 13 fighters since the day in New Orleans when James J. Corbett relieved John L. Sullivan of the American crown. Since Corbett's defeat of Sullivan, the following ruled the roost: Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Tommy Burns, Jack Johnson, Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey, Primo Carnera, Max Baer, James J. Braddock. The list of championship bouts follows:

1889—July 8—John L. Sullivan beat Jake Kilrain, seventy-five rounds, Richburg, Miss. (last championship fight bare knuckles). John Fitzpatrick, referee.

*1892—Sept. 7—James J. Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan, twenty-one rounds, New Orleans (Used big gloves). John Duffy, referee.

1894—Jan. 25—James J. Corbett beat Charley Mitchell, three rounds, Jacksonville, Fla. Honest John Kelly, referee.

*1897—March 17—Bob Fitzsimmons defeated James J. Corbett, fourteen rounds, Carson City, Nev. George Siler, referee.

1899—June 9—James J. Jeffries beat Bob Fitzsimmons, eleven rounds, Coney Island, N. Y. George Siler, referee.

*1899—Nov. 2—James J. Jeffries defeated Thomas J. Sharkey, challenger for the title, at Coney Island, N. Y., twenty-five rounds (decision). George Siler, referee.

1900—May 11—James J. Jeffries knocked out James J. Corbett, Coney Island, 23 rounds. Charley White, referee.

1901—Nov. 16—James J. Jeffries knocked out Gus Ruhlin, five rounds. Harry Corbett, referee.

1902—July 25—James J. Jeffries knocked out Robert Fitzsimmons, challenger for the title, at San Francisco, Cal., eight rounds. Ed Graney, referee.

1903—Aug. 14—James J. Jeffries knocked out James J. Corbett, challenger for the title, at San Francisco, Cal., in ten rounds. Ed Graney, referee.

1904—Aug. 26—James J. Jeffries knocked out Jack Munroe, challenger for the title, at San Francisco, Cal., in two rounds. Ed Graney, referee.

1905—James J. Jeffries retired.

Marvin Hart knocked out Jack Root in twelve rounds at Reno, Nev., July 3, 1905. James J. Jeffries refereed and presented the title to the winner, to defend against all comers. Jack O'Brien also claimed the title.

*1906—Feb. 23—Tommy Burns defeated Marvin Hart, who claimed the title, at Los Angeles, Cal., in twenty rounds (decision). Charley Eayton, referee.

1906—Nov. 28—Tommy Burns vs. Phila. Jack O'Brien, twenty rounds, draw. James J. Jeffries, referee.

1907—May 7—Tommy Burns defeated Jack O'Brien, Los Angeles, Cal., twenty rounds. Charley Eayton, referee.

1907—July 4—Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Squires, one round, Colma, Cal. Jim Jeffries, referee.

1907—December 2—Tommy Burns knocked out Gunner Moir, London, England, ten rounds. A. E. Bettinson, referee.

*1908—Dec. 25—Jack Johnson (colored) won decision from Tommy Burns in fourteen rounds, Sydney, Australia, both having gone there from America because of the big purse of $35,000, of which Burns received $30,000. Police stopped contest. Hugh McIntosh, referee.

1909—Oct. 16—Jack Johnson (colored) knocked out Stanley Ketchel in twelve rounds, Colma, Cal. Billy Roche, referee.

1910—July 4—Jack Johnson (colored) knocked out James J. Jeffries in fifteen rounds, Reno, Nev. Tex Rickard, referee. Sam Berger threw in the sponge.

1912—July 4—Jack Johnson (colored) won on points from Jim Flynn, nine rounds, Las Vegas, N. M., for title. Contest stopped by police. Referee Ed. Smith awarded decision to Johnson.

1913—Jack Johnson's government trouble during the later part of 1912 brought about his practical elimination, and a tourney was held for the white heavyweight in Los Angeles, Cal. Luther McCarthy, after defeating Al Kaufman, Jim Flynn and Al Palzer, was proclaimed champion white heavyweight of America. On May 24, 1913, at Calgary, Can., McCarthy fought Arthur Pelkey, the latter knocking McCarthy out in the first round. McCarthy collapsed in the ring and died from what the coroner's jury termed a hemorrhage of the brain, caused by a probable previous injury. Ed. Smith, referee.

1914—Jan. 1—Gunboat Smith won white heavyweight title, knocking out Arthur Pelkey in fifteen rounds at San Francisco, Cal. Ed. Smith referee.

1914—June 27—Jack Johnson (colored) won twenty round point decision over Frank Moran of Pittsburgh, in Paris, France. Georges Carpentier, referee.

1914—July 16—Georges Carpentier won white title from Gunboat Smith on a foul in six rounds, London, Eng. Eugene Corri, referee.

*1915—April 5—Jess Willard knocked out Jack Johnson, twenty-six rounds, Havana, Cuba. J. Welsh, referee.

1916—Jess Willard defeated Frank Moran by popular verdict in New York (no decision), March 25. Charley White, referee.

*1919—Jack Dempsey knocked out Jess Willard in three rounds at Toledo, Ohio, July 4. Ollie Pecord, referee.

1920—Jack Dempsey knocked out Billy Miske in three rounds at Benton Harbor, Mich., September 6. Jack Dougherty, referee.

1920—Jack Dempsey knocked out Bill Brennan in twelve rounds at New York, December 14, Referee H. Haukaup.

1921—Jack Dempsey knocked out Georges Carpentier, of France, in four rounds at Jersey City, N. J., July 2. Harry Ertle, referee.

1923—Jack Dempsey won on points from Tom Gibbons, of St. Paul, in fifteen rounds at Shelby, Mon., July 4. Referee Jack Dougherty.

1923—Jack Dempsey knocked out Luis Firpo in two rounds at New York, September 14. Jack Gallagher, referee.

*1926—Gene Tunney won the title from Jack Dempsey on points, 10 rounds, in Philadelphia. Pop Reilly, referee.

1927—Gene Tunney won from Jack Dempsey on points, 10 rounds, in Chicago. Dave Barry, referee.

1928—July 26—Gene Tunney knocked out Tom Heeney of Australia in 11 rounds. Eddie Forbes, referee. Tunney retired after this fight and left the field open for competition.

*1930—June 12—Max Schmeling won the heavyweight title by being fouled by Jack Sharkey in the fourth round, at the Yankee Stadium. Jim Crowley, referee. Sharkey and Schmeling were the outstanding contenders.

1931—July 3—Max Schmeling knocked out Young Stribling in Cleveland, in the fifteen round. Referee, George Blake.

*1932—June 21—Max Schmeling lost the title to Jack Sharkey, at Garden Bowl, 15 rounds, decision. Gunboat Smith, referee.

*1933—June 29—Primo Carnera knocked out Jack Sharkey in 6 rounds in the Garden Bowl, Long Island City. Arthur Donovan, referee.

*1934—June 14—Max Baer knocked out Primo Carnera in 11 rounds, Garden Bowl, Long Island City. Arthur Donovan, referee.

*1935—June 13—James J. Braddock, won on points from Max Baer in 15 rounds at the Garden Bowl, Long Island City, Johnny McAvoy, referee.

Jeffries had retired and Burns, Hart, Root, and O'Brien had claimed the title and Burns gained international recognition.

As Tunney had retired, and Sharkey and Schmeling were the leading contenders, they fought it out for the title.

*Title changed hands.

Dame Fortune

By GEORGE T. PARDY

THE reappearance of Max Schmeling as a shining star on the heavyweight horizon, due to his sensationally spectacular defeat of Joe Louis, tends to shake one's faith a bit in the truth of the long-accepted ring maxim—"they never come back!" Whether Max can go on to make the said maxim prove absolutely futile remains to be seen, and depends solely on what happens when he meets champion Jim Braddock in an attempt to regain the world's title that was once the property of the German boxer.

But you have to admit that he came back a long way on the climb-up trail. Further, it would seem, than any other ex-king of the heavies ever did, with the possible exception of Bob Fitzsimmons, who, after losing the title to Jeffries in 1899, went on to cinch a string of five knockout victories that paved the way for a second title-shot with his former conqueror.

But the Schmeling revival, in one respect at least, was staged under greater difficulties. For in between the championship shots, Fitz was not subjected to the humiliation of defeat, a bitter experience which befell Schmeling, and relegated him for the time being to the status of a mere pawn on the pugilistic chessboard.

* * *

IT is almost superfluous to dwell on the fact that no heavyweight champion of the Queensberry glove-fighting era ever regained a lost title. The feat was accomplished a couple of times during the days of the bare knuckle ring, but a malign hoodoo has always intervened in favor of the title-holder, when a former heavyweight monarch of the padded mitts period made an effort to recapture the crown.

After his defeat by James J. Corbett, the mighty John L. Sullivan never attempted a comeback. He was repeatedly urged to do so by his far-flung circle of admirers. And once, at least, he had a notion of trying his fortune between the ropes again.

When Corbett dropped the title to Fitzsimmons, John L., afire with patriotism, and probably spurred on by the glow of a few Scotches under his massive belt, approached William Muldoon, and begged the well-known trainer to take him in hand, and put him in shape to whip Fitz and bring back the championship to America.

It was Muldoon who accomplished the seemingly impossible in other years by converting Sullivan from a whiskey-soaked wreck into a first-class fighting man in the pink of physical condition. With the result that on July 8, 1889, John L., went forth and successfully defended his American title against Jake Kilrain under London rules, defeating the big man from Baltimore in 75 hard-fought rounds. Sullivan never held the world title although many experts insist he was the world champion.

But a lot of water had gone under the fistic bridge since that far-off day, and Muldoon preferred to rest on his laurels as a boss-trainer. He had shown that he could do wonders in the way of remoulding an athlete, but he wasn't a miracle-worker, and nothing short of a miracle could have fitted John L. for battle again. So the old Roman said nay, and Sullivan's dreams of fresh glory faded into thin air. Which was just as well for John, all things considered!

* * *

AS in Schmeling's case, Jim Corbett's first comeback attempt, with Tom Sharkey as his opponent, resulted in defeat. But Corbett lost on a foul, when Con McVey, one of his seconds, pulled a boner by jumping into the ring to protest against Sharkey's rough-house tactics in the clinches. The principals had agreed to "break clean," and there is no doubt that Sharkey violated the agreement in the ninth round. McVey, however, lost his head completely when he ducked under the ropes while the fight was in progress, and also lost the fight for Corbett.

Sharkey might have won anyway, as Corbett was badly handicapped by an injury to his ankle, sustained in the second round when it turned under him, thereby compelling the agile boxer to abandon his clever footwork, and slug with one of the hardest sluggers of the day. Scandal also followed, when some of the newspaper critics hinted that the fight was "fixed," and Con McVey's rash action was only part of a carefully devised plan for Sharkey to win in the interests of the gambling fraternity.

This was vigorously denied by Corbett and no proof of double-dealing ever came to light. But the period was that of the Horton Law, when fakes were so numerous that the law was eventually repealed and boxing outlawed in the Empire State for a long time.

* * *

YET Corbett's reputation as a fighter of the front rank did not suffer as much as might be expected. He had just passed his thirty-second year, had always taken good care of himself, and could box as brilliantly as he ever had done. The consensus of opinion was that Sharkey would have won, had the battle continued. But that was because the news of the injury to Corbett's ankle had become known, and not because the fans were convinced that the ex-sailor was the better man of the two. Also, Corbett had not been outpointed or knocked out, and losing on a foul generally leaves a doubt as to a victor's real ability. So Gentleman Jim was still in the spotlight, with good reason to retain confidence in himself.

It was far different in Schmeling's case. First came the knockout he sustained at Max Baer's hands. Then a twelve-round encounter with Steve Hamas at Philadelphia in which the German took a decisive thrashing. There were no doubts as to who was the better man on that occasion, and Schmeling's fighting stock dropped low in the fistic market as a direct result of those two crushing defeats.

* * *

CORBETT'S attempt to regain the world's title resulted in his being knocked out by Jim Jeffries in twenty-three rounds. Yet here again, a defeat left the loser still a brilliant performer in the eyes of the public. For up to the moment of the knockout blow, Corbett had slangily speaking, "made a monkey out of the big fellow." Had the bout lasted the scheduled limit of twenty-five rounds, Corbett would certainly have been declared the winner. He had actually made the champion look like a novice—outfighting and outgeneraling him at all points.

A little less than four months later, Corbett was credited with a knockout of Kid McCoy in five rounds. There is every reason, however, to believe that there was "something doing" in this contest between two of the cleverest men that ever donned the gloves. Corbett's speed and cleverness were as great as of old, but McCoy's showing was far below the astute Kid's regular standard, and the suspiciously easy manner in which he took the full count didn't please the ring patrons. As a matter of fact, it was the staging of this bout that gave the final push to the movement to repeal the Horton Law.

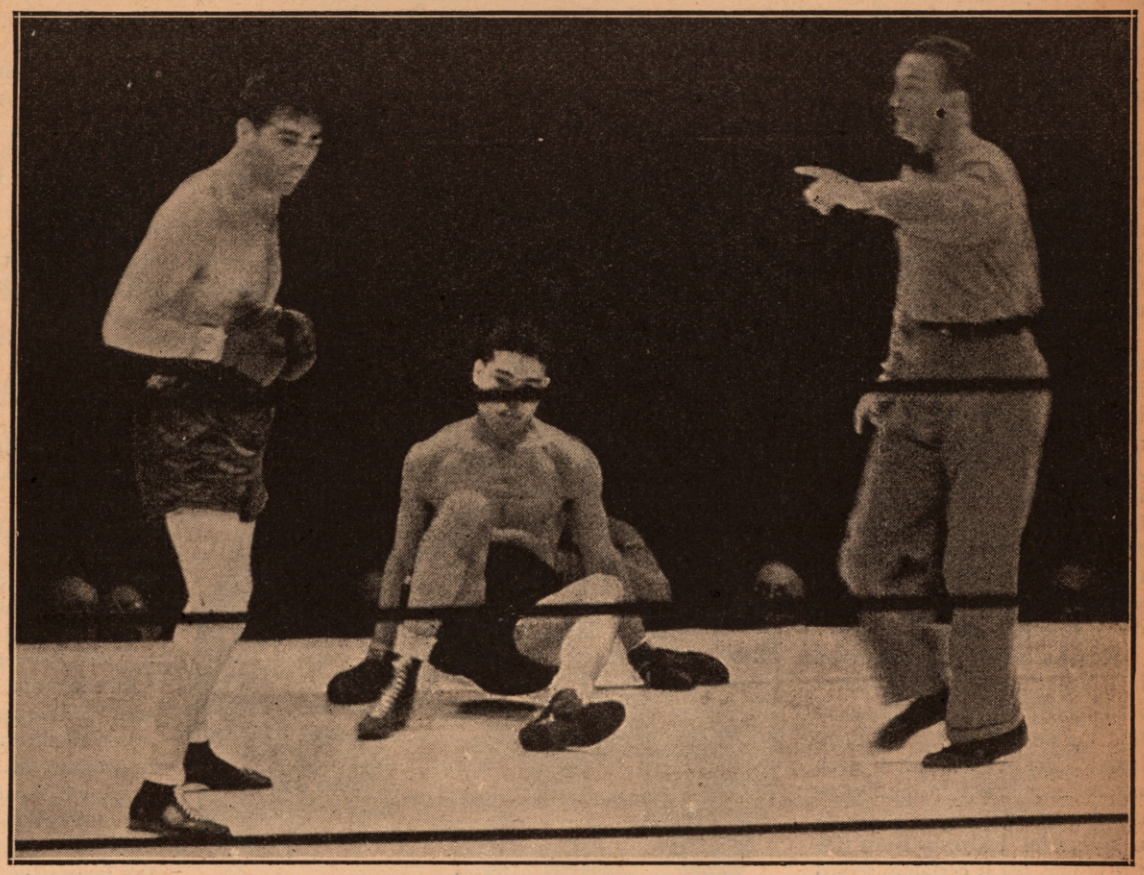
* * *

CORBETT was thirty-seven when he was kayoed by Jeffries in 10 rounds in their second meeting, which was by no means as spectacular as Gentleman Jim's first endeavour to take the title he once owned from the giant boilermaker. The years had taken toll, the Corbett footwork and fast-flying fists had both slowed down, and the big chap had comparatively little trouble in his defense of the heavyweight throne.

Jim Jeffries had been in retirement over five years when he emerged to give battle to Jack Johnson at Reno, Nevada, in 1910 and go down to defeat in 15 rounds. There is, however, no fitting parallel to be drawn between Jeff and Schmeling in regard to comebacks, for Max didn't remain away from active ring service for any great length of time in comparison with the Jeffries layoff.

Favors Max

Schmeling, the fistic chessboard pawn that checkmates the King



When Schmeling floored Joe Louis in the fourth round, the German saw the light of day for a shot at Braddock's title.

Max's longest leaves of absence were from June 12, 1930, when he won the title on a foul from Jack Sharkey, to July 3, 1931, when he successfully defended it against Young Stribling; and again from the date of the Stribling fight to June 21, 1932, when he lost the crown on a 15-round decision to the man he took it from. These layoffs were the usual one-year periods between title-battles which custom has sanctioned for incumbents of the heavyweight throne.

* * *

THE records credit Jack Johnson with scoring five knockouts and winning six decisions after his battle with Jess Willard at Havana in which the title passed to big Jess. None of these contests, however, includes the names of fighters of high-class reputation, so that Johnson can hardly be said to have seriously started on the comeback trail so far the hope of getting another shot at the world's title went.

Willard, on the contrary, made a very determined comeback effort after he had been out of the ring over four years. Jess was kayoed by Dempsey on July 4, 1919, to reappear between the ropes before a New York club on May 12, 1923, with Floyd Johnson, a very promising young heavyweight, as his opponent. Johnson was knocked out in eleven rounds.

Willard tackled Luis Firpo two months later in Jersey City, and put up a very creditable fight for half a dozen rounds, when his legs went back on him, and the South American slugger dropped him for the full count.

* * *

THE history of Jack Dempsey's defeat by Gene Tunney in Philadelphia, and the subsequent failure of the Manassa Mauler to retrieve his misfortune in the Chicago fray of the "long count," is too well known to be worth repeating here.

At a later period Dempsey made a "meeting-all-comers" boxing tour which was widely advertised as a comeback campaign, but was never taken seriously in that sense by the newspaper critics. It wound up at Chicago, when Dempsey not only failed to stop Battling Levinsky, a third-rate fistic product, but had much the worst of the going in four rounds of big-glove swatting.

The comeback bug never bit Gene Tunney, who, having made his million in the ring, retired for keeps after stopping Tom Heeney, and mounted to a higher sphere of society by taking unto himself a bride of aristocratic connections and a comfortably wealthy background.

The comeback of Primo Carnera, who lit out for his native Italy the other day, resolved to remain permanently on the retired list, ended disastrously, as everyone is aware. Primo's conqueror, Max Baer, recently drifted out of the retirement he sought after Jim Braddock whipped him decisively for the title, and won a couple of engagements of no particular importance. Whether the extremely erratic Mr. Baer really intends to keep on fighting or not, is a matter only old Father Time and Baer himself can decide. He is no longer any great shakes as a potential drawing card.

* * *

IT may be confidently asserted that Max Schmeling's comeback, which culminated in his surprising defeat of the much-touted Joe Louis, was conducted under different and more depressing conditions than handicapped any of the star heavyweights already referred to.

Schmeling's whole career abounds in dramatic contrasts and action. He came to Uncle Sam's domain in 1929 with a record of having participated in forty-one battles abroad. Of these, thirty-eight were victories, a good many scored via the kayo route, one draw, and one in which he took the full count from Gypsy Daniels.

Now, it happens that both promoters and fight fans in this country are disposed to look a trifle suspiciously upon records of foreign boxers, unless, of course, the lists happen to contain the names of some battlers with whose feats they are familiar.

So Schmeling's actual record of performances, consisting as it did of names with which boxing patrons on this side of the water were altogether unfamiliar, was of no great interest to the American sport masses. But there was one thing about him that did

interest them. That was the fact that the swarthy chap from the banks of the Rhine bore quite a striking facial resemblance to our Jack Dempsey.

* * *

FURTHERMORE, it appeared from the story broadcast by his publicity sharp, that Schmeling had from boyhood been an earnest admirer of the Manassa Mauler. Jack was his fistic idol, in fact, and Max had made a thorough study of Dempsey in ring action as shown on the screen, and tried, in so far as in him lay, to imitate the Dempsey style of ring warfare.

Except that he was wont to "weave" a bit, a la Dempsey, when dodging punches, there never was any resemblance between the German and Dempsey, so far as style went. They were essentially two very different types of fighters. Max was a slowly deliberate starter, who had to get warmed up before he struck a rapid gait, whereas Dempsey set the fireworks blazing from the instant the first bell rang. But they had two things in common, bulldog gameness and the power to upset an opponent with a shock punch.

You might say that Schmeling on his arrival here basked in a sort of reflected glory-light from the Dempsey name. The constant insistence by the press-men on his likeness to Jack, coupled with the fact that he had a long string of knockouts to his credit, made American fans anxious to see him in action. Even though the fans knew nothing about the pugs he kayoed, they hoped it was true that he carried a real wallop, and wanted to have that wallop demonstrated.

It was a singular tribute to the high estimation in which American fight patrons held Dempsey that the mere fact that a foreign heavyweight sported a map moulded somewhat on the Dempsey feature-lines should serve as a successful ballyhoo boost for the visitor, but it certainly served to stimulate interest in the latter's debut.

* * *

WHETHER in the long run it benefits a scrapper to bear a physical resemblance to a pugilistic predecessor of great fame is debatable. I can only recall one such instance, the likeness of big Yank Kenny to Jim Corbett, when the latter was champion. Kenny was a dead ringer in features for the champ. He was far heavier and a little taller than Jim, but otherwise he might have passed for Corbett's brother.

But Kenny, with all his size and strength, was decidedly a fourth-grade proposition in ability. Yet because of his resemblance to Corbett he enjoyed a brief press notoriety. After he had won a few unimportant fights, the New York *World* devoted an entire page to him, showing Yank in various poses, and displaying in the center layout a gigantic arm, with the caption—"Is this the fist destined to win the world's heavyweight championship?"

It was never necessary to print a negative reply to this interesting question. For shortly afterwards, to be exact, in 1889, Jack Bonner of Philadelphia, scaling only 165 pounds against 230 for Kenny, gave the giant so thorough a licking at Coney Island that Yank was definitely eliminated as a "future great" possibility. He later served as sparring partner with Corbett and in a similar capacity with Jim Jeffries, appearing with the latter when Jeff, then champion, toured the country in the play, "Davy Crockett," and boxed with Yank between acts.

However, there was no such anti-climax in Schmeling's case. The German did nobly on the occasion of his debut at Madison Square Garden, and he was up against tough game, at that. For the matchmaker had picked Johnny Risko, the far-famed Rubber Man, to oppose him, and any student of the fight game knows what a rough, two-handed mauler Risko was. They said Johnny had no equal as an eliminator of heavyweight pugs possessed of championship aspirations, and there was a lot of truth in that statement.

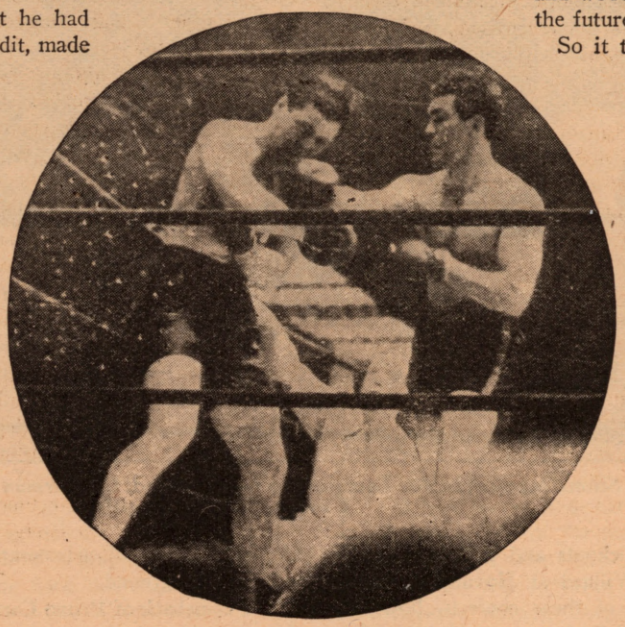
Risko never became a champ himself, but he tackled and whipped some of the best men of his time, and considered as a trial horse, there never was a fighter better equipped to test the true ability of an ambitious gladiator.

Consequently, when Schmeling proceeded to stop the formidable Risko in nine rounds, there wasn't any doubt in the minds of the experts that the German youth's merits had in no wise been exaggerated by the publicity reports in his behalf. There was dynamite in his right hand, and he could "take it!"

* * *

LOU LAZARUS, the veteran featherweight who fought many good battles under the sobriquet of "Banty Lewis," was sitting behind me at the ringside, and after the seventh round, leaned over and remarked to me: "He'll get Risko! That Dutchman is the sort that grows better as a scrap goes along, and we're going to hear plenty about him in the future!"

So it turned out, and the crowd that left the Garden that night was duly impressed by Schmeling's prowess. It isn't too often that a foreign battler lives up to his press notices, with something over for good measure.



The blow on the chin that started Steve Hamas on the road to ruin in the fight that brought Schmeling back as a contender.

While in one way the constant comparisons made between Schmeling and Dempsey helped boost the former's drawing powers, in another way he was handicapped thereby. It's no easy job to wear a great man's shoes and be expected to equal, let alone excel, the former wearer's feats in any line of life.

Sons of famous authors, statesmen, and the like, when following up professions in which their parents became celebrated, have frequently suffered from comparisons made by the world between the present and the past. Some indeed never succeeded in emerging from out the shadow thrown across their paths by the parental genius.

Those who did succeed in so doing won because they really had the right stuff in them. The present President of the United States owes much to the glamour of the family name. But had he not had "something on the ball" in his own right, Franklin Delano Roosevelt would have lost far more than he has gained by comparison with the immortal Teddy.

Napoleon the Third, exiled from his native land, reduced at times to near-poverty, still struggled doggedly on in the attempt to retrieve his shattered fortunes. Twice defeated in daring coups to become a ruling power in France, imprisoned, derided—he escaped from his captors and won in a third attempt.

He reigned over France as Emperor for a decade before a reverse of Fate hurled him from his high estate. Yet, though given a certain degree of credit by historians for his successful fight against desperate odds, the shadow of the first Napoleon always obscured his achievements. Comparing him with Bonaparte the Great, Victor Hugo christened him Napoleon the Little, and the sobriquet stuck. His mighty uncle's fame was a fine asset from the publicity viewpoint at first. Later, it was more or less of a traditional millstone hanging around his neck.

The point I want to make is that Max Schmeling found the Jack Dempsey comparisons a sort of fifty-fifty percentage. They probably hurt as much as they aided him. Had Dempsey belonged to an earlier vintage of pugilism, it wouldn't have mattered so

much. But the brilliant achievements of the Manassa Mauler were still fresh in the public mind, and the multitude eyed each of the German's victories in a kind of—"wouldn't Dempsey have turned the trick quicker" spirit!

Following the Risko affair, Schmeling went on to defeat Joe Sekyra, a very clever performer, and the tough, durable Paulino Uzcudun, handily. Sekyra lasted the ten-round limit, and Paulino fifteen. But the latter was closer to taking a full count in the final round than ever before in a career that had stamped him as a miracle of endurance under punishment.

The German had made good so decisively that 1930 saw him matched with Jack Sharkey for the world's heavyweight championship. Max won on a foul in the fourth round. Up to the time when Sharkey hit him below the belt there was little to choose between them. Now, this was the first time on record in the annals of glove-fighting that a world's heavyweight championship had been decided in favor of a man who was fouled.

Naturally, the fans weren't satisfied. Technically, Schmeling was champion, but cartoonists and fight writers found an unlimited source of merriment in the spectacle of an athlete winning a world's title by occupying a sitting posture in the ring. They made a comic butt out of Max, and a more sensitive performer might have suffered considerably from their criticism, perhaps to the deterioration of his fighting powers.

* * *

BUT Schmeling was never a victim of nerves. The secret of his ring success lies largely in his habit of dogged concentration on the task before him. He is as stolidly impenetrable to what is said about him as the Rock of Gibraltar to the impact of hostile shot. That is one reason why he remained quite oblivious to the universal predictions of disaster awaiting him in the battle with Louis.

When he successfully defended his title in 1931 against Young Stribling, kayoing Willy in fifteen rounds, the comedy stuff regarding Max died a natural death. The critics took him rather seriously then. He wasn't a quick finisher like Dempsey, but he could stand the gaff heroically and there wasn't any argument now as to the lethal power of his right auctioneer.

On June 21, 1932, he lost the championship to Jack Sharkey on a fifteen-round point decision which aroused a for-and-against argument among the fans, whose echoes still reverberate down the corridors of Time. It was then that Max's manager, Joe Jacobs, made immortal the classic phrase, "We wuz robbed," wailing as distressfully as Rachel mourning for her lost children.

Truth to tell, there were many who agreed with Schmeling's outraged pilot. These latter thought Max had won on sheer aggressiveness. The German certainly did all the forcing, Sharkey being content to rely mostly on counter-hitting, and the winner was marked up a lot worse than the loser at the close of the affair.

New York's sportive mayor, Jimmy Walker, who witnessed the battle, put himself on record over the radio, listing it as one of the most unjust verdicts he ever heard announced. It was really a rather tedious fight to look at. In contests where one man is bent on fighting, and the other sticks to cautious tactics, such is always the case. Sharkey was shy of mixing, where Schmeling was eager, and the net result was anything but spectacular.

* * *

THE Sharkey setback was the first of a series of buffets Dame Fortune had evidently made up her captious mind to administer to Schmeling. On September 26, 1932, he knocked out Mickey Walker in eight rounds, but in the year following, a similar misfortune overtook Max in the tenth frame of a bout with Max Baer.

Baer's victory knocked Max off his pedestal of fame, as many folks thought, for good. He remained inactive for nearly eight months, and then took on Steve Hamas at Philadelphia. Hamas whipped him decisively in twelve rounds. That occurrence appeared to settle the argument as to whether Schmeling could come back successfully. He no longer figured as a star attraction in this country.

When on May 13, 1934, the best he could do was draw with the ancient Paulino Uzcudun in fifteen rounds at Barcelona, Spain, the universal judgment of American experts seemed fully confirmed. Surely, Max Schmeling had shot his bolt!

* * *

MEANWHILE Steve Hamas had been steadily growing in popularity. He followed up his defeat of Schmeling by defeating Art Lasky, who was then being boomed as a sure comer in the heavyweight ranks. Steve's manager, Charley Harvey, was confident he had a future world's heavyweight champ in the person of the sturdy ex-football star of Pennsylvania, and his belief was shared freely by fans and matchmakers.

Steve ranked high among the title-contenders, and had he stayed at home and confined his efforts to the American ring, it is possible that he might have gone much further than he eventually did. But he and his manager needed money badly, and when a guarantee of $25,000 was offered for a battle between Hamas and Schmeling in Hamburg, the bait was too rich to be resisted.

Harvey had been holding out for a big offer here. On the strength of the respective showings of Hamas and Schmeling in the Philadelphia ring, it certainly looked like easy money for Steve in a second encounter with the man he had already beaten. So Harvey accepted and sailed for Germany with his charge.

Though a few months after his draw with Paulino, a clean knockout had been administered to Walter Neusel in eight rounds at Hamburg by Schmeling, that victory did not change expert estimate of Max in this country as amounting to anything more than a pawn in the game, for the said experts hadn't much of an opinion of Neusel anyway.

* * *

IT was quite a surprise, therefore, when Schmeling not only gave Hamas a terrific beating, but completed his task by knocking him out in the ninth round. Yet even this achievement was far from restoring Schmeling to his former high standing in the United States. It was rumored that both Harvey and Hamas held Max so cheap that they paid more attention to enjoying German hospitality than to rigorous training, and there were reports to the effect that Steve was handicapped by an injury to his arm sustained in gym work, that handicapped him severely in the ring.

On July 7, 1935, Schmeling took on his old opponent, Paulino, in Berlin. He won in twelve rounds, giving the old iron-ribbed Basque an awful hiding, but Paulino was still on his feet at the final bell.

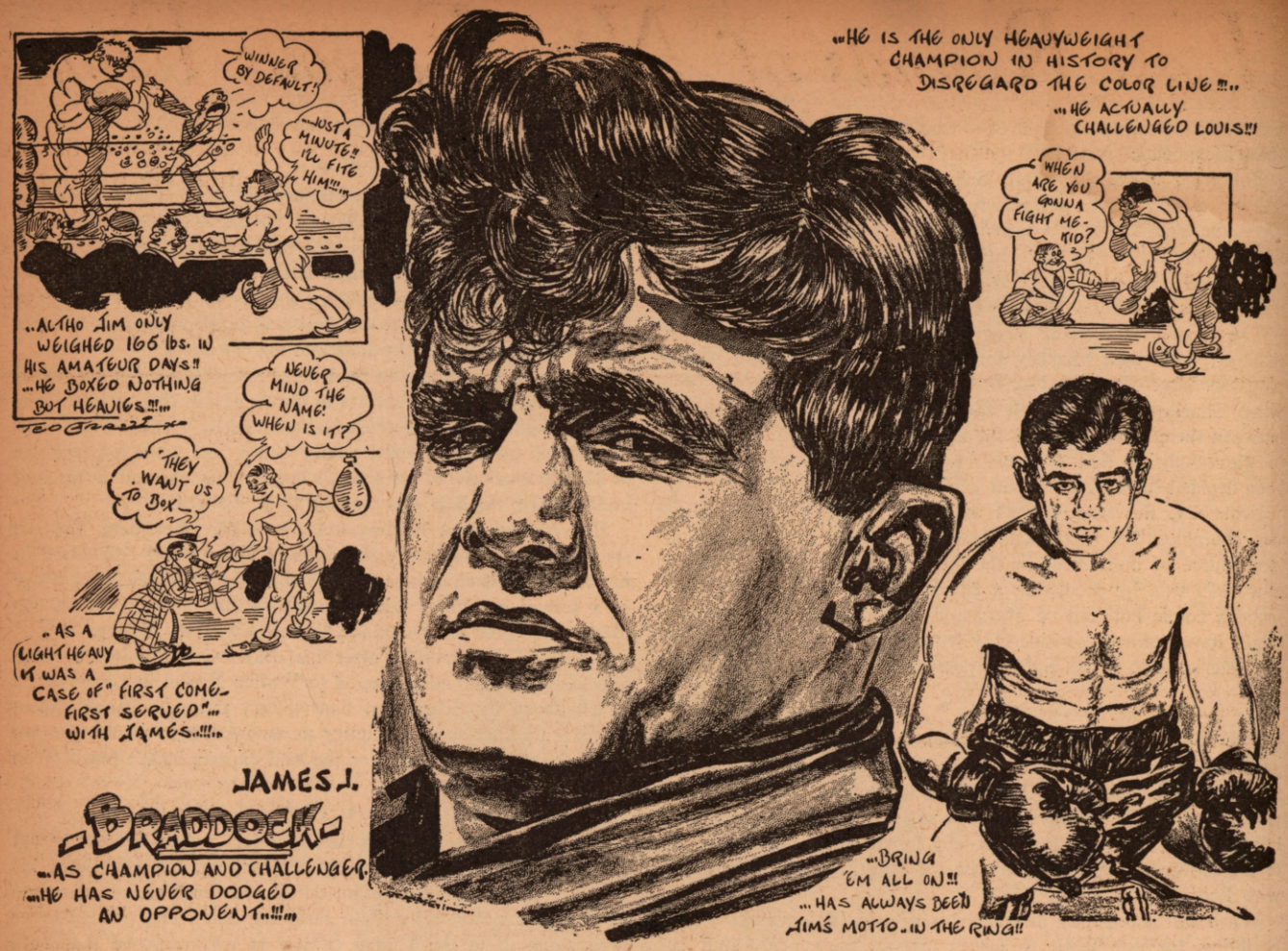
In the meanwhile, Joe Louis, in the course of a couple of years, had soared to giddy heights on the fistic horizon. Besides a host of minor lights, such prominent boxers as Carnera, Levinsky and Baer had fallen before him in short order. And Paulino, who had always stayed the limit in his encounters with Schmeling, was knocked out of time in less than four rounds by the colored marvel.

The Schmeling pawn had moved back into the good opinion of the Continent to a certain extent, but was still ignored as an important factor on Uncle Sam's chessboard. But opponents were scarce for Joe Louis, and after all, Schmeling had been holder of the world's heavyweight title. Nobody here worth mentioning accorded him more than a bare chance of staying the limit with the uncrowned monarch of the heavy division.

For such was Louis considered both by experts and the rank and file of sport followers. That Braddock wore the crown only meant that it was Jim's property until Louis was given an opportunity to take it over.

But a good gate might be looked for with Schmeling placed as a target for Louis to demonstrate upon. Hence arose the negotiations which terminated with the match between the pair which resulted in the most sensationally astonishing upset to form dope the ring ever knew.

The drama of Max Schmeling's career, which has yet to reach the climactic stage, exhibits above all else the advantage enjoyed by a thoroughly self-confident, iron-nerved boxer over men cast in a less stolid mould. While millions of fight fans were astounded by Schmeling's knockout of Louis, the victor had never for an instant doubted his ability to win.



Fighters Who Fight

By TED CARROLL

WHEN James J. Braddock's standing as a heavyweight is made after his retirement, it is certain that, regardless of what else might be said about him, he will be accorded a high spot as one of the most courageous of modern fighters. Barddock's career, both as champion and as challenger, has been marked by a willingness to meet all comers—no fighter, no matter how good, being barred. His career is already notable for the fact that, as title-holder, he has set aside the age long excuse of color and has openly declared himself in favor of clashing with Joe Louis or any other contender. Champions, past and present, including even the Negro, Jack Johnson, have taken refuge behind this ancient barrier when it was to their convenience not to meet a man worth while.

* * *

MUCH of the success he has achieved in the professional ranks has been due to this devil-may-care attitude as regards any opponent. For years James J. served as "copper" for more timid warriors, and out-of-town aspirants to fistic glory with fearsome reputations, usually had their mettle tried by the Jersey Irishman, who feared no man. Some of these passed this acid test successfully. Most of them failed, notably Tuffy Griffiths, and more recently Corn Griffin. Few of the boys wanted any part of Corn with the knockout-studded record, until James J. Johnston thought of the man who never said "No"—Jim Braddock.

Right on the heels of his astounding victory over Griffin, there arose a need for a man to meet another widely-heralded fighter, John Henry Lewis, and once again James J. filled the breach. Braddock's performance in this contest gains additional lustre as time goes on and discloses his decision over the Arizonian as one of the high points in his amazing career.

The same situation existed when Braddock met Art Lasky, at that time a knockout sensation few fighters were particularly desirous to meet.

* * *

SOUTHPAWS, colored boys, "clowns," hard punchers, big fellows, little fellows, they've all looked the same to James J. Braddock, down through his career. His "come one, come all" attitude has left Manager Joey Gould free to concentrate on other angles affecting his fighter's welfare and is one reason for their enduring partnership.

Fistiana's highest throne may at one time or another have been occupied by cleverer men or harder hitters, but the purple robes of ring royalty have never been worn by a warrior who cared less who occupied that other corner.

Jimmy was born at North Bergen, N. J., December 6, 1905. He is the father of two boys and one girl.

What is or are his pet diversions? He has only one, playing cards, and his favorite game is hearts. He likes to swim and play ball. He used to go to see Babe Ruth play "because he hits 'em out." Golf? Very little. He admits a score of 120 for eighteen holes. He goes to the theatre once in a while to please the missus. His favorite movie stars are Charlie Chaplin and Laurel and Hardy. He likes mystery screen plays. He has no favorite author. He thinks all the sports writers are good whether they write good or bad about him.

One time, early in life, he was on the verge of becoming a fireman. Whenever the horse-drawn engines would come down his street he'd follow them and get a close-up of the fires.

He is a devout Catholic. He voted for President Roosevelt and he'll vote for him again—a real Democrat at heart.

Last Rounds of Nine Famous Fights

AS the time approaches for the international battle for the world heavyweight championship between James J. Braddock, the holder of the crown, and Max Schmeling, German challenger, the interest in the affair becomes more and more intense. Judging by Schmeling's performance against Joe Louis, the Black Uhlan has a splendid chance to set ring history by being the first modern heavyweight to regain the championship. For this reason, the manner in which famous heavyweights of the past won great contests for the title, should be of added interest. Here are the last rounds of nine of the greatest heavyweight battles of modern times:

CORBETT-SULLIVAN
September 7, 1892

Round 21—Sullivan rushed, but Corbett stepped nimbly aside and smashed the big fellow's sore and bleeding nose with both fists, causing the blood to flow in a torrent. Sullivan was bewildered and began to show signs of early collapse. Corbett, smiling like a schoolboy, hooked a righthander to the side of the head. Corbett steadied himself. He sent a hard right to the ear, and followed with a terrific left to the jaw, and Sullivan sank unconscious to the floor of the ring. The round lasted 1½ minutes.

FITZSIMMONS-CORBETT
March 17, 1897

Round 14—Corbett landed that left jab again on Fitz's head. Fitz countered with a terrible right swing on Corbett's neck, and he had Corbett going back for a few seconds. Fitz landed a terrible left-hand jab on Corbett's stomach, and Corbett went to his knees with a frightful look of agony on his face. The timekeepers called the seconds, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," but Corbett came to his feet and rushed to Fitz and endeavored to strike him. The time was 1.40.

JEFFRIES-FITZSIMMONS
June 9, 1899

Round 11—Fitz came up slowly, but assumed the aggressive. Jeff stood off, evidently waiting for a knockout. They clinched three times. Coming to close quarters, Jeff put two hard rights over Fitz's heart, sending him back. Then Jeff sent a straight left to the neck, which he followed with a left to the chest. Fitz crowded in. He tried his right for the jaw, but was short. Jeff then jabbed his left to the head and sent his right to the point of Fitz's jaw and Fitz was out.

JEFFRIES-CORBETT
May 11, 1900

Round 23—After a couple of passes Jeff swung his right to Corbett's jaw and rushed him to a neutral corner. At close quarters Corbett hooked the left twice to the face, sending the blood spurting again from Jeff's face. Jeff threw in two hard lefts to the body and sent the left again to Corbett's face, forcing Corbett's head back. Then Jeffries crowded Corbett to the ropes, and with a full swinging left smash on the jaw sent Corbett rolling down and out. Corbett's head struck the floor heavily.

JEFFRIES-FITZSIMMONS
July 25, 1902

Round 8—Bob stood up straight, feinting with his left and drawing Jeffries on. Jeffries smiled through his bloody features, ducking a left swing and landing a hard left on the ribs. Jeffries forced the fighting at this stage, crouching low and carrying his right high and left far back. They rushed to a clinch. As Fitzsimmons stepped back he smiled and spoke to Jeffries, and before he could get out of reach Jeffries quickly hooked his left on the jaw, and Fitz went down on his back, and before he could get up the referee counted him out.

JEFFRIES-CORBETT
August 14, 1903

Round 10—Jeffries stood straight up and came after his man without hesitation. Corbett seemed to be making a waiting fight. They exchanged lefts to the face, and Jeffries made a vicious effort. Jeffries sent a left hook to the stomach, and Corbett went down for nine seconds. He got up and received a left in the stomach and a right on the jaw. He went down, and after the count of seven Tommy Ryan threw up the sponge. Corbett was suffering pain and a chair was brought for him. After a minute's rest he recovered, got up and shook hands with Jeffries.

JOHNSON-JEFFRIES
July 4, 1910

Round 15—They rushed straight into a clinch. Johnson wriggled out of it and hooked a left to the jaw, Jeffries clinching promptly. Johnson whipped three lefts to the jaw and the boiler maker reeled. The negro, realizing that the end was near, rushed his man to a point near the ropes, and with a right on the jaw, followed by a left uppercut, he knocked Jeffries flat upon his back. The white man took a count of nine. As he struggled up Johnson was on top of him, piling in blow after blow, and almost knocking Jeffries out of the ring. This time the referee's count was slower, and Jeffries managed to crawl to his feet in a dazed and helpless condition. Johnson rushed him across the ring, swinging right and left for the head. A hook on the jaw finally tumbled Jeffries in a heap in the corner.

DEMPSEY-FIRPO
July 4, 1919

Round 2—Dempsey rushed out of his corner. The champion, highly excited, glided in close on the waiting Firpo and raked him with short-arm lefts and rights. Dempsey glided pantherlike after his prey but was met with a crashing right to the body and jumped into a clinch.

On the break, Dempsey stepped quickly back and landed two damaging left hooks. Dempsey dug his left into the body, then shot two right uppercuts and followed with a left to the body as Firpo jumped into a clinch. Dempsey shook him off and drove in short-arm blows. Firpo sank to the canvas.

The count reached five when Firpo arose. Luis lashed out a long right to the neck. Dempsey got inside a left lead with short-arm jolts. In close, Dempsey drove his left mauler deep into Firpo's midsection. On backing away, he crashed a short-arm right to the jaw.

Firpo went down like a poled steer. He lay motionless for two seconds then started to writhe and twist convulsively. He rolled over on his back. He drew up one knee in agony and was counted out.

DEMPSEY-CARPENTIER
July 2, 1921

Round 4—Dempsey opened with a heavy right smash to the body and followed with a volley of rights and lefts to the body and chin. Carpentier came in close and Dempsey knocked Carpentier down with a right hander to the jaw and Carpentier took the count of nine while lying on his right side.

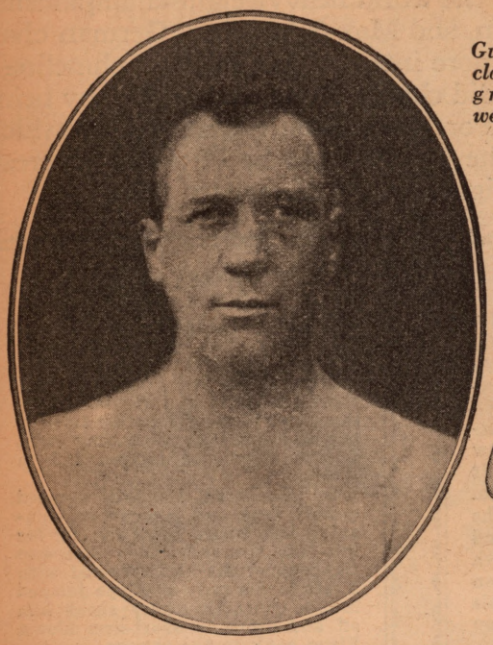
Just as the referee counted nine, the Frenchman got to his feet with a sudden jump and resumed the battle, which was setting strongly against the European champion.

Carpentier made a dying effort with his famous right hand punch, but it was blocked by Dempsey. The Manassa Mauler then rushed at his opponent and with a series of heavy rights to the ribs and a left uppercut to the chin, he soon had Georges on the run.

Jack drove a savage right hander over the Frenchman's heart. Carpentier doubled him up in pain and Dempsey again swung his right against the jaw of the challenger and for the second time the Frenchman measured his length on the canvas covered floor.

Carpentier remained quite still after his second knockdown. He never made a movement until the referee had reached the count of eight. Carpentier then raised his legs in an effort to get on his feet, but his limbs straightened out and while his body was swaying in an evident attempt to regain his feet, he was counted out.

GERMAN FISTIC



Gus Ruhlin, who clashed with the greatest heavyweights of his time

MAX SCHMELING, whose sensational victory over Joe Louis has earned for the Teuton another chance at the world heavyweight title, was the first German to hold the crown that hitherto had adorned the heads of members of the English speaking race. But Herr Max was not the only German to win world honors in pugilism. German-Americans who reached the heights, were Paul Berlenbach, former world light-heavyweight champion; Harry Greb, middleweight and light-heavyweight king; Billy Papke, middleweight and Ad Wolgast, ruler over the lightweight class.

Billy Papke, who won the world middleweight championship.

Many German-blooded scrappers are listed among the stars of American fisticuffs, among the best being Gus Ruhlin, heavyweight; Al Kaufman, heavyweight; Al Kubiak, a member of the same class: Leo Houck, middleweight who is now the boxing mentor at Penn State College; Billy Berger, middleweight; Young Otto, lightweight; Dave Deshler, lightweight and Dutch Brandt, a very good lightweight of Benny Leonard's period.

Although Herr Plaacke, the big German who was put out of the picture by Kid McCoy, is often referred to as the first of the Fatherland to make an appearance in this country as a fighter, it was Ben Hogan who should get that honor.

His real name was Benediel Hagan and he was born in Wurtemburg, Germany, in 1844. He was five feet 11½ inches and he weight 114 pounds. After coming to America he became one of the leading gamblers and adopted this country as his own. He fought Tom Allen for the championship of America and refused to continue the bout after he had been fouled.

Herr Plaacke came here after stories of his ring prowess had been heralded through the country and like Carnera, there was much curiosity to see him in action and as soon as he set his foot on these shores, he became a good box office attraction.

* * *

RUDY UNHOLZ was another boxer of German extraction who ranked high. He was a world traveler who did his fighting in many parts.

Unholz, born in Germany in 1881, created a sensation in South Africa and England, where he beat many of the best lightweights before visiting America in 1907. During his stay he stopped Jack Downey, lost on a foul to Cyclone Johnny Thompson, who knocked him out later in eleven rounds. He stood off Battling Nelson for ten rounds with no decision and Bill Papke in six rounds. But Joe Gans and Harlem Tommy Murphy easily outclassed him.

Unholz went to Australia in 1909, where he defeated, among others Hughie Mehegan, Tim Tracey and Bob Turner. He was knocked out by Johnny Summers of England and then came back to the United States where he continued fighting until Wolgast stopped him in two rounds in 1914 and Battling Nelson fought him ten rounds to a draw in 1915. Unholz died of consumption at Los Angeles in 1919.

* * *

RUHLIN was born in Canton, Ohio, and jumped into prominence at the age of 22 when he whipped Steve O'Donnell of Australia in ten rounds and fought a twenty-round draw with Jim Jeffries. His first battle in New York was staged in Syracuse in 1898, the clever Kid McCoy getting the referee's decision on points at the end of the twentieth round.

Ruhlin then stacked up against Tom Sharkey at Coney Island and was rocked to sleep in the first round. His next formidable opponent was Ed Dunkhorst, the Human Freight Car, weighing 260 pounds, who was hammered into submission in the twenty-second round in the Coney Island ring.

In 1899 Ruhlin whipped Joe Goddard in five rounds in this city and fought a bloody twenty-round draw with Peter Maher, which was the most strenuous battle between heavyweights seen here during the life of the Horton law.

After beating several second and third raters, Ruhlin again shaped up with Tom Sharkey at Coney Island and won on a knockout in the fifteenth round. By that time Ruhlin was considered a leading contender for the championship and Jim Corbett groomed him for the memorable fight with Fitzsimmons in the old Garden on August 10, 1900.

Fitzsimmons then was fighting his way back to a return match with Jeffries. He weighed 170 pounds when he stepped into the ring with Ruhlin before a packed house. During the first five rounds, Ruhlin, seconded by Corbett, not only outboxed Fitzsimmons, but also inflicted severe punishment.

Fitz was bleeding from the nose and mouth when he came up for the sixth round. He was flat-footed and apparently in much distress. Corbett, anxious to square accounts for his defeat at the hands of Fitz at Carson City in 1897, urged Ruhlin to sail in for a knockout.

Probably overconfident, Ruhlin rushed at his antagonist, swinging wildly. Fitzsimmons, evidently shamming, suddenly resorted to his famous shift. He started a right-hand swing for the head at close quarters and when Ruhlin threw up his guard, the Cornishman shifted his feet and drove a terrific left squarely into the pit of Ruhlin's stomach.

Ruhlin fell to the floor unconscious and was counted out. He was carried out of the Garden to a Turkish bath, where, after six hours of work and treatment, the boxer was revived.

* * *

BORN in San Francisco in 1886, Kaufmann was a splendid-looking heavyweight. He was six feet one inch tall and tipped the beam at 205 pounds. He began to attract attention in 1905, but after scoring five straight knockouts, he ran up against Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, who put him away in the seventeenth round in a Frisco ring.

Refusing to be discouraged, Kaufmann in 1906 knocked out

STARS

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

Dave Barry, Fred Bradley, Sam Berger and George Gardner. The following year he stopped Mike Shreck and Dave Barry, also outpointing Jack (Twin) Sullivan in twenty-five rounds at Colma.

Among Kaufmann's knockout victims in 1908 were Battling Jim Johnson, Fireman Jim Flynn and Jim Barry, who took the count of ten in the thirty-ninth round at Vernon.

Kaufmann's victories paved the way for a ten-round no-decision bout with Jack Johnson in Frisco in 1909. Johnson, then looking forward to a fight with Jeffries, found Kaufmann a tough customer, ringside observers declaring that honors were even.

Kaufmann went through 1910 without sustaining a defeat, boxing no-decision bouts with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Bill Lang of Australia and Tony Ross. But in 1911 he began to slip. He was knocked out in ten rounds by Jim Flynn in Kansas City and in five by Al Palzer in the Garden. Luther McCarty, then shaping up as the best white heavyweight in America, flattened Kaufmann in two rounds in 1912.

Papke was the first German-American to win the middleweight championship of the world. But he held the title less than three months. In a terrific scrap he was knocked out in the twelfth round by Stanley Ketchel at Los Angeles on September 7, 1908. Instead of commercializing the title by meeting second and third raters for an indefinite period, Papke agreed to a return match with Ketchel and on November 26 of that year he was stopped in the eleventh round in Frisco.

Nothing daunted, Papke again challenged Ketchel after knocking out Hugo Kelly in a round, and they clashed on July 5, 1909, at Colma. At the end of the twentieth round the referee declared Ketchel the winner. When Ketchel was shot and killed in 1910 Papke claimed the title and was recognized.

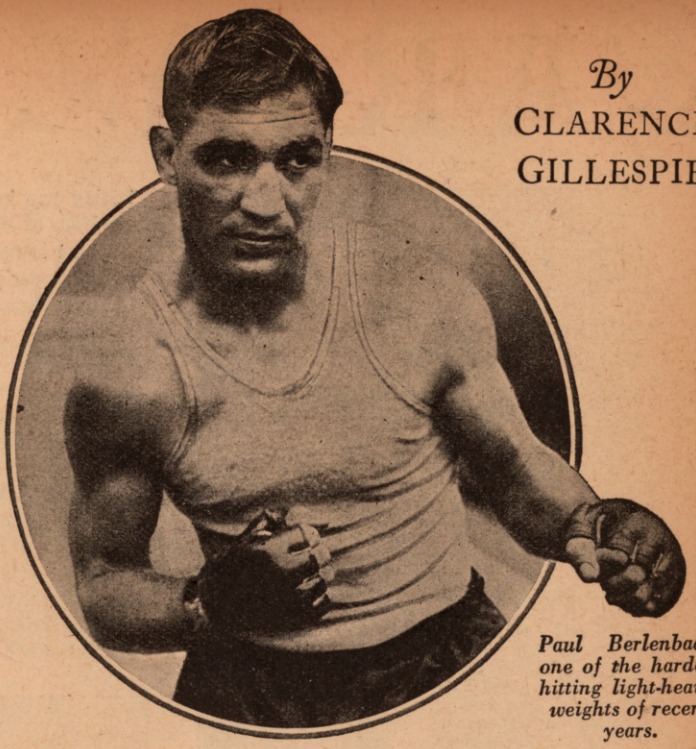
Papke knocked out Willie Lewis in three rounds in France in 1910, beat Jack Twin Sullivan in twelve rounds in Boston and lost on a foul in ten rounds to Dave Smith in Australia, all in the same year.

He was outpointed by Cyclone Johnny Thompson in Australia early in 1911, knocked out Dave Smith in the same ring, then went to London, where he put Jim Sullivan, British champion, away in the ninth round. Thereafter his best fight was a victory over Georges Carpentier in Paris, the latter stopping of his own accord after seventeen rounds.

* * *

KLAUS began his ring career in 1904. He took part in nearly 100 fights. His first defeat was received from Jimmy Gardner on points in twelve rounds and the second from Hugo Kelly on a decision over the same route in 1910. It was on June 24, 1912, that Klaus won on a foul in the nineteenth round from Carpentier in Dieppe, France, while on May 5, 1913, he defeated Papke on a foul in the fifteenth round in Paris.

Greb, while not the equal of Papke and Klaus as a slugger, was more scientific and will be remembered as one of the best middleweight title holders of all time.



Paul Berlenbach, one of the hardest hitting light-heavyweights of recent years.

Born of German-American parents at Cadillac, Mich., in 1888, Wolgast was 22 years old when he was proclaimed the lightweight champion of the world at the end of forty rounds of fierce milling with Battling Nelson in a California ring. Referee Ed Smith actually stopped the fight to save Nelson from possibly fatal injuries.

Wolgast held the title for two years, then lost it on a foul to Willie Ritchie in the sixteenth round, Jim Griffin being the third man in the ring. Wolgast continued to fight for money until ten years ago, when he retired. Later he was stricken with loss of memory as a result of the numerous head injuries he had received while in action.

Ad Wolgast as he looked when he won the world lightweight title.

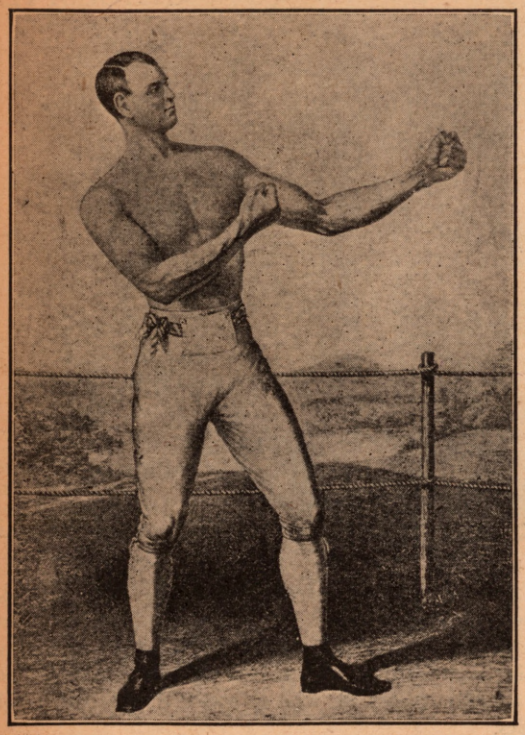
Berlenbach, who gave up wrestling to become a fighter under the mentorship of Dan Hickey, was a real light-heavyweight champion. Before he reached his prime he was knocked out by the late Tiger Flowers and Jack Delaney. But he kept on plugging away until he took the crown away from Delaney on points.

Berlenbach's gameness was admired by the great crowd that saw him take severe punishment from Delaney, who recovered the championship on points at Ebbets Field several years ago.

The Germans have made great headway since the World War. Boxing had never been popularized before that, but after the Americans and the British Tommies had paved the way, the Germans, quick to absorb knowledge, made such rapid headway that they soon were able to challenge England for supremacy. In the divisions from welter to heavyweight, the Germans developed some mighty fine talent, the best boys being Schmeling, Gustave Eder, Eric Seelig and Roth.

Most of the Germans, with the exception of Schmeling, have been of the socking school. They keep tossing punches but fail to develop real science. Schmeling, however, is a master of the style so long used by our best fighters in America.

EARLY DAYS



Tom Hyer, first recognized American heavyweight champion.

AMERICA is now supreme in the art of pugilism. With the exception of Schmeling and Jimmy McLarnin, who is Canadian born, and Jack Carroll, an Australian, her pugilists are the best in the world.

Schmeling is given his rating here primarily because of his unexpected victory over Joe Louis. In spite of his whipping Young Stribling, and the Brown Bomber, I cannot rate him among the top rank of pugilism. I saw Max Baer connect with a long over-hand right on his chin that even an editor might have dodged.

Though America is supreme now, such was not the case in 1776. England was at that time the only country in which boxing was a national sport. Her first great pugilist, Tom Figg, died in 1740. During Figg's early career, he was better known as a back-swordsman than as a pugilist. But as the ruling class in England turned its attention more toward pugilism, Figg gave up the sword.

His reputation as a pugilist became so great that by 1719 he opened the first academy of boxing in the world. It was known as "Figg's Amphitheater in Tottenham Court Road, London." He was the first recognized Champion Heavyweight of England, which meant at that time, the world.

Figg whipped Ned Sutton, a redoubtable adversary, three times. In the first contest the men used cudgels.

* * *

PUGILISM even at this late day often oversteps the bounds of real sportsmanship. In the earlier period of its existence, it bordered on the bloodiest brutality. But somehow, the heavier men seemed to survive longer. It was no uncommon occurrence at the beginning of the nineteenth century for a pugilist to fight a long and gruelling contest near the age of fifty. Even as late as the year 1880, Joe Goss, the Englishman, fought the mighty Paddy Ryan eighty-seven rounds, lasting two hours and forty minutes. Goss was at the time far past the meridian of life.

There is no authentic history of boxing in America during the Revolutionary period. However, the art was certainly practiced.

Bill Richmond, known as The Black Terror, was taken from New York to England during the first year of the American Revolution. He was born at Richmond, on Staten Island, in 1763 and died sixty-six years later. He fought many important contests in England, where he was a great favorite and a friend of Lord Byron. He was taken to that country by the British Revolutionary War general, Earl Percy, early in 1777.

Tom Molineaux, another great American Negro pugilist, was born in Georgetown, District of Columbia, and became a pugilist after the early Revolutionary period. His name was taken from the Molineaux plantation, upon which he was born as a slave.

As many lesser pugilists were also developed at that time, it may be concluded that the ruling class in America gave some attention to boxing as a diversion. It is interesting to note that the two first great American pugilists were sons of slaves, and obtained their freedom because of their

William Fuller, who is credited with introducing the art of self defense in America in 1818

of the RING

By JIM TULLY

prowess with their fists.

Molineaux was the first to claim the Heavyweight Championship of America.

* * *

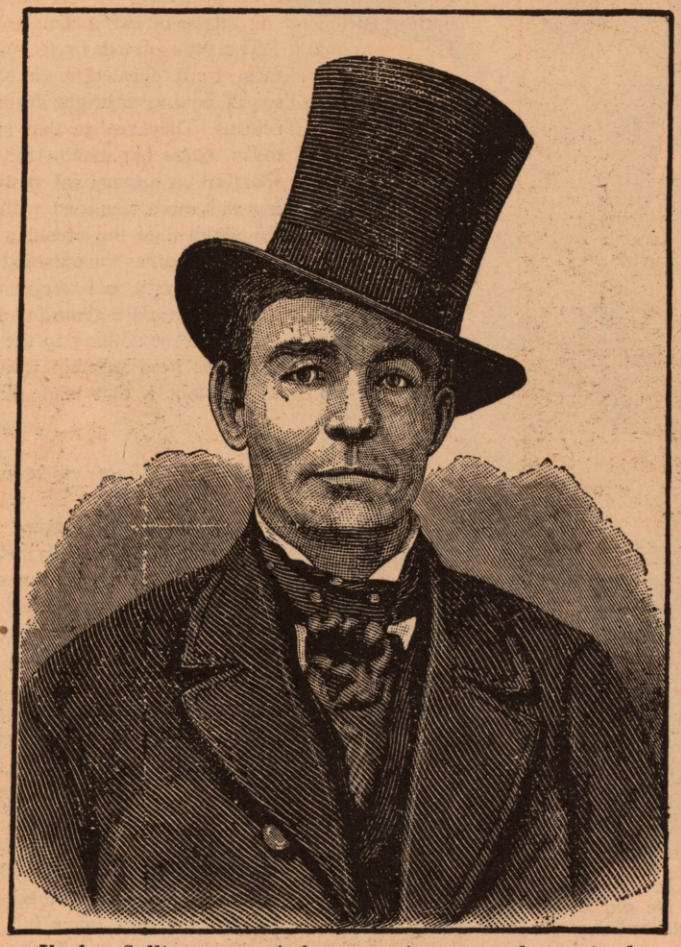
WILLIAM FULLER is credited with formally introducing the art of self-defense in America in 1818—forty-two years after the birth of the Republic. Fuller was probably not a bruiser of the first grade, though this is a moot question. His record includes only four fights. He fought Molineaux twice, getting a draw once and suffering defeat once. He was beaten by a second-rater named Joy, but later won from the same man.

A traveler in America nearly one hundred and twenty years ago writes:

"From the rascality and quarrelsome behavior of a few of the Kentucky men, the whole people have got a very bad character amongst the sister states . . . . The question is generally asked, 'Will you fight fair or take it rough and tumble? I can whip you either way, by damn.'

"The English reader knows what fair fighting is but can have little idea of rough and tumble . . . . in the latter case the combatants take advantage, pull, bite, and kick, and with hellish ferocity try to gouge each other's eyes out of their sockets . . . . I saw but two men who had been injured by this method of fighting—one had almost lost an eye, the other, a free Negro, was nearly sightless.

"They both lived on the banks of the Ohio, where this dreadful art is more practiced. It was introduced from the Southern states. There certainly ought to be a strong law enacted to prevent a resort to so brutal a practice; surely it is a disgrace and stigma to the legislature . . . . We hope Mr. Fuller will be able to remove in a great degree these barbarous practices."



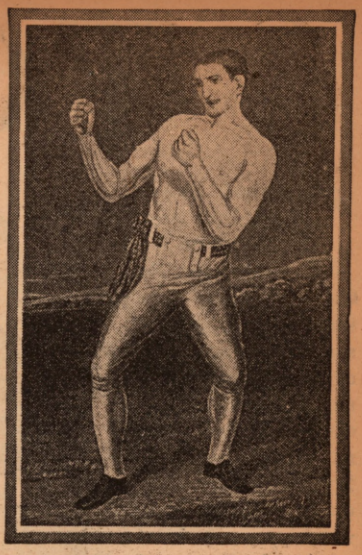
Yankee Sullivan, one of the most picturesque figures in the American prize ring.

Mr Fuller did little to relieve this practice. It was still used during my own Ohio boyhood less than twenty years ago.

* * *

UNTIL the advent in the eighteen-forties of Tom Hyer, the first American heavyweight champion, all the good bruisers in America were of foreign birth. Coburn, Dunn, Elliott, McCoole and Baldwin were Irish. Jones and Davis were English. Jem Mace was a gypsy.

Hyer was born in New York in 1819. His first great battle was with "Country" McClosky at Caldwell's Landing, New York, in 1841. He defeated McClosky in one hundred and one rounds, London Prize Ring rules. The battle lasted two hours and fifty-five minutes. Hyer next defeated Yankee Sullivan at Rock Point, Maryland, in 1849. Sullivan had to be taken to a hospital at the end of the fifteen terrific rounds. The men fought for a side bet of ten thousand dollars. Hyer weighed a hundred and eighty-five pounds; Sullivan, only one hundred and fifty.



Bold Bendigo, the Evangelist Pugilist.

Later, Hyer was matched to meet John Morrisey. The latter forfeited the match. The men agreed to meet again in 1854. Hyer's crowd was so outnumbered that he produced revolvers with which to fight. Morrisey declined the issue. Hyer then challenged William Perry, champion of England, known as the Tipton Slasher. Perry did not accept, and Hyer retired. Yankee Sullivan, at this time, again claimed the title.

Yankee Sullivan, born James Ambrose, April 12, 1813, was one of the greatest bruisers and most picturesque characters that ever lived. He was said to have been reared in the East End of London. Others claim that his correct name was Frank Amor.

* * *

THERE was something mysterious about Sullivan. He was of the stuff of which legends are made. But there was no question about his magnificent qualities as a pugilist. Outweighed thirty-five pounds in his contest with Hyer, he kept up a savage onslaught against him until he sank exhausted in the snow, a blood-covered adventurer who was yet to rise from defeat to greater heights of pugilism by conquering Ben Caunt, the mightiest man in England and the world. This feat alone places Yankee Sullivan in a class with Bob Fitzsimmons, whose famous motto was: "The bigger they are—the 'arder they fall."

Morrisey, weighing one hundred and ninety pounds, defeated Sullivan in thirty-seven rounds, and became the second heavyweight champion of America. Born in Ireland, Morrisey was elected a member of the New York House of Representatives.

It is claimed that Sullivan had Morrisey beaten when a row was started outside the ring. Sullivan was "pocketed"—held in a wedge—by the Morrisey supporters, and could not re-enter the roped square in time to "toe the scratch." Morrisey was declared the winner.

(Continued on page 43)

TO-DAY *and*

JACOBS BEACH, that little stretch of land on West 49th Street, New York, a stone's throw away from Madison Square Garden, was dense with fight promoters, managers, boxers and scribes on the morning after the Louis-Schmeling fight. Naturally, the subject that was uppermost in the minds of all was the Louis kayo. I stood in the midst of this gathering and listened intently to arguments pro and con, as to the whys and wherefores of the Brown Bomber's collapse. Some insisted that his training methods were at fault; others that his recent marriage had left its influence; still others that his style was far from being the proper one for a man who was rated so highly by the pugilistic experts.

To me the whole thing seemed rather amusing for, had the majority of those fellows read the article which I had written for THE RING, and which was published only three months previously, they would have known the answer to their own queries. If you RING readers recollect, my article entitled "Let's Not Go Haywire Over Joe Louis" not only analyzed Joe's shortcomings, but pointed out that the Brown Bomber had not been tested by a real fighter, one who could toss his right with the accuracy of a sharpshooter, and who, in addition, was fearless.

Mexican Joe Rivers, who was erratic in his training. He did as he pleased and violated all rules of proper training.

What I said in that article proved my judgment one hundred per cent correct when Louis faced Max Schmeling. And if I might toot my own horn, I might add that only Jack Johnson and myself hit the nail right on the head so far as the Detroiter's defects were concerned, and I hope that, as a result of that licking he received from Schmeling, Louis will overcome this hurdle by concentrating on a defense for a right.

* * *

I AGREE with many of the statements that have appeared in print and have been made in arguments that the training of a fighter has much to do with his success or failure in the ring. In the case of Joe Louis, he has an ideal trainer in Jack Blackburn and that is why it surprised me to see how little attention was paid to the proper defense against a right-hand punch during Joe's seven weeks of intensive workouts at his Lakewood camp.

It is all in the method of training. At least that is what I believe after following the sport for upwards of half a century and seeing the boys come and go. For the benefit of the army of RING readers, many of whom might not know my background, I might say without any idea of boasting that, from the time I was a young boy, my environment has been that of the fight game.

The difference between the old-time style of training and that of the present day is as far apart as Europe is from America. In my opinion, the fighters of the past were far superior to those of the present, but that was caused wholly by the type of living then as compared to that of today.

The boys of today are young, vigorous lads, most of them well educated, high school or college boys who see in boxing a bright future because of the financial returns. They realize that success in the boxing game today means big money, for boxing has turned from a sport into a commercial venture. In my early days, boxing was more identified with fighting. It was a case of the survival of the fittest, with hero worship, romance, and what not, as the outstanding features. A good fighter in those days would receive what the average good preliminary boys are given for six- or ten-round fights, but money meant nothing to the old school of gladiators. It was that hero worship which they sought, and which they obtained, that made them the great fighters they were.

* * *

THE old-timer was brought up to be a great soldier in every way. He was disciplined to obedience, courage and utter disregard of the possible consequences of a command. His, truly, was but to do or die. He was tough and ready at all times.

Punishment meant little to him. For his severe task, he worked like a beaver from morning to night to prepare himself both to give and to take. He engaged normally in from eight to ten hours' active work—walking, running, boating, handball, baseball, digging ditches, hill climbing and etc. Your modern boxer, on the other hand, deems it sufficient to enter the ring at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and go back to the shower an hour later.

What has he done during that one hour to make him the perfect physical specimen of the old-timers? We who watched Joe Louis and Schmeling, Sharkey, Canzoneri, Ambers and others of our present-day school, in their tune-ups, know full well that so far as physical condition is concerned, these boys outwardly, at least, looked fit as a fiddle. But the condition of these athletes would have been laughed at in the good old days because we of the old school would never have admitted that any athlete could reach the goal on one hour's training per day. And to go a step further, I would stake my all on the old-timer against the present-day youth in strength and stamina, but I must admit that in speed and cleverness, I would have to doff my cap to the boys of this age.

* * *

THE fighter of today is soft compared to the boys of the past. The training, when it isn't totally negligible, is namby-pamby, half-hearted, happy-go-lucky, and altogether, in my opinion, insufficient. If Joe Louis had been trained properly for his fight with Schmeling, and if the precautions the old-time trainer took with his charge had been followed at the Louis camp instead of permitting the Brown Bomber to do as he thought fit, the result of the Schmeling fight might have been different. At least, I am certain Joe would never have taken the shellacking that he did.

In the old days, the fighting man toughened himself into roughness. Speed meant little because the fighters had to prepare themselves for finish fights and speed was not part of the game in that period. The fighter knew that a weak body figuratively meant his death.

He therefore went on the road early in the morning, he took his gymnasium work seriously and earnestly, he didn't shadow box for three rounds and call it a day but fought from six to ten vicious rounds with a sparring mate day after day. He put in an

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honest day's work and when he got into the ring, his backers, who were legion, knew that he would give to his last ounce before submitting to defeat.

Today what do we find? I don't have to list a day's workout because the average ring leader has seen and knows what it amounts to. Oftimes the boxer of today pleads indisposition and on such occasions, which are not the exception but the rule, the workout is so insignificant that it is amazing to me that so many fighters are passed as physically perfect by the Boxing Commission. Catch an old-timer pulling that kind of stunts with a trainer or manager of the old school! He wouldn't have lived to tell the tale!

* * *

THE build-up process of the present-day school is what, in my opinion, is one of the curses of the boxing game. There are many I could enumerate, among them inefficient boxing commissions, a laxity of supervision, political interference in the sport, many high binding promoters whose sole aim is selfishness, and above all, the ownership of leading fighters by promoters. These are all part of boxing today and while they exist, the sport cannot be what it was in our era.

Often you find a soft ham brought over from foreign lands with nothing whatsoever as a background other than height or excessive weight, or the fact that he has scored knockouts over the leading palookas in the land from which he hailed.

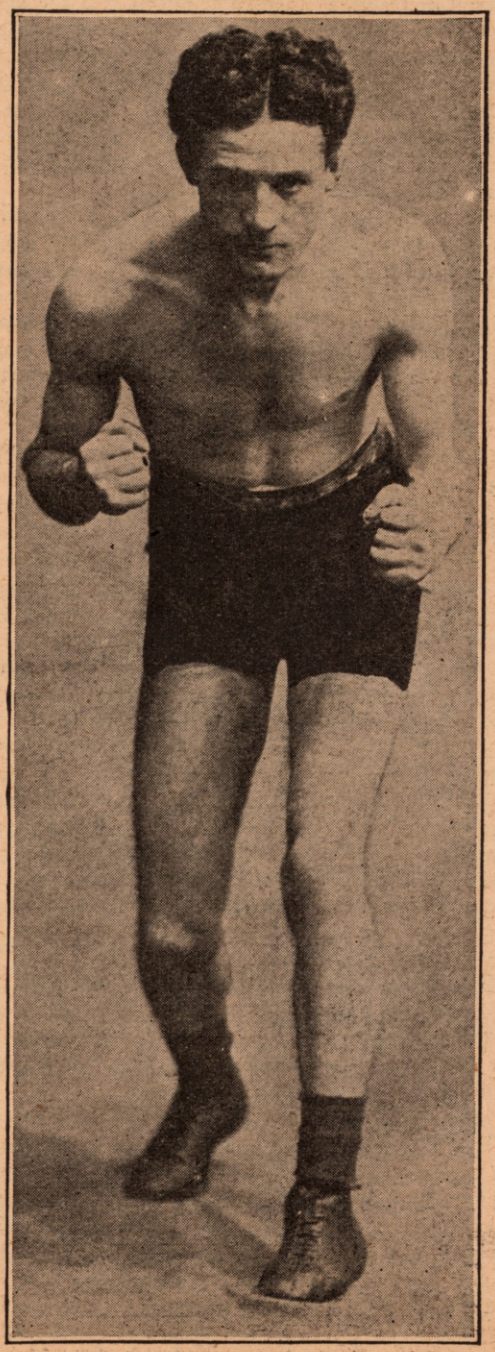
Yet we find these boys given the preference over true-hearted, true-blooded Americans, who have fought their way to a position of note yet cannot make any further headway simply because they are not part and parcel of the clique that runs boxing.

It is the foreign element of this type that is now ruling the sport in America. And so long as promoters see fit to toss aside the American youth in favor of these foreigners, just so long will our position in boxing as world leaders be menaced.

* * *

THERE were no build-ups in the old days. A fighter, to acquire a position in his chosen profession, had to be a topnotcher. He had to be a man who, in every sense of the word, was a real fighter.

There was no stalling, no picking of opponents, no set-ups, because the public wouldn't stand for that. That is why I doff my cap to Jimmy Braddock. Say what you may about this sturdy American lad who now holds the world heavyweight championship, you cannot get away from the fact that he is the first heavyweight title-holder of the world in many years who has altered the general procedure, and has harped back to the good old days of John L. Sullivan.



Jem Driscoll, whose training methods were odd.

By BILLY ROCHE

(Famous referee and promoter of the "old school")

Battling Siki, a fighter who paid no attention to physical condition.

The champions of recent years have hemmed and hawed on opponents. Given a fighter of merit, they would thrust aside the name in favor of some easy mark, but not so Jimmy Braddock. Given an opportunity to battle in defense of his crown against the man with whom he might stand an easy chance to retain the title, his choice was the best of the lot.

"Give me Max Schmeling, the man who knocked out Louis," was his answer to the Garden's choice of a challenger. Like John L. of old, Braddock, as champion, actually has become a challenger, something unheard of in modern commercialized boxing. My mind goes back to the days of real fighters when I think of Braddock because I find in him the fearless American gladiator of the old school. Many a battle has been won on sheer grit and nerve, and Braddock must be placed in the class designated as the nervy element as the result of what he did in coming out of obscurity to win the world championship.

(Continued on page 45)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Firpo's defeat recalls bout with Dempsey
Boxing suffers from too many champions
Hippodrome, big threat to Garden prestige

A FEW weeks ago, there appeared in the daily newspapers a report of a fight in Buenos Aires that brought back memories of one of the greatest heavyweight mills ever seen in this country. The report from South America announced the permanent retirement of Luis Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas, as a result of a severe shellacking he received at the hands of Arturo Godoy of Chili. My reason for reviewing the story of the Firpo-Dempsey fight, is because of the similarity of the recent battle in Argentine with that staged at the Polo Grounds on September 14, 1923.

In the bout between Godoy and Firpo, the Argentinian, who was bent on a comeback, with a bout with Joe Louis as his objective, had been floored nine times in three rounds by his youthful opponent, and when the gong sounded for Firpo to come out for the fourth session, like Jess Willard in his fight with Jack Dempsey at Toledo in 1919, he was unable to get out of his chair and the referee awarded the bout to Godoy.

But unlike the Willard-Dempsey affair in which Willard announced his retirement during the intermission between the third and fourth rounds and therefore the bout went into the records as a three round knockout, Firpo, reports to the contrary notwithstanding, was officially knocked out in the fourth round because he had completed the full minute rest period. I mention this because of several queries I had received asking in what round the K.O. is recorded.

* * *

THE fall of Firpo and his failure to make a comeback, recall his great fight with Jack Dempsey in which he missed taking the heavyweight crown with him to South America by a hairline. That Dempsey retained his title in that fight, was due wholly to the inefficiency of Referee Gallagher and the failure of Firpo to have a shrewd American manager in his corner—Bill Duffy, Joe Jacobs or Jack Kearns. Yes, that alone saved Dempsey from losing his title.

Like the fight between Dempsey and Willard a few years previously, the contest was a thriller with knockdowns aplenty to keep the fans on edge from gong to gong, but the most sensational part of the entire mill, which lasted through three minutes and fifty-seven seconds of actual fighting, was that in which Dempsey was knocked through the ropes into the waiting hands of a friendly press.

Unlike the fight with Godoy a few weeks ago in which Firpo was sent to the canvas nine times in three rounds, the Wild Bull took a count seven times in the opening round in the tilt with Dempsey and then was floored again twice in the second before being counted out. But in those three minutes and fifty-seven seconds of warfare, just like in the twelve minutes of fighting in Argentina, Firpo gave a thrilling exhibition of gameness, a type of courage that seldom is seen in a ring. In the bout with Dempsey, the fans were treated to as much stirring warfare in less than four minutes of actual combat, as they were in twelve rounds of the recent Louis-Schmeling affair.

Battered and bloody, groggy from severe punishment, a bombardment of lefts and rights that would have sent the average man into a state of unconsciousness, Firpo showed a fighting heart by coming back with a whirlwind attack of crushing blows that all but had Dempsey out in the first round. Dempsey, the superman of the ring, came closer to losing his crown in that mill than in any fight he had engaged in other than the one with Tunney in Philadelphia in which the title had changed hands.

* * *

THE contest was the most dramatic in the history of the heavyweight ranks barring none—not even the famous fourteen count struggle with Tunney at Soldiers' Field in Illinois or the Louis-Schmeling shindig in the Yankee Stadium a few weeks ago where one of the most talked of fighters in modern pugilism met his Waterloo. It even eclipsed the terrific fray in Toledo where Jess Willard was battered to a pulp and lost his title to Manassa Jack.

The vast throng at the Firpo-Dempsey struggle was treated that day to an elemental, gripping, nerve-shaking battle between great, lion-hearted men to whom the word "quit" had no meaning.

The contest proved above all, that brute strength, all alone, will not avail in a clash between a pair of two-fisted giants. If Firpo had possessed brain power in proportion to his wonderful strength, he would have been crowned that night the world heavyweight champion. The Wild Bull, with all his powerful strength to give and take punishment, showed that he lacked that one essential—a great pugilistic asset—a fighting brain.

He had the world heavyweight title, the richest of all ring honors within his grasp, yet he let the opportunity slip by.

Twice he had floored Dempsey in that tense, pulse-quickening first round, and one of those blows put Jack clearly through the ropes out of the ring, yet lack of brain power on the part of Firpo saved the day for Dempsey.

A cool, calculating fighter, seeing his opportunity, would have measured the Dempsey that was pushed back into the ring contrary to the rules of boxing, and would have sent the tottering Manassa Mauler down for the fatal ten. But the wild-eyed, infuriated, highly excited Argentinian who saw his man swaying groggily before him, was unequal to the emergency. He saw Dempsey with his back to the ropes, his jaw an open target, his hands hanging loosely at his sides, stunned from the impact that sent him into the laps of the newspapermen at the ringside, but Firpo's brain was as dulled as was that of Dempsey and the advantage meant nothing to Luis.

* * *

FIRPO was not quick enough to realize the golden opportunity or else he was afraid to take a chance. When he finally did come to the full realization that there stood before him a beaten man and a championship was at his feet, Firpo found the opportunity gone.

One hefty swing of the pile driver of his, would have finished Dempsey, but the blow was never delivered. The danger for Dempsey didn't last long for he quickly recovered and when he did, his brain worked twice as fast as did that of his opponent. Then with faculties restored, the Manassa Mauler again had become the Man Killer of the Ring—the fearless, fighting man.

Once again Dempsey shifted into action and then there was no stopping him. As in his fight with Georges Carpentier, after he was stung and jarred with a crushing right hander, Dempsey became the hitter of old. He again was Dempsey, the Rib-Crusher.

His speed, agility and rapid firing blows were in evidence.

The shifty, swaying, bobbing and weaving Dempsey again confronted Firpo. He was a fighting demon who had become aroused to a state of fury by a wild man. Of the seven times that Firpo was battered to the canvas in that first round, five were clean cut knock-downs and necessitated a full count for the South American, and twice Firpo was put to his knee and arose before the count had been started.

* * *

IN the second round, Dempsey went after his prey like a cornered bobcat after its attacker. Twice he floored Firpo before the fatal blow was landed. Firpo was so weak that he could barely lift his hands in defense, as was the case against Godoy a few days ago.

Firpo came towards Dempsey, but a terrific left caused his knees to buckle under him. He started to crumple and as he was going down, Dempsey drove over a smashing right to the jaw and Luis was stretched out for keeps. He went down with colors flying, a fighting, mad bull, until the final punch put an end to his championship aspirations, just as did Godoy's punches end Firpo's dreams of a comeback and an opportunity to regain his lost fortune of two million dollars. Now Firpo will have to find some other means than in boxing to replenish that heavy loss suffered by him in the last three years.

* * *

BROADWAY is calling him the successor to the late Tex Rickard. He has little to say, but when he acts, his actions speak louder than words. He is full of vitality, is a keen student of human nature, can look into the future and gauge a sporting situation with marvelous accuracy and enjoys the confidence of the sports writers as has no promoter in recent years other than the man whose place he has taken—Tex Rickard.

Who is this wizard, you ask? His name is Michael Strauss Jacobs, but known to the sporting fraternity as "Mike Jacobs" and "Uncle Mike." A famed Broadwayite of the old school, this man of the hour in the sports world, through his foresight, his ingenuity and his recognized ability in the promotion field, has brought back to boxing the prosperity it enjoyed when Rickard was at the helm, wholly through the medium of one fighter—Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber of Detroit. First he sold Louis to the skeptical public; then he sold the "Bowl within a Bowl" idea to the public that had been fleeced so often in seating arrangements at the local ball parks, and as a result of his salesmanship, he now stands out as the leading promoter in America, the man who, before the year is over, will have accomplished more for boxing than any one individual outside of a fighter, since Rickard promoted the second Dempsey-Tunney fight at Soldiers' Field in Chicago.

Harry Balsamo who is one of the hardest-hitting middleweights in the game today. His recent one round kayo over Paul Pirrone established him on the big time circuit.

* * *

THERE in short, you have a bird's-eye sketch of the Twentieth Century Club's leader, an organization which he fostered as a rival to the famed Madison Square Garden, and which, through the offering of classy contests, has produced the necessary competition to instil new life into a sport that had hit low ebb in 1935 and was on the verge of collapse. Charitable to the Nth degree, a keen student of human nature, this man who knows his public through close contact with sports followers over a stretch of thirty-five years during which time he has risen from a peanut vendor, newsboy and excursion boat ticket seller to the high post he occupies in public life today, is the recognized barometer of sports.

When Tex Rickard was alive, Mike was content to do his ticket business while Tex reaped the publicity, but those in the know, were always aware that without the aid of Uncle Mike, Tex would never have made the grade in New York. He let Rickard take the footlights while Mike did a little, quiet, sagacious off-stage prompting, and when Tex's gigantic ventures yielded big returns, few realized the part that Jacobs had played in the promotion.

The Twentieth Century Club of which Mike is the guiding genius and Joe Louis is the chief attraction, is often referred to as the organization without a home. That was true when Jacobs first launched the business opposition to Madison Square Garden which has held the "big shot" boxing monopoly for many years, but not so now. A few months ago the Twentieth Century Sporting Club acquired permanent quarters in the famous Hippodrome, on Sixth Avenue and 44th St., and this winter will find Uncle Mike's brain child fighting it out nip and tuck for patronage with the House that Tex Built.

* * *

ALREADY, with a dozen or more veteran newspapermen as his aides, Jacobs has booked sports events of all kinds for the Hippodrome. College and professional and amateur basketball. A skating ballet, an indoor roller skating derby, indoor polo, boxing and wrestling are included in the programme and unlike the Garden, which last year had its huge arena idle many nights, the Hippodrome will be the scene of some kind of activity almost every night starting with October. Thus competition in sports which is the keynote of prosperity, will be at high pitch thanks to the foresight of Mike Jacobs. His acquisition of the Hippodrome offers the first serious opposition in a business way to the Garden since its inception.

In addition to the sports programmes, concerts, public meetings and conventions will find allotted time in the famed Sixth Avenue structure. Limited in seating capacity, the Hippodrome will take its place in New York's sporting life like the National Sporting Club of London. It will be conducted in a manner that will make the organization a sort of membership club with comfort, courtesy and the highest attractions being the watchword.

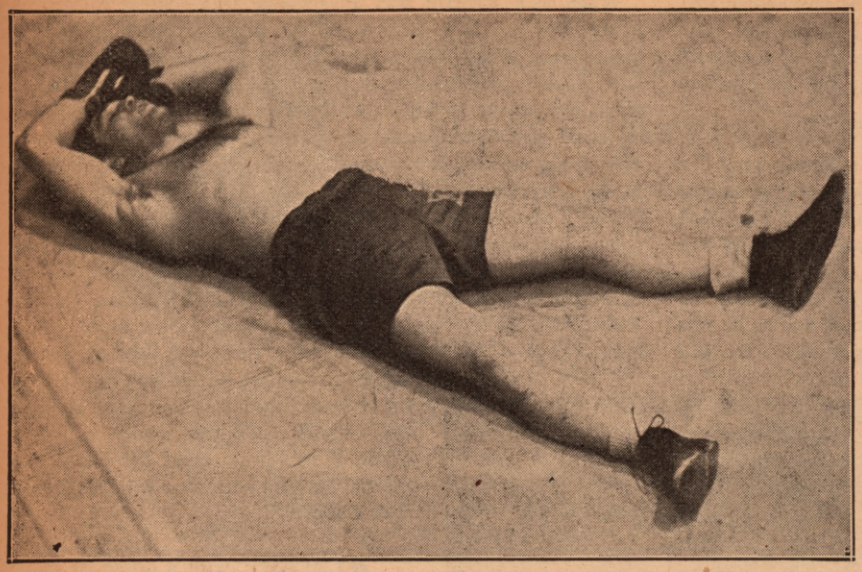
* * *

LIKE the gypsies, Mike Jacobs seems to have the wandering spirit in him. He takes a keen delight in tackling promotions in many parts of the country. The late Tex Rickard was the greatest of that tribe of old timers which included Dan Stuart, who promoted the Corbett-Fitz fight, Jack Curley, who promoted the Johnson-Flynn battle in Las Vegas, the Johnson-Willard fight in Cuba and handled sports events in practically every big center of this country and Europe. He is often called the "Mystery Man" by the scribes, but there is nothing mysterious about him, except that he does things quickly and without fan-faring until he clinches his deal.

Ostensibly Mike is a ticket broker, but actually, he has been the man behind the guns in the leading sports events for more than a quarter of a century. His judgment on what the public will accept, what it will pay to see certain events, is supreme.

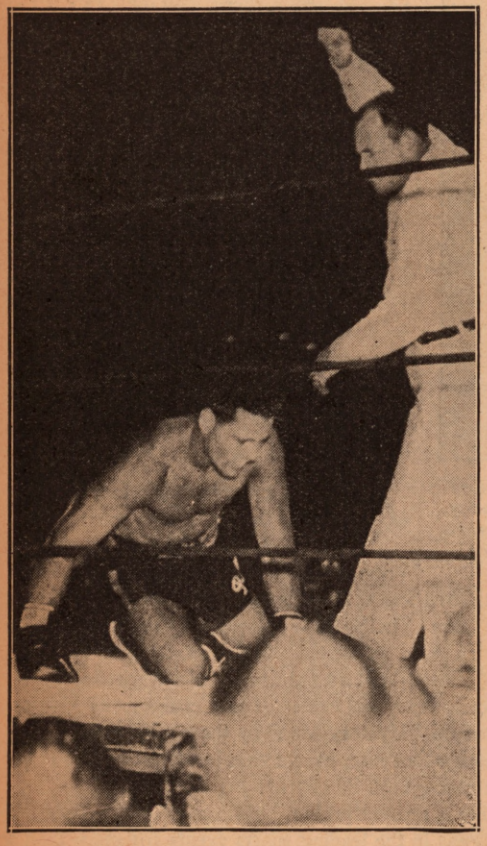
His rapid rise recalls the lowly start and amazing ascendancy of other New Yorkers—Jim Farley, *(Continued on page 30)*

Camera Shots from Around the World

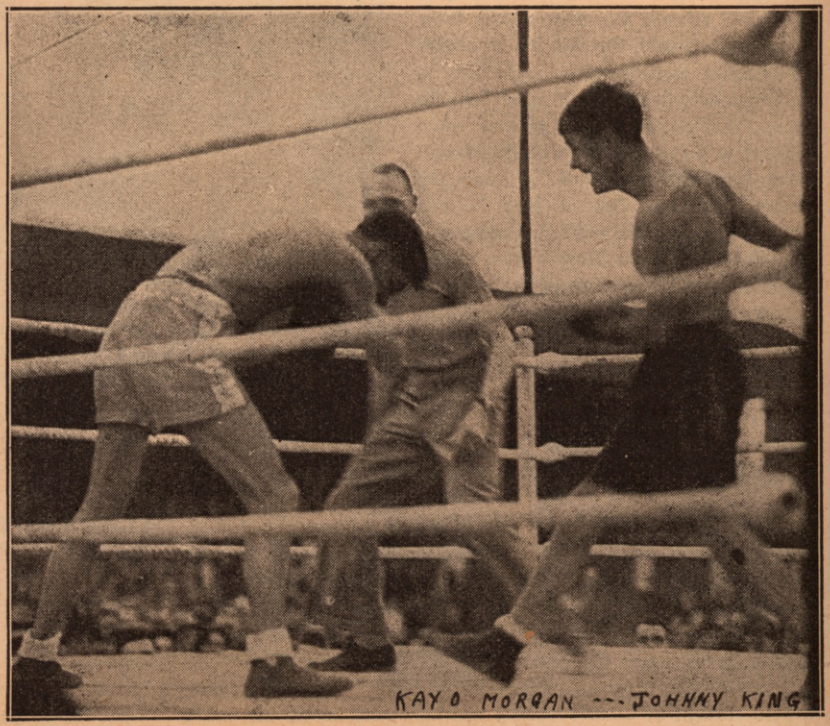


Leonard Bennett, flat as a pancake, in the third round of his fight with the American Negro, Tommy Jones, in the Stadium of Sydney, Australia. Bennett was down twice earlier in the same round and his K.O. created much unfavorable comment.

The light-heavyweight king, John Henry Lewis, added to his victories by defeating Max Marek in Chicago.



Babe Risko taking a count in the first round of his bout with Freddie Steele at Tacoma, Wash. Freddie won Babe's American middleweight title. He had Risko down twice.



K. O. Morgan of Detroit (right) banging out a decisive victory over Johnny King, British bantam king, in Glasgow.

My Recollections of the Marquis of Queensberry

By
BILL DOHERTY
(One-time middleweight champion of South Africa. Author of "In the Days of the Giants.")

IT is the proudest memory of my life that I met and shook hands with the Marquis of Queensberry when he was in Melbourne in 1888. Sailor, soldier, amateur boxer, lover of fair play, hater of religious intolerance and hypocrisy, a man of strong opinions with the courage of those opinions—that was John Sholto Douglas, eighth Marquis of Queensberry, founder of the famous rules that revolutionized boxing and ushered in a second great period in pugilistic history, a period outshone in brilliance only by the previous golden age in which flourished Gentleman John Jackson, Mendoza, Belcher, Molyneaux and Cribb.

A significant feature of the life of the Marquis of Queensberry was his admiration for Charles Bradlaugh, one of the gamest and straightest Englishmen who ever lived, and that is saying a lot. Bradlaugh, because of his attitude towards religion, was hounded from pillar to post in England, and even when elected to Parliament was expelled by force from the House of Commons, and when re-elected was again thrown out.

Queensberry, with his high regard for courage and love of fair play, fairly boiled with indignation over the treatment meted out to Bradlaugh and on one occasion rose in the stalls at the Globe Theatre and expressed his opinion in measured terms.

He was also outspoken about a notorious London set of the period known as the Aesthetes, and as a result was sued for libel by the leader of the cult. The suit failed dismally, and the luckless plaintiff eventually found himself in the dock and, later on, in gaol, for his pains. Outside the roped arena as well as in it, the Marquis of Queensberry was a fighter.

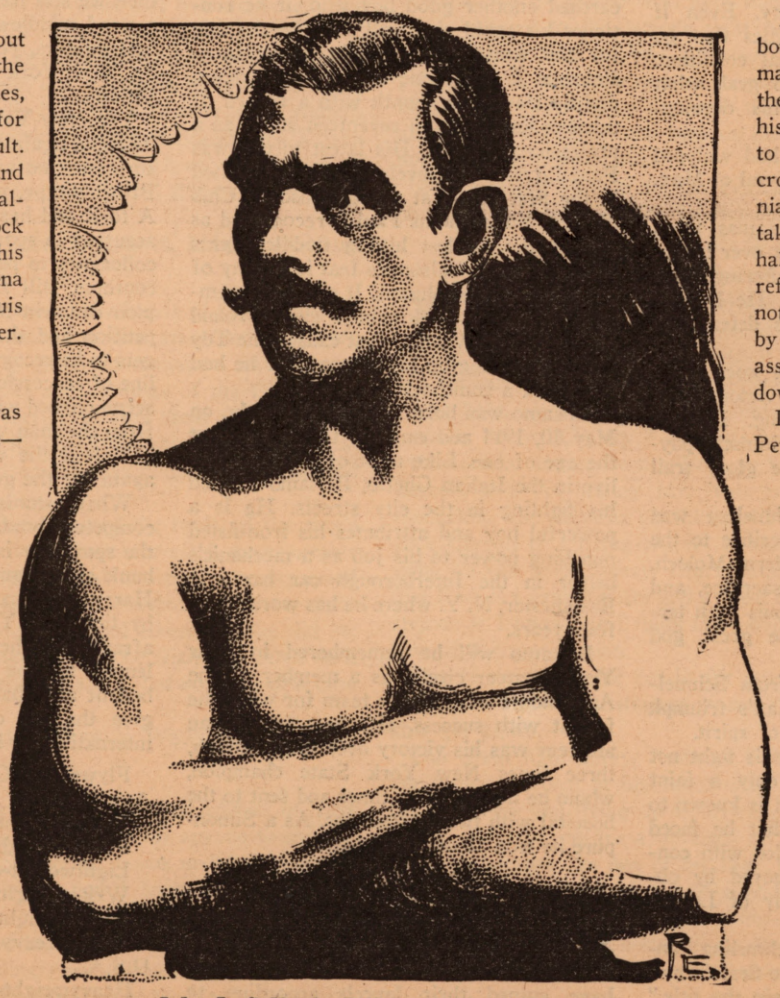
* * *

WHEN I saw him he was in the prime of life—about forty-five—and I was a thin, scraggy youngster in my teens, but with something of a reputation as a scrapper even then, and I remember that his Lordship's eyes twinkled with amusement when I was jokingly introduced as a possible conqueror of John L. Sullivan.

He admired John L. almost as much as he did Bradlaugh and spoke with enthusiasm of the wonderful reception accorded to the American on his visit to England a year before; but by the same token no one was more assiduous than he in the search for a British fighter who might lower the colors of the champion.

Jack Burke, the Irish lad, had caused the hopes of Britishers to soar in that direction, but alas! John L. had put "paid" to his account in five rounds. The Irishman had by no means been disgraced, however.

The Marquis of Queensberry in his prime.



John L. Sullivan, Bill Doherty's fighting idol.

Now Burke was in Melbourne in '88, and when a match was arranged between the Irish lad and Frank Slavin, his Lordship readily consented to act as referee. An enormous crowd turned up at the Hibernian Hall, where it was to take place—far more than the hall could hold—and the noble referee, who came late, could not get anywhere near the ring by ordinary means so had to be assisted through a back window.

I saw that fight. Joe Pluto, Peter Newton and Jack Barnett, who were looking after Slavin, told him that Burke was a fearful puncher and warned him to keep well out from the Irishman, and Slavin, after some argument, agreed to be careful and cautious—a style completely foreign to him. The result was that Burke made a good showing and was still there at the end of eight rounds, the verdict being a draw.

Slavin was fiercely angry with his advisers for misleading him and loudly proclaimed his ability to knock Burke

(Continued on page 45)

Up From the Basement

(Continued from page 9)

To be sure, there were wise men in Gotham who warned against going too strong for Louis. Dempsey himself, Jack Johnson, pointed to flaws in the boxing style of the Negro.

But the roar of the crowd continued for Louis, and went over the head of Braddock. "Dempsey and Johnson must be jealous," said the man in the street.

In the meantime, Braddock wondered. "Is this bird Louis all that they say he is and seems to be? Is he a real menace? Will he stay up?"

You know the answers. Louis did not stay up. Schmeling knocked him down and then out. Louis could not stop a hard right. His years of tutelage in the ring had been too few.

"Now, this is Destiny," jubilated Braddock when Schmeling stopped the Negro. "This is Destiny, and now I am confident I am meant to hold the title for some time to come."

And, by the roundabout voyagings which Fate takes in reaching its goal, Braddock over night became the fistic cynosure. The day had come.

* * *

I AM not sermonizing. But I am pointing to examples. Remember the Schmeling-Hamas fight in Philadelphia? Well, nobody ever rated Hamas an important fighter or a vital and serious heavyweight possibility. Even if Steve had had the ring qualities that go to make the star, his financial condition, which forced him too fast to grab what he could, militated against his development.

At any rate, after Hamas had whipped Schmeling, I said, "This is the end of Max. He has shot his bolt."

But there was a second Hamas fight, over in Germany. Hamas went over broke. He had to fight. He was suffering from the after effects of influenza. He had no right to fight Schmeling. His defeat was sure, inevitable.

But that's the way Fortune goes about her devious workings. That victory over Hamas rehabilitated Schmeling. Perhaps he already had rehabilitated himself physically. Back he went on the glory trail which he had abandoned.

Time passed on, and Schmeling was called from Germany as a sacrifice to the great god Joelouis—the modern Moloch. But Max refused to be the sacrifice, and turned on the great god Joelouis with terrific rights which belted the great god Joelouis into a knockout.

Trace the turn of events from Schmeling's defeat by Hamas to Max's triumph over Louis. It is the victory of spirit.

Schmeling went into the Louis fight not with the idea that he had only a faint chance, if any chance at all. It is known to those close to the German that he faced the battle with the negro loaded with confidence in his ability, and buoyed by observations born of close study of Louis's style.

And after the fight, Schmeling announced, "I am going to be the first former heavyweight champion to regain the title."

Jim Corbett came close to achievement of that feat in his memorable contest with Jim Jeffries, in Coney Island. For twenty-two rounds Corbett, who had been out of the ring for three years, piled up points enough to win three fights. But in the twenty-third round Corbett's legs went back on him, and he could not elude the Jeffries knockout.

Jack Dempsey came close to attaining that goal when he met Gene Tunney the second time, in Chicago. Some still say that Dempsey actually did win back the title but was cheated by the long count. This is not the place to discuss that point, which never will be settled. But the long count did stress the fact that the man who seeks to regain the championship is confronted with all the hexes, hoodos, and, jinxes that find housing in the menageries of the fighter's mind.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 27)

the Postmaster General; Sam Rosoff, the subway contractor; Irving Berlin, the Music mogul; Jimmy Walker, our former Mayor, and many others. His, like their struggle, was one which ordinarily would have discouraged the most aspiring youth, but Mike was brought up in the hard way and nothing could halt his progress once he got his start.

* * *

NEW YORK, the home of many sterling young lads in the lighter divisions of fisticuffs, has unearthed another good boy who, if he continues his rapid rise, will soon be fighting for the world middleweight title. Harry Balsomo is the name of the new comer, and he starts this month with a record of thirteen knockouts in seventeen starts as a professional fighter. His latest victim was Paul Pirrone of Cleveland who was halted in the first round at the Queensboro Club of New York, and as Paul is recognized as one of the hardest hitting middleweights in this country, Balsamo's feat is worthy of a notice in these columns. It will be remembered that it was Pirrone's eleven round k.o. of Mickey Walker that caused the Toy Bulldog to hang up his gloves after he had attempted a comeback.

Balsamo was born in Sorrento, Italy, on May 10, 1914 and came to this country at the age of one. Like most of the lads who live in the Italian Ghetto, Balsamo learned his fighting in the city streets. He is a powerful boy and attributes his iron-fisted punching power to his job as a mechanic's helper in the Interborough car barns in Eastchester, N. Y. where he has worked for four years.

Balsamo will be remembered in New York amateur circles as a member of the Ascension Parish House team for which he fought with success. His best feat as an amateur was his victory over Marl Hough, three times New York State champion, whom he floored three times and sent to the hospital with two broken ribs. As a Simonpure he won 52 out of 57 battles.

* * *

IT seems pitiful that the New York State Boxing Commission refuses to grant recognition to legitimate world champion title holders who have gained their laurels according to Hoyle. The action of the commission in holding out for its own home-made champion in the featherweight and the bantam class, is a precedent that eventually will lead to the same disruption in the line of succession in the various divisions of boxing as is being experienced in wrestling. As New York goes so go most of the commissions throughout the country and as a result, young men to whom rightfully belong the leading honor of the class to which they belong, are shunted aside in favor of one who hasn't a just claim to such honors.

When Freddie Miller was the featherweight king, I fought his battle for two years and succeeded in gaining for him the recognition of champion in all parts of the world and in every part of this country except in New York, where Freddie, despite his marvelous record, was chastised because of some differences between Miller's mentor, Peter Reilly and the commission. When Freddie was licked by Petey Sarron, Pete became the undisputed world champion, yet the commission, in the face of a record that cannot be disputed, places its own man, Mike Belloise on top simply because Belloise willingly obeyed the mandate of the board to fight in New York and Miller refused to accept the match arranged for him by the board.

Such procedure is unfair and a detriment to the sport. The same holds true in the case of Tony Marino who legitimately won the crown from Sangchili of Spain, whom he knocked out and who in turn had won the world title from Al Brown when Brown was still the champion of the universe. And then we still have the case of Marcel Thil, a good middleweight who has beaten our best fighters, yet is refused the recognition by New York which he has throughout Europe.

The New York Commission is all wet in its stand against these champions and what surprises me most, is that a man of Bill Brown's type, who knows his boxing from A to Z and has always been a stickler for accuracy in sports, should be swayed by his colleagues to permit this gross injustice to continue. Bill Brown knows that a champion can win his title only in active competition and that a world title-holder who gets to be recognized as such must follow in line of succession, something that cannot be accomplished without getting the title direct from the man who held it, and I hope that he'll lead the way in setting things right again for the good of the sport.

What astonishes me still more, is that competent boxing writers, men who cover the sport day in and day out, fall for such bunk as recognizing every Tom, Dick and Harry as a champion who is so designated by the New York Commission. Are they afraid that their judgement will be challenged by the commissioners? For their benefit and that of the commission let me give the list of champions as they are internationally listed:

Flyweight—Open—Small Montana, U. S. A. and Benny Lynch, Scotland, claimants.
Bantam—Tony Marino, U.S.A.
Featherweight—Petey Sarron, U.S.A.
Lightweight—Tony Canzoneri, U.S.A.
Welterweight—Barney Ross, U.S.A.
Middleweight—Marcel Thil, France.
Light Heavyweight—John Henry Lewis, U.S.A.
Heavyweight—James J. Braddock, U.S.A.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

HERE'S another of those bloomin' letters from England, but as I have read and collected every issue for five and a half years, I think I am now entitled to drop you a line on matters general. I won't make any comment on our 160-pound champ, Jock McAvoy, except to say that I was as surprised as you must have been when he took two of your leading contenders into camp. A sterling performance, you will agree.

As I have mentioned above, I have collected your mag for five and a half years, which I hope is a pretty good record for a foreign reader. I would like to say that I would rather miss a birthday than an issue of the good old RING.

I have noticed the requests for Bill Doherty's book, "In the Days of the Giants." I have a copy myself, but I would not part with it easily, as apart from being a darn good story, it contains (as you will know) some very fine reproductions in color, which greatly enhances the value of the book from a collector's point of view.

A copy was given to me of the report of the Johnson-Jeffries fight in July, 1910, which was about six months before I happened. It consists of sixteen quarto pages, and was illustrated from cables. It gives all the pre-fight talk as well as the actual description of the contest. This paper was published by the "Boxing World," the great halfpenny weekly. Unfortunately, it is rather badly soiled, but it is very interesting to one of the younger generation, like myself.

I have been lucky enough to see five of your topliners in action during their stay in England. The first man I saw was Vince Dundee when he fought our Jack Hood a draw. That was, of course, some time ago, over four years if I remember correctly. Since then, I have watched Wesley Ramey, Freddy Miller, Roy Lazer and Tommy Loughran, all of these fairly recently. Particularly did I enjoy Miller's work; his poise and balance were a joy to watch, and what a wallop! Tommy Loughran must have been a remarkable boxer when he was champion. Even now he seems to be a master teaching his pupil. But, of course, he is not as young as he used to be and undoubtedly feels the pace after a few rounds.

As I live quite near the famous old Ring at Blackfriars, I have naturally paid many a visit to that place, which as you may know, was once an old chapel that was built "round shaped" so that the devil could not lurk in any corners.

DICK SNELGROVE, London, England.

* * *

THE defeat of Primo Carnera at the hands of Leroy Haynes removed from the fistic ladder another giant and freak. No doubt promoters and his many different managers have reaped rich harvests from the activities and earnings of the Giant, also thousands of fight fans have received many a thrill at the expense of the Italian boxer, the majority of whom showed their appreciation by hissing and booing him when he lay helpless and paralyzed in the fight with Haynes.

I am afraid that the Goliath has joined the ranks of the ring's forgotten men. It is, and always has been, my solid, unchangeable belief that had Carnera punched with all the power he possessed in his mighty body, he would have been arrested after every fight for manslaughter. As he has often stated himself, if he did so, he would have broken necks and spines. The Giant has often been accused of rough tactics in the roped arena, but no one can accuse him of not being game.

GLYN JONES, N. Wales, Great Britain.

* * *

AFTER reading your article in the March edition of THE RING, I should say it isn't very hard for anyone to see you have a great dislike for Max Schmeling. I was under the impression you were a sportsman, but I find I have to reverse that opinion.

I am more than pleased with what Max has done to your dear (?) Louis, although I willingly admit that Louis is a splendid fighter. Having had encounters in and out of the ring myself with the darker race, I have always found them splendid sportsmen and clean fighters, so I have no axe to grind.

Max is a real sportsman, and I hope he knocks spots off Braddock. After all, why run a man down for being under Hitler's rule? The Germans are a fine race of people. (Am I German?) No, English, and as such insist on fair play. Don't think I have a grudge against Americans, because I haven't. I admire them.

I spent a few years in Toronto myself, and did a fair amount of amateur scrapping.

I wonder what excuse you will find for Louis not winning? There isn't one. Only Max is the far better man.

You must feel a sucker, after all your ideas of what was going to happen to Schmeling. I am afraid your opinion is always a little biased, isn't it?

W. E. HOLT, Surrey, England.

P. S.: Hope you will publish this.

[*Of course I will, old pal. We each are entitled to our opinion. As for being biased, I'll let our readers answer that for you.—Editor's Note.*]

* * *

BEING an enthusiastic fight supporter and a steady reader of your wonderful magazine, THE RING, I wish you would publish this letter on the "Letters from Our Readers" page. I was greatly interested in the recent Max Schmeling-Joe Louis scrap, and for several weeks previous to the night of June 19, I read every article pertaining to it that I could get my hands on. Almost to a man, the experts (so-called) favored Louis. Silly as some of their predictions were, none compared to "Picking 'Em Apart," by Ed W. Smith, published in the June issue of THE RING.

What was the matter with Max Baer's prediction, also Schmeling's, relative to the latter's fight with the colored boy? Mr. Smith stated that he was surprised that the papers permitted publication of nonsense such as he claimed Baer's was. The German papers were full of the same thing. Ho, ho, if he were only alive today and could look back on his article and see what sheer nonsense really looks like!

Nat, you can't blame me for getting hot as I was one of the few, very few, who predicted a Schmeling K.O. victory.

P. H. PEDERSEN, Tacoma, Wash.

* * *

JUST a note to let you know that I think your magazine is the greatest boxing book in the world today (and always will be, for that matter). Not only does it make great reading, but it is a big help to boxing all the world over.

Out here, we settle all our arguments by THE RING. As you probably know, Charley Lucas has secured the services of the welterweight champ, Barney Ross, to fight our great welter, Jack Carroll, and I'm betting Mr. Ross is going to get an elegant shellacking and also lose his title, and I'm not alone in my opinion. Jack Carroll is a living marvel in the ring and a lot of people think he will stop Barney. Don't think I'm overlooking the fact that Ross is a great fighter and a great champion. He'll make Jack step on it, I know, but I think there will be a new champion. Anyhow, that is my opinion.

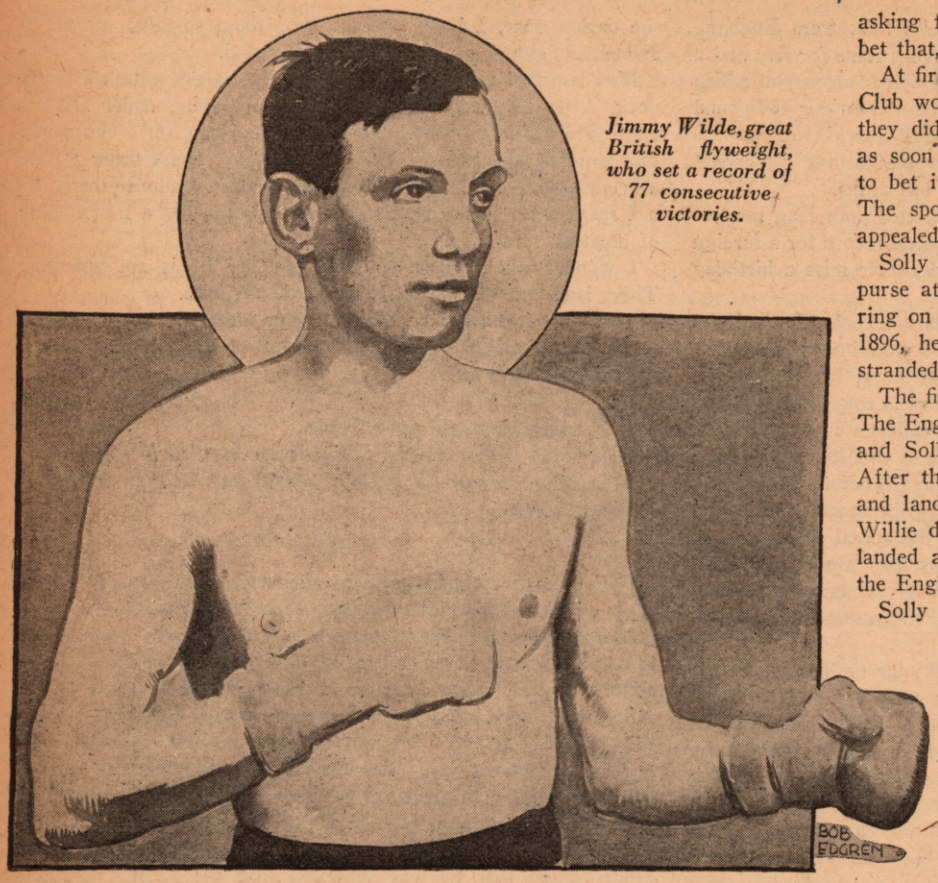
The terms that came out in the press provide that Ross is to get £9,000, clear of Australian income tax, and Carroll will probably get £2,000.

Our great light-heavy, Ambrose Palmer, has retired owing to eye injury received in his battle with Leo Kelly. Maxie Rosenbloom is here and living up to his reputation of training.

Nat, I think you are a bit hard on Maxie Baer. I suppose I think so because I'm one of his fans, but although he quit with Louis, when you think of it, who wouldn't? Don't forget you quit the amateurs (to use your own words). You "got clouted on the chin and saw stars for a long time after." Anyhow, Nat, Max is making a comeback and I hope he makes good.

R. L. STACY, Australia.

CHAMPIONS



Jimmy Wilde, great British flyweight, who set a record of 77 consecutive victories.

IF Max Schmeling had followed a certain old-time custom, he would now be a very, very rich man.

All the topnotchers of the old days were ready and willing to bet on themselves, and the bets they laid often far exceeded the purses they fought for. One old-time champion even went so far as to draw his purse in advance to bet it on himself—and can you imagine what Max Schmeling's fortune would be now if he had done that?

This champion I am speaking of was a featherweight named Solly Smith. He won his title by beating George Dixon in twenty rounds at Tom Haggerty's old place in San Francisco in 1897. He was one of the first small West Coast fighters to attain prominence. He started his rise to championship heights the year before, in 1896, when he went to England to battle the English featherweight champion, Willie Smith.

The fight was to be held in the National Sporting Club in London. This club was almost unique in boxing history; it fostered boxing when that sport was frowned on in the English lawcourts, and its members and managers really had a sporting spirit. If they hadn't, this story could never have happened.

Solly arrived in London shortly before the fight and went into training. He was in good shape, and after a few days knew that he was ready to put up the battle of his life. He knew that Willie Smith was a clever boxer but a light puncher, and he planned to step in and make matters hot for the little Englishman right from the first gong. A couple of days before the fight, he read through the morning papers and was very surprised to read an account of the forthcoming bout that dismissed his chances very casually and mentioned in passing that the odds were five to one against him.

* * *

SOLLY immediately rushed out of the house to see if he could really get a bet down at those figures. There was plenty of English money to be had, and in a few minutes Solly had bet every penny he had to his name. He still wasn't satisfied, and on looking around for more money, thought of the idea of asking for his purse in advance so he could bet that, too.

At first the officials of the National Sporting Club wouldn't let him have the money, because they didn't know what he wanted it for; but as soon as they found out that he was going to bet it all on himself, they let him have it. The sporting attitude of the young American appealed to them.

Solly had no trouble placing his share of the purse at the same odds. When he entered the ring on the night of the fight, on November 9, 1896, he stood to win a small fortune or be stranded in England, penniless.

The fight started off pretty much as expected. The English champion was very fast and clever, and Solly found it very hard to land on him. After the third round, Solly began to bore in and land some solid body punches that slowed Willie down. Then, in the eighth round, Solly landed a good stiff right-hander and knocked the Englishman out.

Solly had no more financial worries during his stay in England. He even became confident enough, after that win, to challenge the great Pedlar Palmer, British bantamweight champion, but Palmer would have none of him.

Smith then returned to California, where he outpointed Dixon the next year and claimed the featherweight title.

The old-timers not only challenged boldly and bet rashly, but they often fought like wildcats, nothing barred. The referee was helpless to do anything about it. Mysterious Billy Smith was one of the worst offenders in this regard, and at least one referee still painfully remembers the tactics Smith used in the ring.

* * *

IN 1898, Mysterious Billy Smith fought Charley Johnson, who was scarcely less wild, in a bout at the old Arena in Philadelphia. At the gong the men rushed together and began punching, elbowing, butting, kicking, biting, and cussing. The referee, Walter Schlichter—for many years a leading sports writer in Philadelphia—tried to pry them apart. Smith landed a right on Schlichter's shoulder and Johnson aimed one at his neck. Then the two fighters plunged towards each other again.

"You're disqualified!" said Schlichter to Smith.

"Who says so?" retorted Smith, aiming a vicious kick at Johnson's shins.

Johnson interrupted the conversation by landing a wild swing on the referee's back. The two fighters again came together, slugging and elbowing.

"You're both disqualified!" yelled Schlichter.

Smith and Johnson muttered an unprintable reply to that and went on slugging. In the infighting, Johnson got a hold of Smith's head with one hand and attempted to gouge one eye with his thumb. Then the police jumped in.

Smith and Johnson were told to take the first train out of Philadelphia—and they did just that!

Some past champions not only risked their titles for very little money, but fought for a side stake, winner take all. There were no gate receipts, no percentage, and no splitting of the purse. Sometimes these fights involved a lot of travel and expense, and the financial risk was a big one. John L. Sullivan travelled all the way over to Europe to defend his title against Charlie Mitchell of England for a side bet of $2,500, winner take all. There was no such thing as a "guarantee" or a "percentage of the gate" in those days. There wasn't even any gate; the fight was held in a

By
BOB
EDGREN

field in Chantilly, France, to avoid the sharp eye of the law, and both fighters were in danger of imprisonment afterwards.

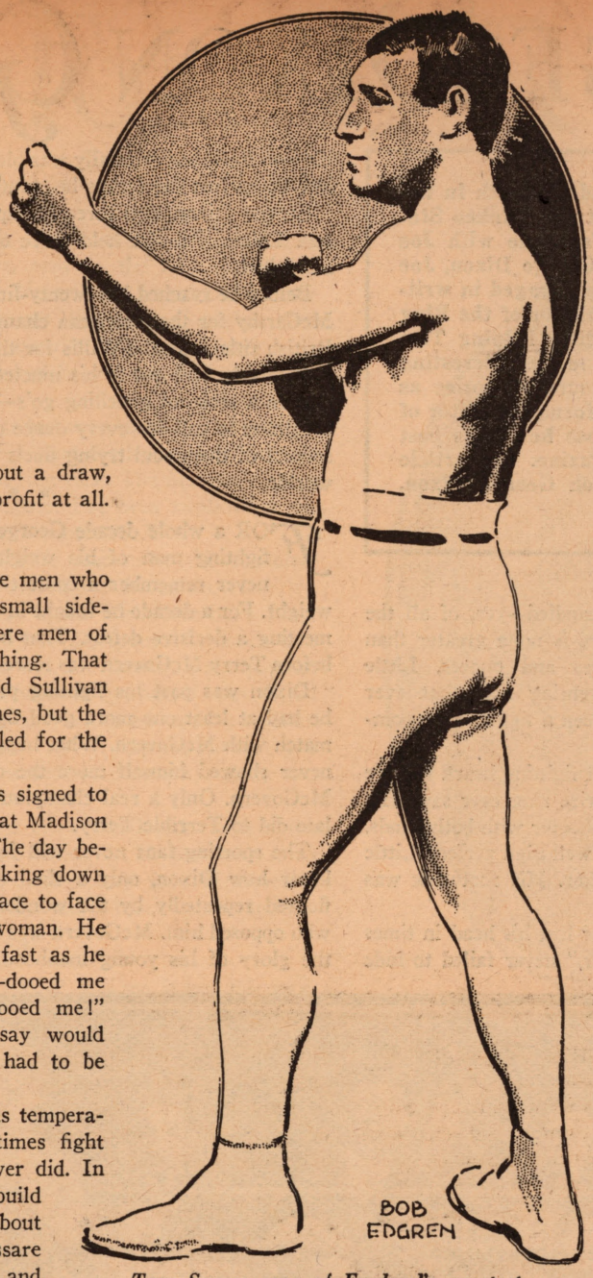
They fought for three hours and eleven minutes in a drizzle which made the ground so slippery underfoot that neither man could be sure whether he was going to fall down or stand up; and at last the referee, B. J. Angle of London, called the bout a draw, and all that work went for no profit at all.

* * *

TO hear the stories of these men who risked everything for a small side-stake, you'd think that they were men of daring who would stop at nothing. That wasn't quite true. Mitchell and Sullivan were matched to meet many times, but the bouts were called off or cancelled for the most trivial reasons.

On one occasion Mitchell was signed to meet Sullivan in a four-rounder at Madison Square Garden in New York. The day before the fight, Mitchell was walking down Broadway, and suddenly came face to face with a red-haired, cross-eyed woman. He turned around and ran off as fast as he could go, shouting: "She hoo-dooed me with her bad eye! She hoo-dooed me!" Nothing the promoters could say would calm him down, and the fight had to be called off.

Modern fighters may not be as temperamental as that, but they sometimes fight for as little as the old-timers ever did. In 1934 a move was on foot to build up King Levinsky for a title bout with Carnera. Charlie Massare wanted a fight with Levinsky, and in order to get it, he had to guarantee the Kingfish $5,000. The gate receipts were away below expectations, and Charlie had to hand out nearly $2,000 to make up Levinsky's purse. He took a ten-round beating and paid $2,000 for the pleasure of getting it!



Tom Sayers, one of England's greatest heavyweights.

* * *

ANOTHER queer feature of this fight was that it also cost Levinsky a lost of money. He made such a poor showing that his build-up collapsed and he never did get the title fight with Carnera.

Levinsky did very well for himself as a professional, in spite of that set-back. Much better than any onlooker would have predicted who saw Levinsky as an amateur, considering that he had twenty bouts as a Simon-pure, and never won a decision!

Bombardier Wells, when he was English champion, had quite another kind of a record. The books show that he was so clever that he never lost a decision. Two American champions, Jim Jeffries and John L. Sullivan, never lost a decision. The main difference in the records of these three men is that Wells was knocked out nine times and Jeffries and Sullivan only once each.

Jimmy Wilde of England, the greatest of all the featherweight champions, set a mark that is worth shooting at, too. From the start of his career he won seventy-seven fights in a row before his first defeat! His record was mathematically interesting in another way, because he won forty-four of those fights with knockouts and thirty-three of them by decisions.

A couple of sevens should have been lucky for him, but his next fight was the first one he had ever lost.

Jimmy had to keep in perfect shape to pile up a record like that. One off-night and his record string would have been broken. His performance was wonderful for its consistency; Wilde was not merely fighting set-ups—he was simply too fast and too clever for his opponents.

* * *

CONDITION was one thing that old-time trainers insisted on having; they worked their fighters hard. Before the fight between Tom Sayers, the champion of England, and John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy, there was more dust churned up on the roads of England than has been seen for many a day since. Heenan ran ten miles daily, with a pair of eight-pound dumbbells in his hands.

Sayers ran from ten to fourteen miles, but then he only carried seven-pound dumbbells. Both of the men bathed their hands and faces in a solution of salt and water to make the skin tough, and Heenan wore a flannel mask over his face in training to make it lean and hard.

Charles Dickens joined the ranks of the boxing writers by describing that battle. From his descriptions of the men, it seems that Heenan's flannel mask had an unexpected effect. Sayers' face was "a deep sallow brown, and looked like a square block of walnut wood." Heenan, on the other hand, "looked much fairer than Sayers in the face." He had bleached out under that flannel mask.

The ring was surrounded by a mob of about fifteen hundred people. A few Americans who were there bet on Heenan; most of the crowd rooted for Sayers. After fighting for two hours and twenty minutes, Sayers and Heenan were surrounded by toughs who broke into the ring and the bout came to an end without a decision. Some said Sayers was almost out; others said Heenan could no longer see and had to be led from the ring. It seems pretty sure at this late date that people judged the fight according to the way they were betting, which shows that human nature hasn't changed much.

It is certain, in any case, that two such strong men, fighting bare-fisted, couldn't have gone on battling for nearly two and a half hours without unusually hard training beforehand.

* * *

SOME authorities say that this is the first world's championship bout on record. Heenan at that time claimed the American title and Sayers was the British champion.

If Heenan had won this bout, however, he would not have been the first American to hold the world's championship. That honor had already fallen to Charles Freeman, the Michigan Giant, who never had a real professional bout until he was world's champion . . . . if you can imagine that!

Here is the way it came about. Freeman was a powerful man, weighing over three hundred pounds and standing over seven feet tall. He was a freak. His muscles, trained by exercises he took up while learning to be an acrobat, were terrifically strong and very quick. Although there is no way of proving these things one way or another, it may be that he was the strongest man who ever fought in the prize ring. At least, he was the largest one ever to win the title. He was a *(Continued on page 45)*

GEORGE DIXON *Greatest,*

For several years prior to his sudden death in the dressing room of Max Schmeling at the Yankee Stadium on the night of the German's battle with Joe Louis, Tom O'Rourke, manager of George Dixon, Joe Walcott and Tom Sharkey, had been engaged in writing his reminiscences. Tom and the Editor of the Ring spent many hours together, the Editor helping Tom to compile a story of his career that makes interesting reading. Instead of publishing O'Rourke's stories as they eventually will appear in book form, the editor of the Ring will select at random those he deems best and will publish them in this magazine. The article on this page is O'Rourke's story on George Dixon, Tom's fistic hero.—[Editor's Note.]

OF all the fighters I have ever handled—yes, of all the fighters I have ever seen—there is none greater than George Dixon. For his inches and ounces, Little Chocolate was the greatest fighting man that ever crawled through the ropes. I have never seen a fighter who combined so many ring essentials.

He had a great fighting head and a great fighting heart. George boasted as wonderful a left hand as the prize ring ever saw. His right was almost as good. He was a sharpshooter with both hands, and in timing and judging of distance was well nigh perfect. Little Chocolate was a master feinter and ducker. His footwork was superb.

Dixon was cool as a cucumber and never lost his head in times of stress. He was a master of "ring poker," never failed to hide his own hurts and eternally was bluffing and jockeying his opponent into doing just the things he wanted.

George Dixon won three championships before he was twenty-one. Think of it—he held three titles long before he reached his maturity!

Before he reached his twenty-first birthday, Dixon defeated Cal McCarthy for the American championship, Nune Wallace for the British title and Abe Willis for the Australian crown.

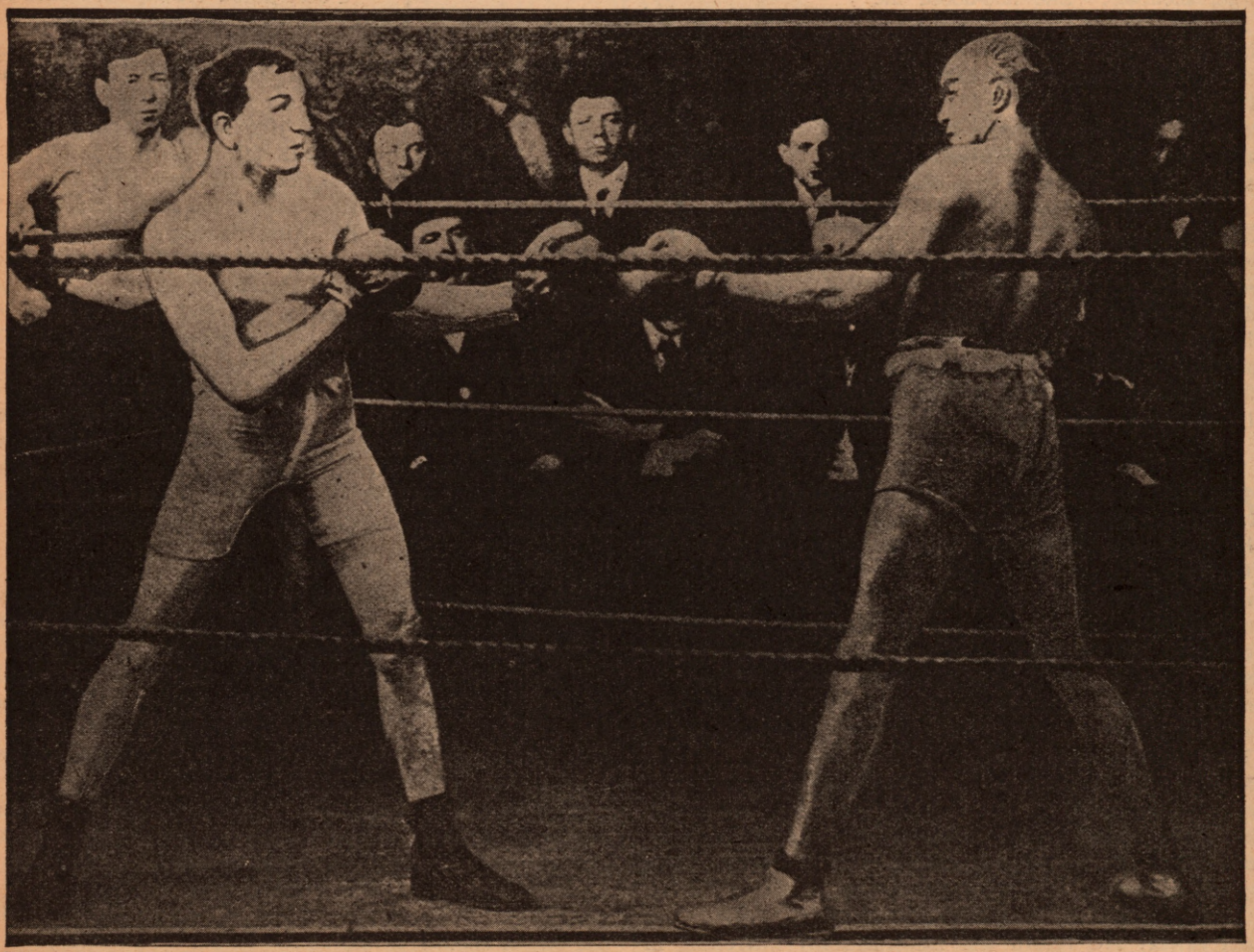
Before he had got to his nineteenth milestone Dixon had taken part in a score of gruelling go's—battles so savagely and fiercely fought as to call for every ounce of stamina, vitality and courage, several of them soul trying duels with the greatest boxers in the world.

* * *

FOR a whole decade George Dixon reigned as the greatest fighting man of his weight in the world. Incidentally, I never remember a contest in which he did not give away weight. For a decade he fought in and out of his class without ever meeting a decisive defeat. That he finally met his ring Waterloo before Terry McGovern was more my own fault than anything else.

Dixon was past his fighting prime and going back. I thought he had at least one more good fight in him and consented to the match with McGovern. What happened is ring history. But Dixon never showed himself more the champion than in his defeat by McGovern. Only a real champion can lose the way Little Chocolate did to Terrible Terry.

The sporting fans never will forget that desperate battle. They know how Dixon, only a shell of his former fighting self, was floored repeatedly by the wonderfully tough, hard-hitting youth who opposed him. McGovern was in the full flush of his youth and the glory of his young manhood. Terry never crawled through



The old-time bantamweight, Casper Leon (left) and George Dixon, as they appeared before one of the first motion picture machines. Jimmy Johnston is the second man in the upper left-hand corner.

Says Tom O'Rourke

By Tom O'Rourke

the ropes at quite so wonderful a fighting edge as he did when he fought Dixon for the title.

George, or rather the ghost of him, battered and bruised by Terrible Terry's terrific punches, sent to the floor again and again, rose and fought on and on. Never have I seen a more consummate display of grit and gameness than Little Chocolate gave that day he went down before the assaults of Terrible Terry.

Along about the sixth round when he came to his corner, he started to vomit blood.

"What's the matter, George? Has he hurt you inside?" I queried.

"No," he replied. "I'm all right. That tooth I had pulled this morning bled steadily almost up to ring time. The first sock Terry hit me started my jaw bleeding again. I've been swallowing the blood so that he wouldn't think he has hurt me."

That was George Dixon, the little man with the chocolate colored skin and the heart as white as the undriven snow!

For several rounds before the end in the McGovern bout, I had pleaded with Dixon to let me throw in the sponge. It didn't take a round for me to see that George was not himself. I saw that he had no chance and, knowing his bulldog courage, I was afraid McGovern seriously would injure him before he could stop him.

"Don't, Tom," Dixon would plead. "Don't stop it! Haven't you ever seen me knocked off my pins before? Leave me alone and give me a chance. I'll get him."

When that terrible eighth round came and Dixon went down again and again, ever to rise and, swaying on his feet with arms dangling helplessly at his sides, courageously face McGovern's onslaughts, I could stand it no longer and I threw in the sponge.

* * *

HOW did I discover Dixon? Well, you see, it was this way. One night I was attending a fight show at the old Cribb Club on Avery Place, Boston. That was a famous old club. John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain and all the well-known fighters Boston boasted in those days used to train there. It was patronized by the fistic elite. John Boyle O'Reilly, the famous author and orator, was one of the members. He was an enthusiastic fight fan.

I was sitting that night alongside of Dick Blanchard, who used to run the old Athaneum, Boston's other famous fight club of those days. In one of the bouts a young colored boy from the West end, named Dixon, went on with a fellow named Paddy Kelly from Cambridge.

Dixon then was only fifteen years of age and weighed ninety-three pounds. Although he didn't know anything he gave Kelly a great battle and finally outgamed him. Kelly closed one of Dixon's eyes tight as the proverbial drum. That, incidentally, was the only time anything like that happened to Dixon. From that time on, I never remember a fight in which George's opponent succeeded in closing his eye.

* * *

I WATCHED Dixon for a few rounds and then remarked to Blanchard:

"Dave, that young colored boy has the makings of a great fighter. If I could get hold of him I would make him champion. He's green as grass and don't know a thing about the manly art. But he's game as a bulldog, has a naturally fast and powerful left hand and seems to possess an uncanny fighting instinct. If I can teach him to box he will be a world beater."

"He looks pretty good, Tom," acknowledged Blanchard. "He looks pretty good!"

I made inquiries where Dixon lived. About all I could find out was that it was in the colored section of the West End. So the next day I moseyed down in that district. No one seemed to know anything at all about a colored boxer by the name of Dixon.

I had almost given up my search and was about to call it a day. I was standing alongside the curb scratching my head in perplexity when I noticed a big, buxom, full-breasted woman leaning out of the window in the house across the street.

To her I repeated my usual query: "Do you happen to know a colored boy by the name of Dixon around here who is a boxer?"

Imagine my surprise when the woman queried in return:

"What do you all want with my Gawge? He's my husban'."

Tom O'Rourke, who managed Dixon and Walcott. O'Rourke was the dean of American fight managers and was also a recognized international authority on boxing.

* * *

"WHAT!" I ejaculated, dumbfounded that this colored boy of fifteen was married. Then, catching hold of myself, I went on, saying:

"You will excuse me, I know. I had no idea Mr. Dixon was married. May I come upstairs and have a few words with you? I want to talk to you about your husband. I think he and I can make quite a little money."

I went upstairs, introduced myself and explained the object of my visit. Mrs. Dixon told us that George was employed as errand boy for Chickering, the well-known Boston photographer, and sometimes worked far into the night. I asked her to have Dixon come over to my place in Charlestown the next morning, and she promised to do so. I was running a cafe and billiard hall in Charlestown at that time.

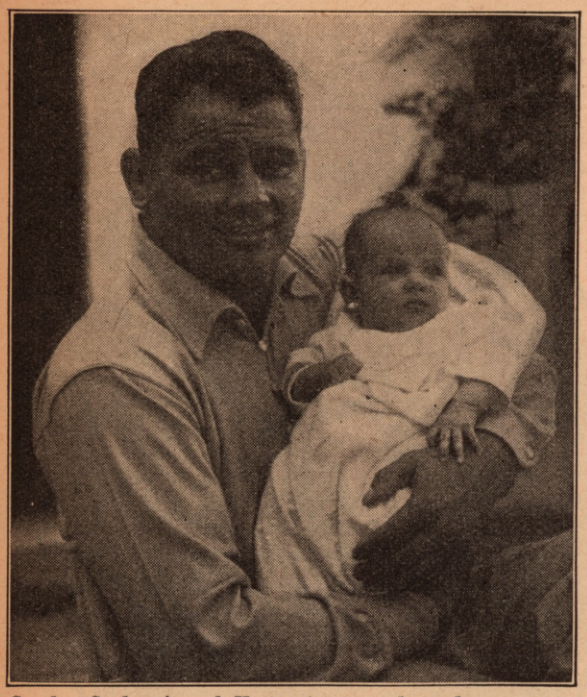
Dixon came to see me the next day. We had no trouble getting together. That very next morning I gave him his first boxing lesson, and for one whole year Dixon never missed a single, solitary day, except Sundays, in which he did not either put on the gloves with me or for me.

There never was a more apt pupil. Each day he showed something that convinced me more than ever that I had landed a real champion.

* * *

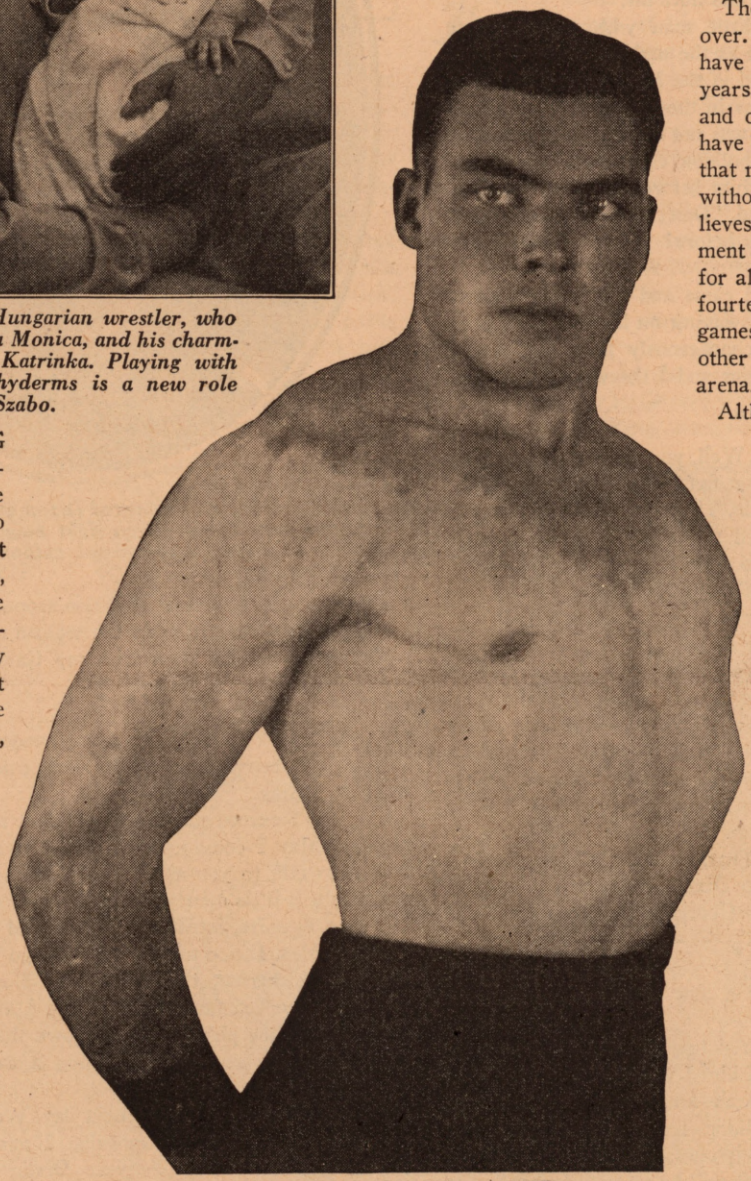
A FEW weeks later I attended the bout between Jack McAuliffe and Mike Daly of Bangor, in Boston. Phil Dwyer, the famous Brooklyn racing and sporting man, had come up with McAuliffe. I was sitting with Dwyer and Dick Roche at the ringside and remarked that I had a young *(Continued on page 44)*

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD



Sandor Szabo, famed Hungarian wrestler, who is now residing in Santa Monica, and his charming daughter, Sandra Katrinka. Playing with babies instead of pachyderms is a new role for Szabo.

WRESTLING has been considerably in the slumps in the past two months. The recent court fight in Columbus, Ohio, which resulted in the airing of much unfavorable matter, is partially responsible for the great fall in the attendance throughout the country, but I look for things to perk up next month when the fall season will get under way. In New York, in particular, with the famous Hippodrome turned into a wrestling arena for the use of Jack Curley's pachyderms, I predict a banner season. Out in the Middle West things are at a standstill, but in the Far West, especially in California, they continue to draw good houses because of the influx of Eastern stars. One of the best attractions on the Coast, Vincent Lopez, will soon be seen in New York under the Mondt banner.



Dave Levin, who made a hit on his Western tour.

Curley, who has just completed forty years of wrestling and other sports promotions, has leased the Hippodrome for thirty nights and will stage all of his matches there instead of in the Garden and the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, as in past years. The change of homes is certain to help Jack, as the Hippodrome is ideally situated and is far better for viewing a bout than any other place in the metropolitan area. Jacques, with the aid of Mike Jacobs, has installed a novel ring, which can be raised or lowered by the push of an electric button.

The genial Jacques feels sure that the "Hip" will bring back the ancient sport—it is so centrally located—to its old-time popularity. Although he feels sure that the rearranged seating capacity of nine thousand will probably be inadequate at times, he'd rather turn people away and have them make earlier reservations for succeeding shows than to stage his shows in a building which is too big for ordinary events—and Jack never intends to put on any ordinary shows at Mike Jacobs' new club house.

For twenty-five years Curley has been operating at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory in East Thirty-fourth Street, New York City, but it is his opinion that this arena is now too far downtown.

The Hippodrome is known the world over. Millions and millions of dollars have been spent to popularize it. For years the biggest kind of musical shows and other big mammoth entertainments have been staged there and it used to be that no visit to New York was complete without attending the "Hip." Curley believes that, under the general management of Mike Jacobs, it will be the same for all sport lovers, as Mike is planning fourteen boxing shows, fifteen basketball games, a week's ice skating ballet, and other sports for his recently acquired arena.

Although there has been a general slump in wrestling the past two years, Curley looks for the 1936-1937 season to prove a gala one. He is planning to bring several foreign stars here. He has made arrangements for all the real wrestling stars to show at the Hippodrome.

* * *

AS the new world's wrestling champion, Dave Levin, is not only Jewish but born in New York, he expects him to prove an even greater card than was Jim Londos at the peak of his popularity, as not only has the youth a remarkable personality and unusual wrestling ability, but wherever he repeats an engagement, he keeps drawing bigger and bigger crowds all the time.

"I know," said Curley, "that it was ever the wish of my late friend, John McGraw, manager of the Giants, to secure a real Jewish baseball star. He spent thousands in speculation to secure one—but never was able to make the grade with any of them.

"Boxing never enjoyed such popularity in the metropolis as when Benny Leonard was the lightweight king. As long as he was at the top, everywhere he was scheduled to appear it was a case of a sell-out.

"This is the first time that we have ever had a Jewish lad as the king man of wrestling. He recently finished his second tour after winning the title—and he grabbed the crown that has been won and lost on the mat since the days of Frank Gotch—and he

Jack Curley Acquires Famous New York Hippodrome for His Wrestling Matches—Plans Big Events in Mike Jacobs' Home of 20th Century Club

By ALEX SULLIVAN

did remarkably well, covering twenty-eight thousand miles in thirty-two days (thanks to the plane) and defeated twenty-six good men.

"I have great confidence not only in Levin, but in the judgment of his manager, Joe Toots Mondt. If there ever was a fellow who knows wrestlers from the ground up, it is "Toots," as for many years before becoming a promoter and manager, he was considered one of the first four of the world's best wrestlers. You know he guided Dick Shikat and the late Jim Browning to the top.

* * *

"TOOTS is most enthusiastic about Levin—more than he has ever been about any grappler—and he tells me that before the season is over, we'll not only see the good old days back, which are those we enjoyed when Londos was at the top of his form, but that Levin, especially in New York, will prove the biggest wrestling drawing card of recent years.

"Mondt tells me that Levin now has all kinds of confidence in himself. He doesn't tell any dangerous men that they'll have to beat so-and-so before meeting him. He wants to meet them all himself.

"That's what I have long needed in New York—a man who's not afraid of anybody. Although he may not have known all there was to know when Mondt took hold of him, daily get-togethers with Toots have heped make him almost invincible. Toots has not only trained with him daily, but talked to him like a father does to a son—and made him wise to all the pitfalls and tricks of the sport.

"I will have at the Hippodrome all the best men in the wrestling world, and I will take care to pair them all so that the fans will find every show a pleasing one—and full of excitement—from start to finish."

The New York Hippodrome, by the way, is only a stone's throw from Promoter Curley's office in the Fitzgerald Building, Broadway and Forty-third Street, and he can see it from the rear office of his suite there.

* * *

OUT in the West, our live-wire wrestling expert, Charles "Spider" Mascall, sends in these flashes from the Pacific Coast and Northwest for our wrestling news of the month:

Dave Levin, one of the Eastern pretenders to the heavyweight throne, made his initial Pacific Coast appearance during the preceding month. Although he lacks the experience that must be at the command of every title-holder, this Jewish lad is, without a doubt, a far better wrestler than either Ali Baba or Danno O'Mahoney could ever hope to be. Joe "Toots" Mondt, who is guiding the destiny of the Jewish Adonis, made a wise move when he signed up several tough old-timers, including Harry Demetral of Chicago fame, to coach the Hebrew youth in the tricks of the wrestling trade. It is my candid prediction that this Jewish boy will blossom forth into one of the finest grapplers of the modern era.

* * *

Carnation Lou Daro, the Los Angeles promoter, returned home after a vacation of three months in the Orient. While in Japan, Daro made arrangements with six Japanese "Sumo" experts, who will come to America shortly.

* * *

Erik "Tor" Johnson, movie actor and mighty Swedish importation, has become the idol of the Pacific Northwest. Not since the heyday of the late Charlie Hanson has any Swedish matman been as popular as is Tor Johnson. Scandinavian societies throughout the length and breadth of the lumber country are constantly demanding the services of the big, good-natured Viking either to address a gathering of his fellow countrymen or to act as the anchor of a tug-o'-war team. Johnson, who tips the scales at 338 pounds, may be the dark horse in Vancouver's Golden Jubilee heavyweight tournament.

Jack Curley, who has leased Mike Jacobs' Hippodrome for thirty nights of wrestling.

* * *

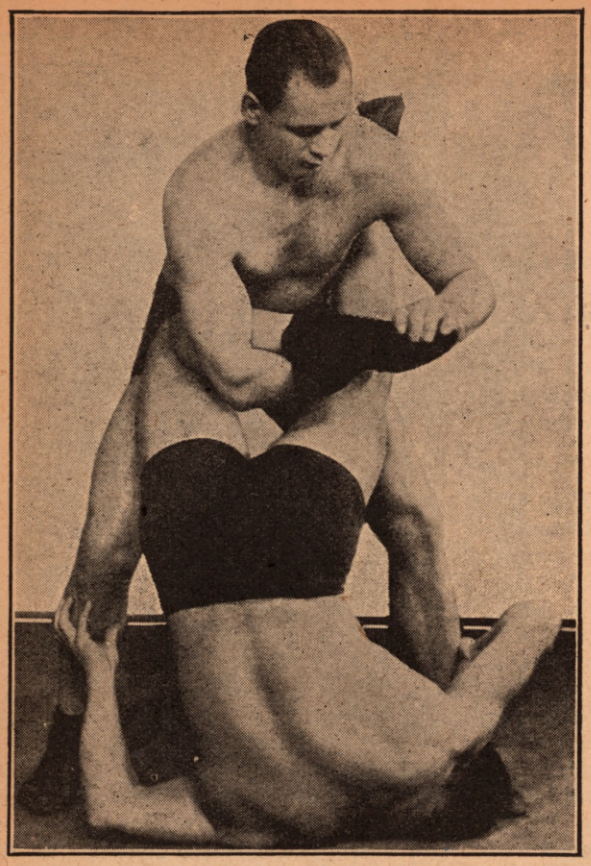
Coastal Gallery Gods Gasped When—Mike London, bearded middleweight terror, beat Walter (Tin-Kit) Achiu . . . . George Zaharias, the Cripple Creek Greek, conquered Hardy Kruskamp . . . . Jake Patterson downed Mayes McLain of Iowa football fame . . . . Tor Johnson squashed Chief Chewchki . . . . Alvin Britt, junior heavyweight titlist, bested Prince Mihalikis and Jimmy Lott of Alabama . . . . Stacey Hall won from Bulldog Jackson . . . . Steve Savage (back from New Zealand) subdued Billy Bartush . . . . Ray Steele gave Harry Jacobs a wrestling lesson in fifteen minutes . . . . Juan Oliquevil, Mexican mat ace, trounced Iron Mike Mazurki . . . . Hank Metheny, a miniature edition of Stan Zbyszko, vanquished the clever Walter Stratton . . . . Don George used a flying scissors to eliminate Lou Plummer from the heavy tournament in thirteen seconds . . . . Dick Daviscourt, veteran California matman, had too much experience for Rudy Strongberg.

Earl McCready, who, after a most successful Australian tour, is back in the U. S. seeking a title match.

* * *

MINIATURES OF MATMEN—Sandor Szabo, handsome idol of every feminine wrestling fan, was born in Budapest, Hungary, just thirty years ago. As an amateur Graeco-Roman grappler, Szabo toured the capitals of Europe and was selected to represent his native land in the Olympic Games of 1924 and '28. When the games were over, Sandor was invited to try his hand in the professional wrestling game and made his debut in the United States under the banner of Jack Curley.

Two years ago, Sandor married a pretty Hungarian girl and the pair moved to the Pacific Coast, where Szabo had purchased a home in



Olaf Oleson, the Swedish Giant.

Santa Monica, California. Now they are blessed with a gorgeous daughter, Sandra Katrinka.

Among those who have bowed before the "Mighty" Szabo during his Pacific Coast sojourn are Chief Little Wolf, Gus Sonnenberg, Kimon Kudo, Joe Savoldi, Lou Plummer, Joe Malcewicz, Juan Humberto, Tiger Ali Mahomed Daula of India, George and "Babe" Zaharias, Herb Freeman, Chief Chewchki, Ernie and Emil Dusek, Ivan Managoff and others of similar calibre. To top this impressive record, Szabo has finished even with Champion Vincent Lopez, not once, but several times.

* * *

Bill Hanson, pupil of the great Ira Dern, has made California fandom sit up and take notice. Hanson, a member of the younger school of heavyweight matmen, has downed such stars as Wee Willie Davis, Tiny Roebuck, Wildman Zinn, Dick Daviscourt, "Hangman" Howard Cantowine, and Juan Oliquevil. Hanson hails from San Diego, California, and is booked to show his wares to the wrestling fans of New Zealand.

* * *

Johnny Stote, highly-rated Eastern welterweight, can't seem to get going on the California welterweight circuit. Bulldog (Yukon Jake) Jackson fairly took the Eastern claimant to the welter throne apart before he downed Stote with a vicious hammerlock. The timekeeper clocked the fall at 17:37 minutes. On the same card, held at the Hollywood Legion Stadium, Ted Christy of California won a three-fall match from Paul (Tarzan) Orth of Ohio, and Sammy Kohen, leg-lock specialist, clamped a semi-crab hold on Blacksmith Pedigo to win.

* * *

Bert Potts, an Australian who has refereed wrestling bouts all over the United States and Canada, passed through the Pacific Northwest en route to his homeland. Wrestling is booming in the southern hemisphere and the services of a capable referee are always in demand.

* * *

WORD comes from Australia that Tom Lurich, the Aussie champion, defeated Douglas Clarke of England in a match for the heavyweight title of the British Empire. Clarke, recognized as the British champion, dropped the odd fall in three to his portly Australian rival.

* * *

Frank Malcewicz, youthful brother of the famous "Utica Panther," is barnstorming in California. He has plenty of class and is living up to the famous name he bears.

* * *

Honolulu wrestling fans are being entertained by Kimon Kudo, the diminutive Japanese matman, who has met the best in the West. Kudo, who makes scales quiver at 170 pounds, holds victories over Sun Jennings, Joe Parelli, Juan Humberto, Sergi Kalmikoff, Irish Jack Kennedy, Ted Christy, Leo Jensen, Luis Mayo and Wee Willie Davis.

* * *

David Cavadas, genial Northwest reporter for THE RING, is trying to organize a commission which will govern the sports of boxing and wrestling in Canada. The present body is handling the sports in a very slipshod manner and only holds sway in the Eastern portion of the country.

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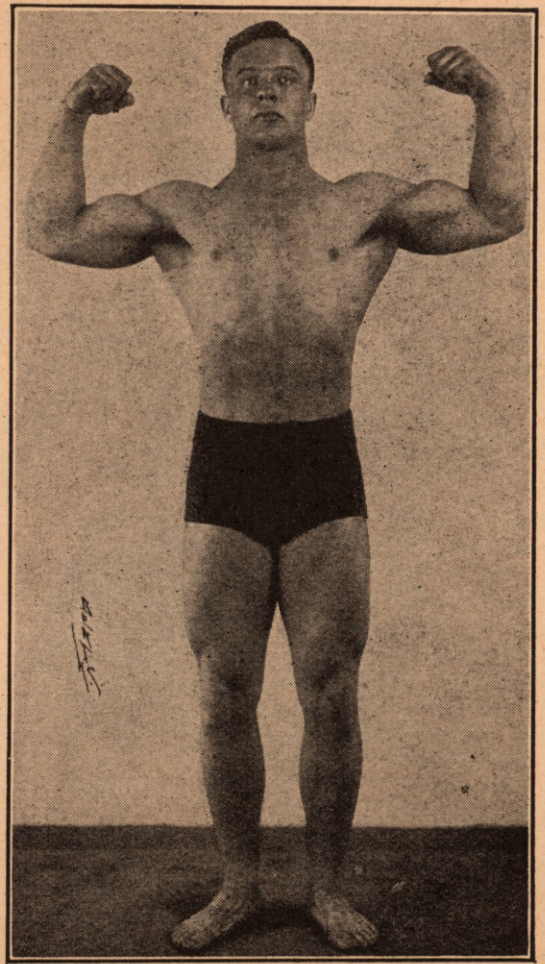


Johnny Perkins, who wrestles under the name of Young Frank Gotch. Johnny hails from Cincinnati, and is also a good weight lifter.

GURFEW CHATTER—Before we draw the curtain down on this issue, we hear that . . . . Dave Levin is homesick for little old New York . . . . Man Mountain Dean has been in retirement since the middle of June . . . . the team of Vincent Lopez and Ed "Strangler" Lewis has split . . . . it is said that a Mexican syndicate has bought the contract of Lopez for an unknown sum . . . . Ted Sarris, California heavyweight, is the spit image of the great "Jeemy" Londos.

Al Karasick, veteran heavy grappleman, will manage wrestling affairs in Honolulu . . . . Sandor Szabo has a five-year movie contract with Paramount pictures . . . . Bob Kruse, Sam Leathers, Hank "Red Demon" Oswald, Chris Zaharias, Danny Dusek and Wee Willie Davis are campaigning in New Zealand . . . . Ray Steele, Mayes McLain, Stan Pinto and Joe Savoldi talk on going there . . . . Dick Daviscourt dreams of retiring to his fruit grove at Vista, California (don't they all, but how many do?).

Verbal orchids to Rusty Westcott, who turned in the

(Continued on page 47)

A VERSATILE ATHLETE

By BERNICE SANDBOE

AS I paged through Bill Middlekauff's twenty-pound, $5,000 scrapbook, I could not help but regret that the fame and athletic glory that once rested on this boy's shoulders had not followed him to the wrestling game. Please do not think that I mean Bill is not a good wrestler. He is, and I believe he is yet to reach the peak of his career, but I do contend that should his wrestling success ever parallel his football success, Bill would certainly be the "tops."

Without the slightest doubt, Bill is one of the most notable figures in Southern football history. His record as captain of the Florida University "'Gators" has been marked down in the good book of football as the most outstanding contribution to be made by one man. He received the greatest honor ever to be bestowed upon a 'Gator leader when he was presented with the Pepper Trophy for being the most valuable man on the football squad from the standpoint of scholarship, conduct on the field, contribution to the general morale of the team, and spirit in games.

He was named on the all-Southern team in 1923 and 1924, and missed getting first honors because of the presence of Doug Wycoff on the Georgia Tech team. Middlekauff was superior to Wycoff in line bucking, but not in passing and punting, so the honors went to Doug. And, too, Bill was selected third all-America fullback.

* * *

BILL'S scrapbook is filled with clippings and photographs, letters and telegrams, to illustrate his brilliant career. Headlines, feature stories, interviews, photographs with cinema favorites, congratulations from celebrities—all these and more are treasured between the pages of this boy's memory book. They etch out an interesting picture of a stalwart, handsome youth, in perfect physical condition, who by his brilliant athletic prowess, has made his name immortal in football history.

Perhaps one of his most outstanding feats as a footballer was to make a spectacular touchdown, the only and winning one of his team, during one of the West-South classics held in Los Angeles on Christmas Day, 1927. The game was for charity and the players were picked from the best in the South and West.

So you see why I say that if Bill reaches the pinnacle in wrestling that he did in football, he is destined for the top.

* * *

BUT football is not Bill's only specialty. When he was out in California with the football team, a movie scout espied him and urged him to have a test taken. Bill did and came through with flying colors, but strange as it may seem, he scorned the opportunity to become a motion picture player and returned home to practice law. However, being athletically inclined, Bill soon grew tired of this and turned his eyes toward the professional boxing game. As a boxer, Bill didn't fare so well and it wasn't long before he decided on wrestling as his ultimate life work.

At first the going was tough and Bill frequently had to replenish his purse by taking a job as a model for a commercial photographer or for illustrations in "True Story" magazine. Bill's book contains numerous pictures of him as the mighty hero of True Stories, or the smiling young man, advertising cigarettes. You have probably seen him countless times smiling at you from an advertisement of men's clothing, cigarettes, et cetera. His most prominent picture was for an artist and was on the cover of Collier's Magazine a few years ago.

Now Bill sticks strictly to wrestling. A recent injury to his ankle has kept him on the sidelines for a while, but he's back in action again and going at a rapid clip. Bill keeps accounts of all his matches in his scrapbook, the defeats as well as the victories, and, according to them, he has a record to be proud of. He has met most of the topnotchers and, though he has not always won, he always gives them a tough and merry battle.

Bill Middlekauff, all-around star athlete of the South.

He's barnstorming in the South now, but is planning to invade the East before long.

Bill's a born athlete and is bound to go far in the wrestling world. In college he not only won his letter in football, but also in basketball, baseball and track. He also made the wrestling and boxing teams but back in 1927 they didn't give letters in those two sports.

When he first signed up to wrestle for Jack Curley, Bill just weighed around 190 pounds, but today he is a strong, 235-pound giant with as fine a physique as you'll see anywhere.

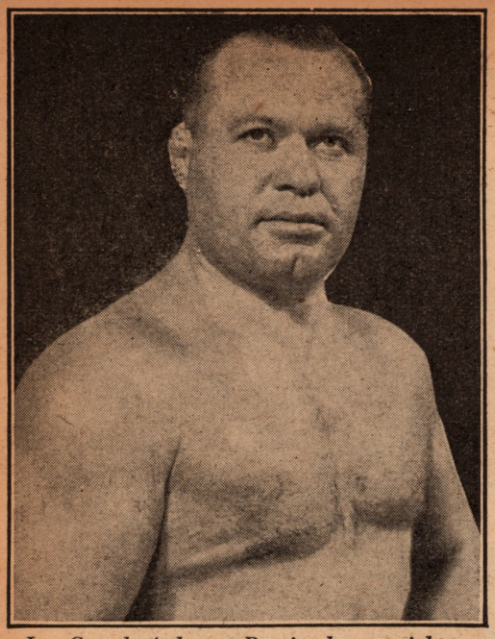
* * *

MIDDLEKAUFF is one of many college athletes who are now making a living by wrestling. The influx started during the height of the depression when Jim McMillen hopped into the field, and since then there has been no stopping the rush. With few exceptions, those who have come from colleges never took up the grappling art before joining the professional ranks, almost all being football stars.

With the old style of wrestling shoved into the background to make room for the modern flying tackles, the collegians were well suited for the sport and that's why so many of them, including Middlekauff, have made good. Unfortunately, Middlekauff lacks the technique of the masters, like Londos, Sherry, Lewis, Pojello and Shikat, but he is gradually acquiring that and hopes some day to be classed with the big shots of the North.

GETTING

By EMERY CLARKE



Leo Grandovitch, star Russian heavyweight.

LARRY WARREN of the *News-Telegram* of Portland, Oregon, thinks so much of Jack Lipscomb, a colorful wrestler of the North West that he sent in the following story:

To the average professional wrestler, the mat business is his bread and butter, but to Jack (Buck) Lipscomb, it is his whole life. It actually "brought him back alive" when doctors told him he would never be more than an invalid.

In 1927 Lipscomb was employed in locomotive service in Indianapolis, Indiana. He became ill and for several weeks fought off the ravages of pneumonia. Buck won the battle, but his strength was gone. He was anything but a husky lad then, and the illness left him in a pitiful condition.

"Young man," the doctor told him, "I'm sorry to tell you this, but your lungs are in very poor shape. A drier, warmer climate might help you; then again it might not. Go to Texas or Arizona or some place where the climate may help heal your lungs. It's your only chance!"

But young Lipscomb was not able to take the doctor's advice—he was broke and out of a job.

Eventually he found employment of a light nature. One of the fellows with whom Buck worked suggested that the rundown youth accompany him to the gymnasium to see whether exercise would help to build him up.

Lipscomb took the friend's advice and went to the gym. The first thing that attracted his interest was an impromptu wrestling match. "I believe I'd like that sport," Buck told his friend.

"Well then, let's see whether you would or not," was the answer and in a few minutes the lads were struggling on the mat.

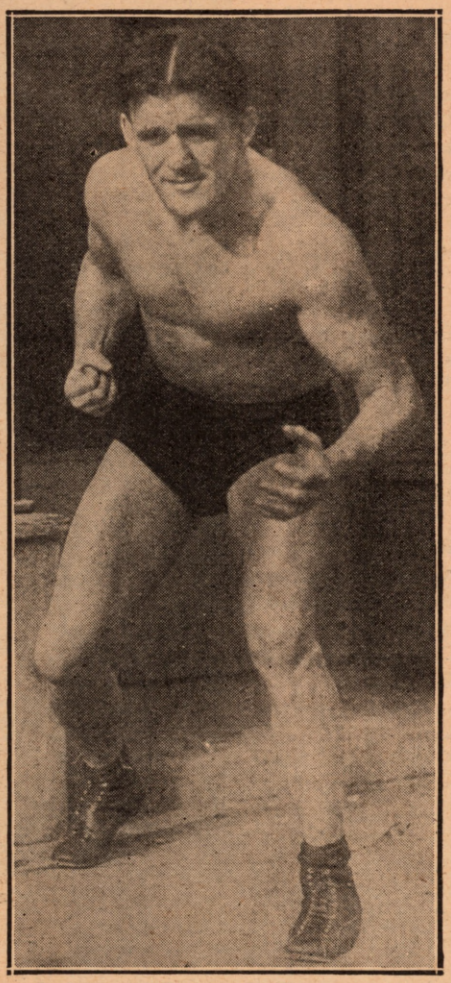
From then on, Lipscomb was "sold" on wrestling. Every night he would go to the gym and work out with his friends. It wasn't long until he was gaining weight and feeling "like a million dollars."

* * *

FROM a weak youth of 140 pounds, Buck gradually developed into a strapping husky of 170. He was getting so good at his favorite pastime that none of his companions could make him raise a sweat; he had no competition whatever in that group.

And so his friends persuaded him to turn pro and strut his stuff at one of Indianapolis' wrestling clubs. Buck needed only one professional bout to convince him that he had found his career.

From his first public appearance Lipscomb was a sensation. He soon gained such an enviable reputation that demands for matches kept him so busy that he quit his job and devoted his time entirely to grappling.



Jack "Buck" Lipscomb who says wrestling "brought him back alive."

In the following seven years Buck earned nation-wide fame by his prowess on the mat. Today he is regarded as one of the topnotchers of the middleweight division.

He has traveled all over the United States and has appeared numerous times in Canada and Mexico. Recently he finished a triumphant invasion of the Pacific Northwest, where he participated in main events for eight months—an all-time record among middleweight wrestlers in that region. At present Lipscomb is in the Southwest, making things tough for his opponents on the canvas.

Lipscomb is not a "goody goody" grappler. Realizing that wrestling, like many other things, is a matter of survival of the fittest, the Hoosier demon puts everything he has into the game. If his opponent "can't take it," then it's just too bad and means another victory for Buck.

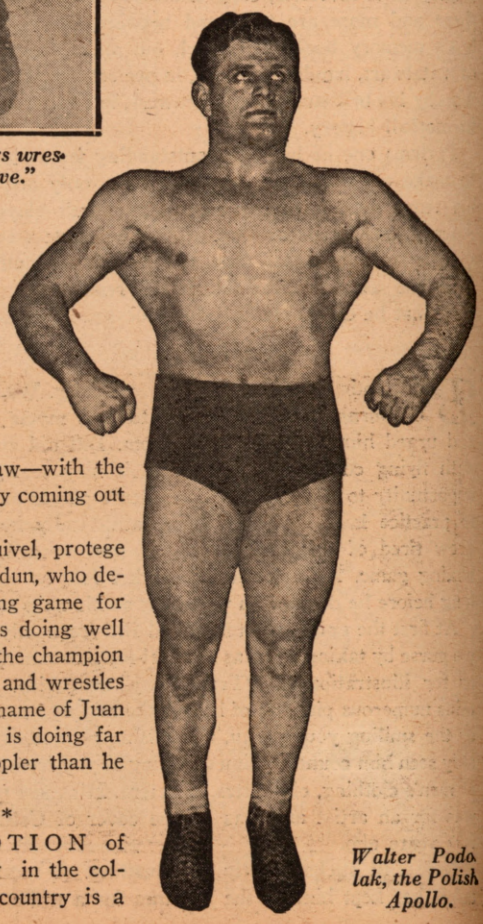
"There isn't anybody in the world I'm afraid of now," Lipscomb told the writer. "Once upon a time anyone could bully me and I was scared to death. Now I'll put myself up against them all—middleweights or heavyweights."

And that was not just an idle boast. Lipscomb is plenty tough and would go up against a buzzsaw—with the buzzsaw probably coming out second best.

Juanito Olaguivel, protege of Paulino Uzcudun, who deserted the boxing game for the mat sport, is doing well in Spain. He is the champion of the Pyrenees and wrestles there under the name of Juan Olaguivel. Juan is doing far better as a grappler than he did as boxer.

* * *

"PROMOTION of wrestling in the colleges over the country is a



Walter Podolak, the Polish Apollo.

ACQUAINTED

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

splendid thing for the athlete," declares Everett Marshall, the mid-West's world's champion wrestler.

"No sport so completely places every muscle of the body into action as does the grappling art, and the fact that line coaches in the leading universities have taken up this form of development as a means of equipping football players for their work is one of the best things that could have been done to bring out the caliber of the man. Wrestling as a science not only brings the muscles of the body into play, but also tends to make the participants quick to seize opportunities and take advantage of openings, whether on the mat, the football field, or in any other line of athletic endeavor."

Marshall himself is a striking example of college training. A Coloradoan by birth, he early realized the value of his rugged physique and promptly decided on a professional athletic career. That he was wise in his choice is ably shown in his wonderful record as the world's premier matman.

Perhaps the noted Colorado boy would have been an ordinary big fellow with a lot of flabby, loose flesh and poor set of lungs to propel it around had he taken up a business or vocational occupation in his early youth. But today he stands as a model of physique, with a constitution, heart action, lung power and general makeup that outranks the average man something like four to one.

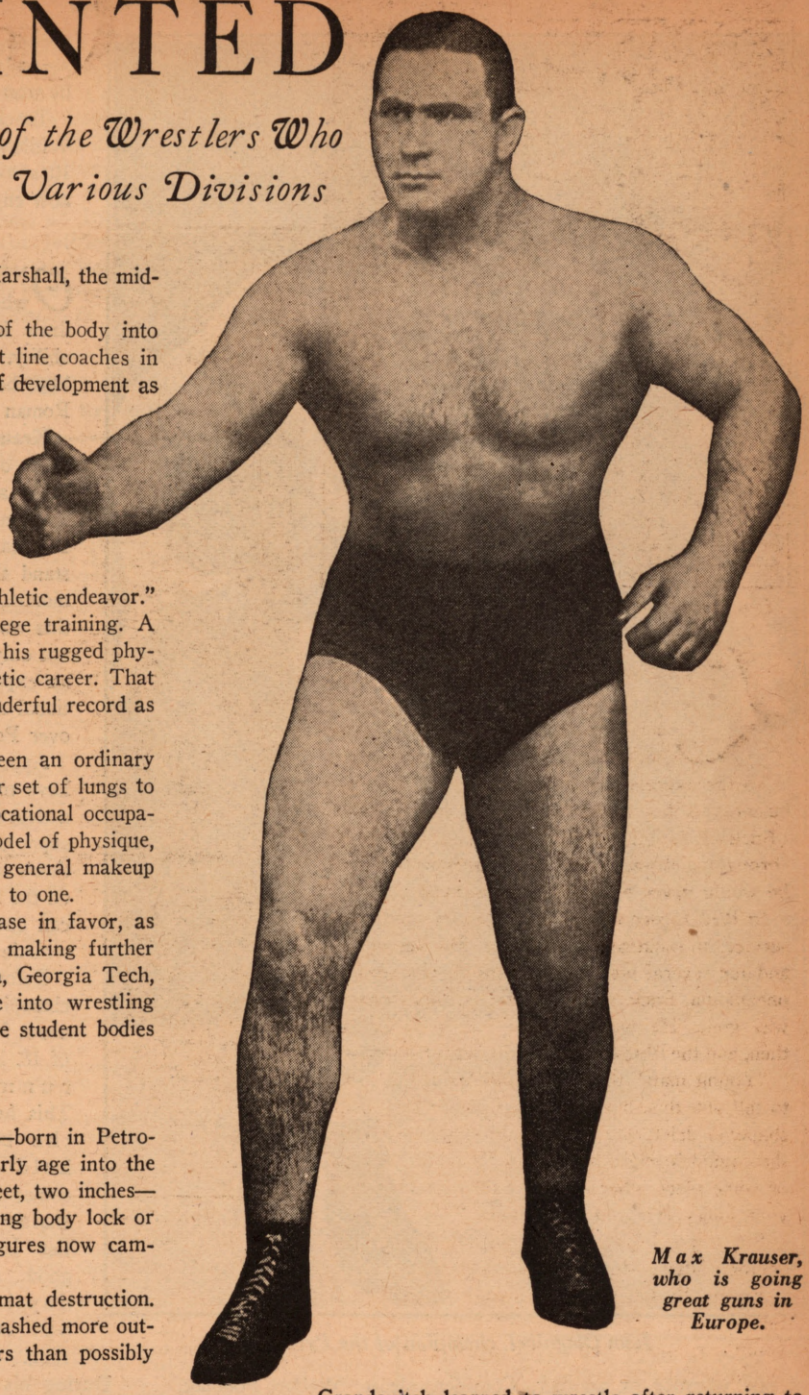
Wrestling as a college sport bids fair to increase in favor, as Southern universities, the last to take it up, are making further progress just now than any other section. Virginia, Georgia Tech, Trinity College and other institutions have gone into wrestling with a vengeance, and today have listed among the student bodies some of the best college grapplers in the game.

* * *

LEO GRANDOVITCH—Nationality, Russian—born in Petrograd, Russia—taken by his parents at an early age into the wilds of the Siberian Steppes—Height six feet, two inches—Weight 240 pounds—most effective hold the standing body lock or "Bear hug." He is one of the most impressive figures now campaigning on the American wrestling pad.

Grandovitch is a ripping, smashing engine of mat destruction. His tremendous biceps, his ham-like hands have smashed more outstanding matmen into defeat in the last two years than possibly any other heavyweight.

A scene in the bout between Leo Savage, the bearded wonder, and Danno O'Mahoney in the South.



Max Krauser, who is going great guns in Europe.

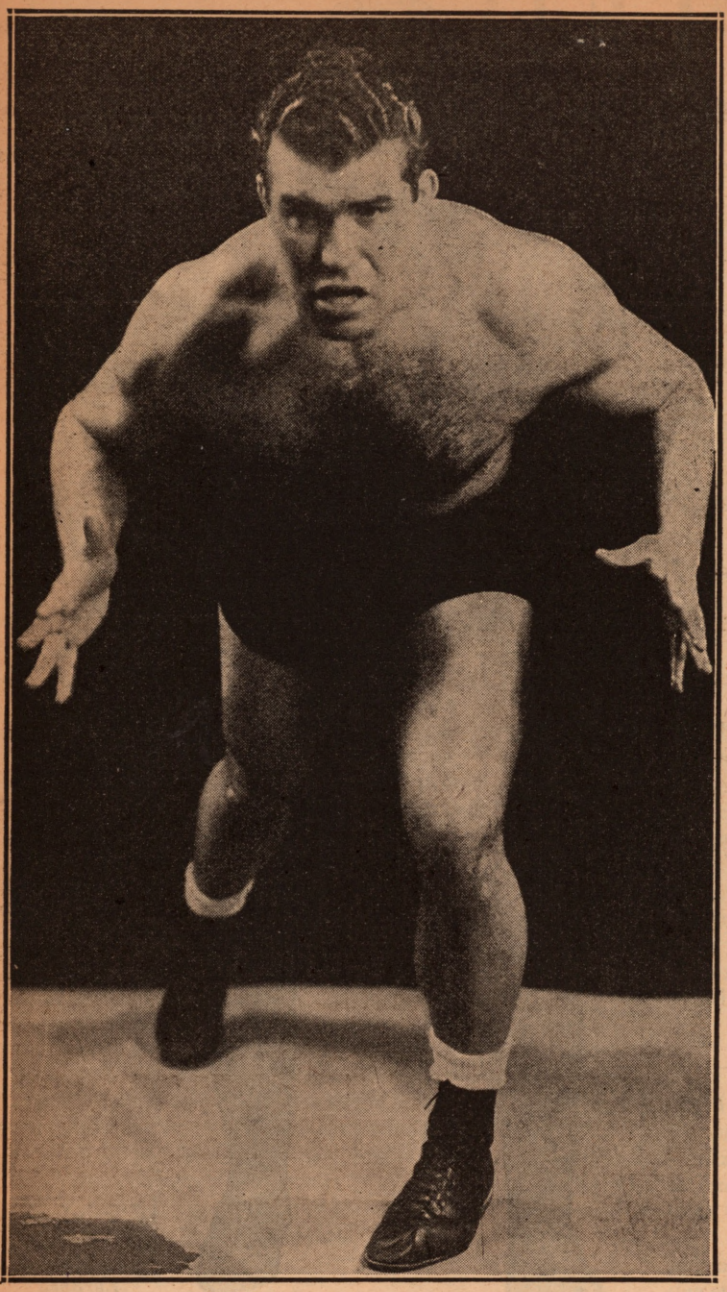
Grandovitch learned to wrestle after returning to Russia. His first match was in a community athletic carnival in Moscow and it was in this very first match that Grandovitch discovered by gripping his opponent about the waist and exerting pressure on the small of the back, he could force his opponent backward to the mat and punish him severely at the same time.

That was the beginning of the now famous "Bear Hug" which Grandovitch uses to veritably crush his opponents. His terrific arm and shoulder strength makes it a terrible instrument of torture.

Grandovitch is also a powerful body scissors exponent. His long, powerful legs literally crush the ribs of the unfortunate one who gets within their toils. The big Russian is known as one of the roughest, most rugged men in the game.

* * *

YOU hear a lot about this man and that being the finest built man in the world. You read many stories of the tremendous physical development



Juan Olaguivel, champion of the Pyrenees.

of one wrestler or another. Consider, please, Walter Podolak, Polish wrestler and model. Syracuse, N. Y. boasts the "home town" relation to this blond giant of 210 pounds. And take it from us, Syracuse is mighty proud of its native son. To be sure, it has something of which to be proud.

For four years Podolak has been wresting as a professional. In his spare moments he either poses for artists and sculptors or spends his spare time further developing his wonderful body. At any rate, Walter doesn't have to take a back seat to anyone when it comes to forming a beautiful picture with no more equipment than that with which nature provided him.

Walter was the world's champion weight lifter. His record of 660 pounds for the two hands dead weight still stands. That's a lot of pounds and Walter's accomplishment in this regard can be traced directly to the interest he has shown in his own physical welfare.

It didn't take Podolak long to break into the top ranks of the national heavyweight situation. He met, among others, Ray Steele, Rudy Dusek, Jim McMillen, John Pesek, Peter Pasignole and Don George. His only defeats were at the hands of Pesek and George, the latter being of the synthetic nature.

Travelling in Europe in 1934 and early 1935 took quite a bit of Walter's time. While there, he visited Paris and did a lot of posing and modelling. He found time, however, to enter several wrestling tournaments which were being run and he won all of them.

Track work is another of Podolak's accomplishments. While in high school he was able to do the 100 yards in 10 seconds flat and was an excellent shot putter. He is now engaging as a top notch wrestler in the middle west.

* * *

ONE of the best wrestlers in Europe is Max Krauser, who recently held Jack Sherry to a sixty minutes draw in London. Krauser is a wrestler of exceptional ability. He has had a brilliant career since he started out, like the majority of continental wrestlers, as a Graeco-Roman grappler.

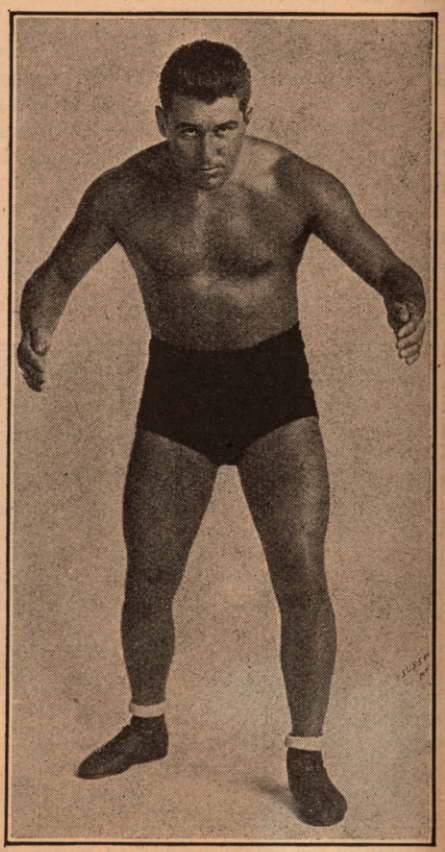
Krauser is not only a wrestler but very fond of all kinds of sports. Some years ago he was an ardent footballer and played for Poland. Unfortunately he seems to have introduced some rather rough tactics into the game and was barred from playing any more. One can understand the feelings of his opponents when this powerful mountain of a man charged to the attack, especially if this was not always according to the gentlest rules. He is not only good at football but is a very good swimmer and an expert at skiing and skating, both of which are national sports during the bitter winters that yearly sweep over Poland.

Apart from being a wrestler he is also a man who might have made his mark in other branches of life. He took a degree in science at the University of Lwow and was supposed to become a chemist in order to go into his father's tannery. This did not agree with young Max's ideas on the future. There was a little family trouble, but what can one do with an offspring of his size? He began to wrestle as a professional.

Before this time he was an amateur and national champion at the age of 22. One of the extraordinary facts about Krauser's sportive achievements is that, at the age of 18, he was making a name for himself as a marathon runner. This belies the belief held by some people that a wrestler is no good for anything but wrestling.

During his career as an amateur Max won 12 competitions for physical development, which speaks highly because he comes from a part of the world where big, well-built men are plentiful.

As a professional Græco-Roman wrestler he has entered for every big tournament in Europe. Jack Curley is dickering for his services in this country at the present time.



Jack Hader, an all around star athlete, from Kansas City, Mo.

Early Days of the Ring

(Continued from page 23)

Sullivan, always the adventurer, was assassinated by a vigilance committee in the Far West.

Morrisey next defeated John C. Heenan in eleven rounds. The former declined another meeting, and surrendered the belt to Heenan, who became a great champion, having an intuitive sense of drama and an intelligence the equal of many men in better callings. His battle with Tom Sayers of England has become a classic.

Sullivan defeated Ben Caunt, champion of England, who outweighed him sixty pounds. The match lasted seven rounds. Caunt had won the English championship from William Thompson, better known as Bendigo. The contest was of seventy-five rounds duration, and Caunt won on a foul. Bendigo was said to have slipped to the ground without having been hit. He was at the time in much better condition than Caunt, who was terribly punished. A riot followed the referee's decision.

He later lost to Bendigo in ninety-three rounds on a foul.

* * *

BENDIGO is famous in the annals of pugilism as the first of the illiterate evangelists.

He was a man of abnormal muscular development and small mentality. He violated nearly every rule of boxing and became great. He would stand with right hand and foot extended, when the first requisite of boxing is the reverse. His fame as a bruiser rests on his terrible battles with Caunt, a man whom he could not defeat in less than ninety-three rounds, after Sullivan, lighter than Bendigo, had turned the trick in seven.

Caunt stood six feet, two and a half inches, and writers of the period declared him to have been the strongest man that ever entered an English prize ring.

Many of the old-time bruisers were continually in prison for violating the peace after an important contest. While Bendigo was in gaol for the twenty-eighth time, he heard a sermon delivered by the prison chaplain, and upon his release he became the Billy Sunday of his day. He preached salvation in the language of the prize ring and drove home his points regarding the life everlasting with a mighty slapping of broken-knuckled hands. He drew multitudes of people in London and elsewhere. He died in 1880.

One million dollars is said to have changed hands as a result of one of Bendigo's contests.

* * *

IT can perhaps safely be written that two-thirds or more of the great heavyweight pugilists have been English, or American of Irish extraction. If we exclude Molineaux, Richmond, Peter Jackson, Jack Johnson, Daniel Mendoza (the Spanish Jew), and Jem Mace (the English gypsy), we have a long record of great Irish bruisers. After Figg, there were Cribb, Broughton, John Jackson, Cannon, Bendigo, Caunt, Dan Donnelly, Jack Langan, Tom Sayers, and others who were mostly English-Irish.

Directly before John L. Sullivan, Paddy Ryan, Jake Kilrain, and Frank Slavin were heavyweight contenders, with Charlie Mitchell of England. Sullivan was followed by James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons, who had defeated the original Jack Dempsey. All these men were Gaelic.

When Jeffries appeared, a pure American, two of his chief contenders were Tom Sharkey, an Irishman, and Gus Ruhlin, a German. Jeffries lost to Johnson, a Negro, who in turn lost to Willard, an American.

The heavyweight title at this writing is in the hands of James J. Braddock.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

THIS correspondent has been in and around the fight game for a good many years and one of the rarest things we have ever witnessed is the turning away of fans at a boxing show, due to lack of either seating or standing room. However, that is exactly what happened in Houston when Promoter Hugh Benbow presented the Pat McDuff vs. Tommy Blanton card. The large outdoor arena, seating 3,500, was filled to capacity, all standing room was taken and there were several hundred fans who couldn't even get in the place.

Hugh Benbow, the enterprising young Houston promoter, has more than fulfilled the many things this writer predicted he would do. Taking the place in a badly run down condition, Benbow has featured pleasing, well-matched club fighters, instead of big names, thereby giving the fans the real, honest-to-goodness action they crave. The result is that he has built Houston into what is probably the best fight city of its size in the country. A square deal to both fighters and fans has been his policy and needless to say, it is working wonders.

Benbow is also opening a club in San Antonio shortly, and we predict the Alamo city will soon be drawing on a par with this place.

"Dandy Dick" Griffin, dapper little Dallas promoter, staged a world's championship bout in the Centennial city between the featherweight champ, Petey Sarron, and Baby Manuel, southpaw Cuban. Sarron was returned the winner after fifteen blistering rounds, the first of which saw the champion on the floor. His class showed itself, however, and the title was never in danger thereafter. The show was a disappointment from a financial standpoint, but did show some profit for the promoter.

Battling Burroughs, the "knockdown-drag-'em-out" brawler from Mobile, Alabama, scored a sensational upset in Houston in flattening Dick McCawley, local pride. It was a great fight all the way, with Burroughs coming from behind to put over the kayo in the eighth stanza.

Brescia Garcia and Snag Trowbridge, hard-punching lightweights, staged a couple of fast scraps during the month. Garcia was declared the winner on a foul in the first mill, but Trowbridge carried off the honors by copping a ten-round duke in the return go.

Pleasing fighters without managerial ties would do well to write Jack Thurmond, 511 N. Jenkins Street, Houston, Texas. There is a real opportunity here for young club fighters and the writer takes great pleasure in recommending Thurmond as the right sort of fellow to hook up with.

Morris Sigel, Houston wrestling promoter, continues to pack them in with his weekly shows. Leo Daniel Boone Savage seems to have a couple of rivals in the matter of drawing power as well as mat ability in the persons of the two Hindu grapplers, Tiger Daula and Fazul Mohammed. Daula is undefeated locally, having beaten Pete Schuh, Bob Wagner, Roland Kirchmeyer, Len Macaluso, Karl Sarpolis and Karl Davis. A match between the Tiger and Savage would be a natural here.

Mohammed has proven his class by taking the measure of Ellis Bashara, Ivan Vacturoff and Len Macaluso, but was beaten by Savage.

Remember, the writer is always happy to be of any possible help to members of the fight fraternity. Your letters will be either answered or turned over to the promoters. The address: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

Other results over the state:

Pat McDuff made it twenty-one K.O.'s in twenty-two starts by stopping Tommy Blanton in seven rounds; Tracy Cox evened the score with K. O. Castillo with a knockout; Marlin Owens beat Babe Kiser and K.O.'ed Joe White and Al Salbano; Kiser also defeated Salbano and flattened Jimmy Hearne; Mike Pereira scored over Steve Padon and drew with Kid Bruno; Bruno also beat Padon and lost to Louis Hasso; Padon beat Ike Bostwick and Willie O'Brien; Hasso drew with Johnny Cavanaugh;

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George Dixon, Greatest

(Continued from page 35)

colored boy who I was sure could whip Cal McCarthy.

Dwyer inferred that I ought to have my brain examined. He declared that McCarthy was one of the greatest fighting men the world ever had seen and that he could lick all the Negroes in Boston in the same ring.

The weeks rolled by and still I kept angling for a match for the championship with McCarthy. Finally I was told that if I took Dixon to New York and whipped Eugene Hornbacker, who had gone twenty-one rounds with Cal, I probably would get backing for the championship match.

So I took Dixon to New York and made the match with Hornbacher. No one here thought the "little Boston coon" had a chance of whipping Gene.

The fight took place in a hall over a German beer saloon on St. Mark's Place between Second and Third Avenues. The man whom it took Champion Cal McCarthy twenty-one rounds to beat only lasted a round and a half against Dixon. George knocked Gene stone cold in the second.

After knocking out Hornbacher, Dixon coolly leaned over the ropes and called to McCarthy, who was seconding Hornbacher:

"Step right up in the ring, Cal, and I'll do the same to you!"

* * *

PHIL DWYER, who was sitting at the ringside along with Al Smith, grabbed me as I clambered off the ring platform and said:

"Tom, you were right in what you told me about this Dixon boy up in Boston. He can lick McCarthy sure, and my money will go on him to do so."

It was quite some time afterward, however, that the McCarthy-Dixon match for the title was arranged. It took place in a hall over the bank opposite the Cathedral on Washington Street, Boston. It was a private fight. All of the fights had to be private in those days, you must remember.

All of the sporting editors from the various papers had been tipped off except from one paper, the *Record*. The paper then was an anti-sport sheet and they had been carrying on a crusade against boxing.

Before the fight started, however, a face appeared at one of the windows. Who was it but the reporter from the *Record*.

That fellow had somehow got up on the roof of the building next to the hall and then climbed up a galvanized iron conductor that led to the roof!

"Throw him out! Throw him out!" some of the bunch excitedly yelled as soon as the reporter was recognized.

You can imagine what throwing him out meant—a drop of one story and perhaps three! We were on the third floor of the building, you must remember.

I jumped to the window and, opening it, grabbed the reporter by the arm and, pulling him into the room, queried:

"What's the matter with you, trying to kill yourself?"

"No, Mr. O'Rourke," he coolly replied, "just want to see the fight."

"Well, anyone who wants to see the fight as badly as you have shown you want to, gets a ringside seat," I said, and the rest of the crowd agreed with me.

But at that we had to have two fellows watch that reporter to be sure he didn't get out and tip off the police before the bout was over.

* * *

THE Dixon-McCarthy bout was one of the fastest and fiercest in ring history. They went seventy rounds with the two-ounce gloves. It was after midnight when the fight started. Dawn was graying in the streets outside when the police official who had given us the unwritten permit to stage the contest told us we would have to end it and pull out pronto.

There was nothing left for Referee Al Smith to do but to call the contest a draw. The agreement had been to a finish, you know.

We all hustled down and got a Pullman for New York. McCarthy was so badly punished that he had to be carried into the car. He was sitting there swathed in bandages when he inquired for Dixon.

We called to George and he strolled nonchalantly down the aisle, puffing away on a big black cigar.

"Why, George," exclaimed McCarthy, "you don't look as if you had been in a fight at all!"

"Why, you don't call that little boxing bout we had, a fight, do you, Cal?" joshed Dixon, with his erstwhile opponent. "Some day you and me will have a regular scrap!"

You know the first thing Dixon did after a fight was to get hold of a big black cigar. He never smoked in training. But for two or three days after a fight, or until it came time for him to start training for another one, he figuratively used to smoke himself dizzy. It was one of his idiosyncrasies.

I've seen our trainer wait at the door of the dressing room to hand Dixon his cigar as he came trotting in after a fight. Little Chocolate would give a delighted "Ah," light the weed and lie down on the rubbing table for his massage, blowing smoke like a steam engine. When training, however, he never touched tobacco in any form.

Dixon and McCarthy met again for the championship in Troy, N. Y., about a year later. Jerry Dunn was referee. Jack McAuliffe and Billy Madden were seconding McCarthy.

* * *

DIXON knocked McCarthy down and out in the third round. Madden and McAuliffe jumped into the ring, carried Cal to his corner and prepared to bring him up for another round.

"Why, Jerry!" I cried, "Dixon has won! This isn't London rules! You don't mean to say you are going to let the fight go on, do you?"

"Aw, never mind, Tom," Dunn answered. "Dixon will lick him in another round or so, anyway."

"Dixon didn't knock him out until the twenty-first round, however. George did it despite the fact that he broke the little finger in his right hand in the eighteenth round. He fought three rounds with that broken hand—mind you, it was with two-ounce gloves, too—and finally knocked McCarthy out and won the championship.

Because of Dixon's color George very often had to fight under most unfair and dangerous circumstances. Those were different times than now, you must remember, and the tough element had complete control of the sport. Boxing then was run almost exclusively for gambling purposes. The fights were all private and there were no huge crowds to pay a big gate, as came about in later years.

When Dixon fought Boston Johnny Murphy, now one of the official ring judges here in New York, in that memorable bout in Providence, Dixon had to do all of his boxing at ring center. He didn't dare to go within six feet of the ropes for fear someone would hit him on the legs with a cane or blackjack and cripple him.

The Dixon-Murphy go was a savage encounter. It was staged in a hall which would seat about eight hundred persons. Yet fully fifteen hundred persons were crowded into it!

Dan Coakley, a sporting editor from Boston, who later became a State Senator in Massachusetts, was the referee. He was a good one, too.

* * *

DIXON finally knocked Murphy out in the fortieth round. It was a gruelling battle, and Murphy took a terrific beating before going down. To this day he wears a silver tube in his ear as a memento of a wound received in the battle with Dixon.

You ask me how Dixon came to lose the decision against Billy Plimmer of England in the four-round go in Madison Square Garden?

That, you know, was only an exhibition. The pair were to meet later in a championship battle at Coney Island. It had been agreed that, being a mere exhibition, Dixon was to "carry" Plimmer in the Garden go and a draw decision would be rendered.

Everyone was nonplussed when Steve O'Donnell, the referee, stepped to the ring center and declared Plimmer the winner.

A few weeks later Dixon made Steve O'Donnell pay for that mean trick.

The pair, little Dixon, and the big, hulking heavyweight, were training together at Felix Boehmes' place at New Dorp, Staten Island. Dixon induced big O'Donnell to put on the gloves with him.

George feinted Steve into an opening and, putting all of his weight behind a punch, knocked Steve cold!

Little Chocolate had a wonderful punch. I remember taking him over to Dr. Sargeant's gymnasium in Boston to have him examined. It was at the urgent request of that famous Harvard physical culture expert, who incidentally also was a great boxing fan.

Dr. Sargeant was astonished at Dixon's development, especially as regards hitting power. Little Dixon showed a greater hitting power than myself and at that time I was rowing steadily with a crew of which I was stroke and also boxing daily with Dixon and other glovemen.

Yes, of all the fighters I ever have seen none can compare with Dixon in all around fighting ability. What a wonderful left hand! What a corking double punch to head and body! What a fighting heart and fighting head! What a superb, all around mastery of the manly art he possessed!

It will be a long, long time before the world ever sees another ring master like George Dixon. I doubt if we ever shall see the equal of Little Chocolate again.

Marquis of Queensberry

(Continued from page 29)

out in four rounds in a return bout. Another meeting was accordingly arranged, in which Slavin was as good as his word, though the gloves provided were more like pillows than boxing mitts for the two weighed more than a pound.

With those enormous pads on his hands, Slavin tore into the luckless lad from Erin in the most ferocious style and delivered the promised knockout in the third. Pluto told me that when he met Slavin in the Klondike ten years after that the big fellow still remembered being wrongly advised in the first fight and with a scowl and a growl reproached Pluto half in fun for causing him to appear below his best under the eyes of the renowned Marquis of Queensberry.

No one was more sensible of the benefits conferred upon the game by the new rules than John L. Sullivan himself, though a good proportion of his fights had taken place under London Prize Ring conditions, and he was a staunch friend of his Lordship into the bargain. John L.'s attitude towards the new rules was made plain in his famous challenge of 1892, which ran, *inter alia*, as follows:

"I hereby challenge any and all of the bluffers who have been trying to make capital at my expense to fight me at the Olympic Club, New Orleans, for $25,000 and an outside bet of $10,000, the winner to take the entire purse.

"I give preference in this challenge to Frank P. Slavin of Australia, as he and his backers have done the greatest amount of blowing. My second preference is the bombastic sprinter, Charles Mitchell of England, whom I would rather whip than any man in the world. My third preference is James Corbett of California, who has achieved his share of bombast.

"The Marquis of Queensberry rules must govern this fight, as I want fighting, not foot-running, and I intend to keep the championship of the world where it belongs, in the United States.

"(Signed) JOHN L. SULLIVAN."

* * *

POOR old John—honest and game to the last! Corbett was the first to come forward with the money, and as a result of his own conditions, Sullivan got nothing out of that hard fight.

The eighth Marquis of Queensberry died in 1900, and at the end it must have been a source of satisfaction to him to realize how high the game had risen since the deadly slump that had followed on the retirement of Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan. In the last ten years of his life, Queensberry had seen star after star rise and blaze in the pugilistic firmament — Sullivan, Mitchell, Corbett, Jackson, Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, Jeffries, Maher, Slavin and Kilrain — all of them fit to shine in company with the stars of that other age nearly a hundred years before presided over by the other Queensberry, the fourth duke—"Old Q.," or the "Star of Piccadilly," as he had been affectionately known.

Truly the name of Queensberry has ever been synonymous with all that is best in boxing.

Champions

(Continued from page 33)

much bigger man than Jess Willard or Primo Carnera.

The champion of England in those days—1841—was big Ben Caunt. He came to America on a tour, as there was money to be had over here even in those days. There wasn't much doing in the fighting world, though, so he appeared in a show called "Life in London." It was much the same kind of show as the ones John L. Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons, and Jim Jeffries used to act in. The people came to see it because the champion was in it, not because he knew anything about acting.

While the show was playing the large Eastern cities, the backers of Freeman got up a purse of ten thousand dollars, and Ben Caunt was invited to New York to sign a contract to fight a title bout with the Michigan Giant.

Caunt met Freeman at the signing.

"Is *that* 'im?" murmured Caunt, in awe. "I'll not feight 'im. 'E can 'ave the world's championship, if 'e wants it. There's nobody alive that can whip a man like that, and as for me . . . . I won't try."

Freeman therefore assumed the crown without a fight, and under Caunt's management, began a tour of England, Scotland, and Ireland. People flocked from all over to see the giant champion and the tour made money.

Up to this time, Freeman had never fought a regular professional bout. The English pugs found this out, and they put Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher—who was later champion of England—up to the job of beating Freeman.

In a battle that took place in three rings on three days, December 14, 16, and 20, 1842, Freeman gave Perry a bad beating and finally won by a knockout after two hours and three minutes of fighting. This so discouraged the other fighters that Freeman was allowed to reign unchallenged until he fell a victim to tuberculosis in 1845.

To-day and Yesterday

(Continued from page 25)

WHEN Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett fought, both spent many hours a day running on the roads. Billy Delaney, Corbett's old trainer, begged him not to run so much, but Charlie White, who had come from the East with Corbett, opposed Delaney. Billy Delaney always said afterward that "Corbett left his fight on the road." Perhaps too much drying out on the road gave him ragged nerves a few days before the fight, but he went well enough in the ring until Fitz socked him in the solar plexus for a clean knockout. Anyway, Fitz ran more than Corbett did. Fitz always believed in a lot of running. He had many of the old-time prize ring days ideas—in fact, he started with bare knuckles in New Zealand, just as Corbett did in San Francisco.

Tom Sharkey, Fitz, and many old-timers rubbed salt brine on their faces to toughen the skin so that it wouldn't cut too easily. Jeffries liked running and climbing. He would run all day over the mountains, carrying a heavy rifle, and come trotting back with a 200-pound buck over his shoulders. He had unlimited endurance. He trained so hard for fights that the last two or three days, dried out and denying himself water, he'd be as ugly as a trapped bear.

Sullivan never liked training after his first two or three years of fighting. He preferred celebrating before and after fights. Bill Muldoon, formerly a New York boxing commissioner, used a baseball bat to drive Sullivan to work on the road.

But even Sullivan could work when he had to. Under Muldoon, John nearly ran the soles of his feet off. Muldoon put him in the ring in condition and wouldn't handle John at all when he was convinced John was through.

* * *

RYAN, McCoy, West, McGovern, Dixon, all the great old crowd of their day, trained hard and fought harder. They lived a rough life. No dinner coats and white evening shirts for that bunch. They didn't grow soft through too much luxury. Perhaps that was because they never saw a purse that a semi-final pug would step into a ring for in these softer times. When a fighter was through then, as a rule, he was through because he had done about all the fighting that could be dragged out of his system.

A modern champion's dressing room at training camp is like a drug store and a beauty shop combined. He has at least one skilled masseur and spends more time on the rubbing table than on the road. His training is done with sixteen-ounce gloves, and instead of brine on his features he gets cold cream. He has a suite or two of rooms at his hotel, and his diet would hardly be regarded as simple enough for any football team. He doesn't appear in a sweater, but is dressed like an actor.

Well, at that, some of the boys would give those old-timers a hot time while they lasted. The game has changed. Instead of being a test of endurance and careful saving of strength for the long grind that might come before the "finish" that ended all battles, we have the quite limited bouts, a majority of them from four to ten rounds. A fighter has to put action into the first round and each round following, to please the modern crowd.

Jem Driscoll's training methods were odd, for he was like a Quaker and waited for the spirit to move him. He did his work when and how he felt like it, with no particular system. One morning he'd be up with the bloomin' robins and sprinting on the road, while the next day he might take it easy, having his breakfast in bed at ten in the morning, like a lord. But Jem always did about the same amount of work each day even if it took him until midnight to finish his quota.

Another little fellow of a later day who was even more erratic in his training than Driscoll was Aurelio Herrera, the Mexican, who did some tough milling in the West. He smoked cigarettes constantly while training for a mill, except to vary the monotony with big black cigars. He would train hard one day and lay off the next. He ate anything and everything and had no schedule for preparing for a battle.

If you'll take the trouble to look over the history of pugilism I think you'll agree with me that the hardest trainers, as a general rule, were the best fighters.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES
By HERB McHUGH

THE Maxie Rosenbloom-Leo Kelly fight proved again that there is nothing wrong with Australia as a boxer's "Mecca." Close on ten thousand fans paid approximately $16,500, which is very good money, considering that the bout had been postponed so often as to make one wonder whether the fight would ever take place.

The most important thing first. Rosenbloom won on points at the end of fifteen rounds. Although the colored fighter put up stubborn resistance, he was always trailing behind and it could be said that Maxie collected twelve of the rounds with a clear margin. At 187¼ pounds, Rosenbloom outweighed Kelly by 17½ pounds, and when you people over there consider the wily ways of Maxie opposed to a fighter who relies mostly upon his power of punch to clinch an argument, it will be conceded that Kelly didn't lose any prestige, as at no stage of the fight was Rosenbloom prepared to take the slightest risk.

It was Kelly's first fight following a long enforced spell owing to a severe eye injury. At times he was not too sure of himself and his overanxiousness to nail Maxie at the end of a long right hand often caused him to miss badly.

There is no doubt that Rosenbloom makes fighting look easy. Believe it or not, there was very little of the "Slapsie" in evidence, a couple of quick warnings in the early rounds by Referee Joe Wallis and everything was under control. In fact, a couple of right-hand wallops which parked on Kelly's chin would have stopped the average fighter.

Only at one period did Rosenbloom appear to weaken. The thirteenth round saw him with quite a jaded appearance and the look of concern on Frankie Doyle's face commanded attention. However, Kelly couldn't raise sufficient devil to take advantage of the situation with the result that Maxie sparkled over the remaining two rounds to collect a points decision.

Rosenbloom will now meet George Simpson in a return bout two weeks hence. Apparently it looks to be a case of having to find opponents for Maxie, no matter how or what. It will be remembered that Simpson provided Rosenbloom with his first Australian fight, but faded out in the third round when a perfectly executed right hand to the chin put him among the resin. It will be said for Simpson, however, that he entered the ring on that occasion with a badly jarred ankle, which, from all accounts, was responsible for his not being able to get out of the way of Maxie's devastating wallop.

I understand that Rosenbloom's contract with the N.B.C. ends in August and it is hardly likely that there will be a renewal, so it is probable that he will be saying "Hello" to friends back home around about September. It has been published that Maxie intends to open a night club here. The fact that it has appeared in print is the only definite thing about the scheme and as the liquor laws in this country are not favorable to such a line of business, maybe we can forget about it.

The Californian welterweight, Al Romero, after a long wait, will make his bow at Sydney Stadium against Tommy Jones, Jack Laurence's "bright" colored scrapper.

In mentioning Tommy Jones, it may be of interest to Americans, and Eddie Borden (the latter's name put in as a suggestion from Jack Laurence), to know what the Boston lad has done since coming to Australia. After losing his first two fights, each on points, to Jack Carroll and Jimmy Purcell, he was never headed in his next fourteen fights. His record in this country reads: Jack Carroll (lost pts., 15 rds.); Jimmy Purcell (lost pts., 15 rds.); Cyril Pluto (K.O., 10 rds.); Dick Humphreys (K.O., 11 rds.); Cyril Pluto (K.O., 4 rds.); Al Schaaf (pts., 15 rds.); "Red" Maloney (K.O., 6 rds.); Jack O'Brien (K.O., 7 rds.); Johnny Condon (K.O., 4 rds.); Jimmy Day (draw, 15 rds.); Bob Donars (K.O., 3 rds.); Jimmy Day (pts., 15 rds.); Babe Marino (K.O., 9 rds.); Ron Richards (pts., 15 rds.); Marty Simmons (pts., 15 rds.); Leonard Bennett (K.O., 3 rds.).

Jones can still make 147 and it is the opinion of many fans here that he should find a place in THE RING ratings . . . . His wins over Richards and Simmons, both middleweights, give some idea of his present form . . . . Jack Laurence's note concludes with . . . . "just pass this on for Eddie Borden's 'once over' . . . . and with the raise of my hat . . . . yours, etc. . . . . Jack Laurence."

"Charles Lucas, Lucas Promotions Ltd., State Theatre Buildings, Market Street, Sydney." This is the address of Charlie Lucas, who is already breaking big space with his Barney Ross-Jack Carroll world's title battle which will take place at the Sydney Sports Ground, December 8th.

Life-sized pictures of Barney Ross are already studded over Sydney. Tie-ups with Interstate railways. 24 sheeters and other varied poster sheets. Radio talks aplenty, newspaper headlines, etc., and the fight yet five months away, what will it be like when Lucas and his publicity department start to get serious with their exploitation?

Lucas is on the verge of putting something big over. He has made a proposition to the Sports Ground people for a long lease of the ground and if it is granted, money is available to put a gigantic roof over the whole area. This would mean a bigger indoor sports club than Madison Square Garden. Naturally, Lucas won't say too much, but it is known that Ice Hockey, Tennis, Cycling, Athletics, Professional running, will be strongly featured. A big undertaking admittedly, but Sydney's a big city with a great sporting population.

Barney Ross, Sam Pian and the rest of the boys are assured of a great welcome when they drop anchor. It is safe to predict that the Ross-Carroll fight will draw just as much as the Sports Ground will accommodate. Ringside seats are priced at twenty-five dollars down to five dollars, with the outer seats with a minimum struck at a dollar.

Leichhardt Stadium is taking a new lease of life as far as boxing is concerned. The new management has adopted a "search for talent" campaign and already the houses are starting to build up on par with peak periods. The success of the campaign would be assured if some co-operative plan could be arrived at with the N.B.C. The latter resort is unquestionably the headquarters of boxing in Australia, but even so, Manager Jack Munro, has got to have attractive local cards to match with the imported boxer, and Leichhardt is the place to mature them for the big event.

Wrestling, of course, still continues to pack 'em in at the Leichhardt club. The crowd is still prepared to hoot Tom Lurich as the perfect villain, and, as he is getting well paid for it, there is no likelihood of Tom getting cranky about it. Helping to hold interest along with Lurich are, Jaget Singh, George Walker (N. Z.), Mike McGill and Fred Atkins.

Haban Singh and Wong Bock Cheung have departed for Suva. Jack Forsgren, Glen Wade and Johnny Woods are in Adelaide. Wade and Woods are likely to go to N. Z., but Forsgren may stay on and join the Leichhardt circuit.

Australia's middleweight champion, Fred Henneberry, has become a bookmaker. Everybody wishes him the best of luck. He has not, however, finished with boxing and it is likely that he will meet the winner of the Jones-Romero fight or perhaps defend his title against Ron Richards.

Alf Blatch, lightweight champion, outpointed Jimmy Day over 15 rounds. The match took place under the N.B.C.'s direction and was billed as for the junior welterweight championship. Blatch won as he liked, having Day on the canvas on three occasions.

It is general gossip that Blatch and Purcell have received attractive offers to go to South Africa. Purcell has started training again after a forced retirement with a broken bone in the hand, a legacy of his fight with Turiello. Now O.K. it should not be long before some of the welters will be feeling the weight of his wallop.

Jack Jarvis, a hard punching young lightweight from N. Z. brought the crowd to its feet at Leichhardt when a disqualification appeared to rob him of a certain knockout win over Hughie Mehegan, ranked as one of the most promising 135 pounders in Australia. A peach of a right cross put Mehegan's nose first on the floor. Out on his feet, he scrambled up to hide behind a smother until the bell chimed sweet music. Jarvis, however, with the roar of the crowd in his ears, did not hear the gong and planted a couple of "humdingers" on Mehegan's chin, who had dropped his guard on the chiming of the bell. Referee Jack Haines (former Australian middleweight champion) instantly crowned Mehegan. But was the crowd hostile! When the tempers had cooled off by the morrow, a return match was arranged. The fight looks certain to pack Leichhardt to the rafters.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

TONY KOENIG, youthful Mohawk Place grocery boy, ran into his jinx during the month in Cincinnati. With a previous match of eight rounds to a draw under his belt with Lou Barney, Dayton's busting light-heavy, Tony ran into a snag in their second meeting and came out on the short end of the decision at the Parkway Arena.

Johnny Stevens, Cincinnati's other up-and-coming punch thrower, beat Paul Lee of Indianapolis in a ten-round mill at the outdoor arena. Stevens then was matched with the veteran Roger Bernard but the latter was forced to make a call-off when he was injured in a Florida tilt. As this goes to press, Stevens and Bernard are again lined up for a ten-rounder.

Rufus Miles, Charlotte, N. C., welter, steamed into the hearts of southern Ohio fans in his bow when he corked Simon Neblosky on the whiskers at the half of the first round and Neblosky went a-sleeping. Si asked for another shot, claiming that it was a lucky punch.

Then Miles came along and jammed in a victory over Wild Bill McDowell. It looked worse than ever for Neblosky in a return match, but finally Herman Katz, local promoter, saw the light and gave the Avondale puncher another go of it with the Tar Heeler. Neblosky came back strong and won the fight on rounds and points, but the judges called it a draw.

Some of the preliminary results at the Parkway Arena were: Lou Thomas stopped Paul Conrad, Claude Scott stopped Nick Carter, and Johnny Ritz won from Tom Brown.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Jack Moran, former manager of Indian Tiger West, is warming up his new stable after a long layoff from the sport . . . . Jack is looking especially for heavyweights and can be reached through this writer . . . . out in Mount Washington, Billy Saffin continues to please his suburban followers with the type of weekly programs he has been staging the past three successive years . . . . Bill's leading ace on the top is Kid Walcott . . . . Frank Jurgensen of Charleston, S. C., is shouting to the high winds of his stable of nose denters, two of whom are Texas Joe Dundee, who spots the middleweight title of the South, and Barney Brock, a strapping, likely-looking heavy . . . . Frank "Pop" McNichol of Merchantville, N. J., was one of the many hundreds who wrote in to the writer of this column in regards to the advertising machine I am pushing . . . . every promoter and manager who is live wire enough to know that it pays to advertise should really have one of these machines . . . . you can get the infor by dropping me a line.

L. G. McWhirter informs the writer that Cliff McWhirter, the popular little Canadian featherweight, chalked up Number Three win in his recent comeback . . . . taking Moe Merg of New York into camp via the two-round kayo route on a late London program, the Canadian climaxed previous knockouts in a total of six rounds over Tommy Moran and Wally Losse . . . . according to McWhirter's campaign, it will shape up for bouts with Vince Golionna, who holds a verdict over Cliff, and Ray Cook, the Canadian champ, then a tour of the States . . . . Freddie Miller took Jimmy for a ten-round verdict at Louisville . . . . Jack Tipton, a Cinci welter, defeated Dick Terry of Louisville in a sixer on this card . . . . have reports on hand that Hillsboro has a big colored heavyweight who is knocking them silly around southern Ohio territory . . . . under the careful handling of Bill Newsome, this Negro heavy is expected to rank among the state's leaders.

As the Universal Sporting Club, which is formed along the lines of a pen pal club among boxing and wrestling fans, managers, promoters and athletes, is growing steadily, I expect to have something like fifteen thousand members by November 1 . . . . application and dues are only ten cents in cash per year.

Dayton, O.—Alabama Kid, Columbus Negro light-heavy, removed all doubt as to the superiority of him and Rough House Glover, Florida star. The Kid waded right into Glover from the first bell and punched out a clean-cut ten-round win.

Information around these parts can be secured by dropping the writer a line at 1702 State Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

LOUIS "KID" COCOA, New Haven, Conn., colored welterweight, surprised everybody by disporting some punching ability, heretofore unknown in his case, and dumped Young Peter Jackson, Los Angeles, Calif., for the full count in the second of their scheduled tenner. Cocoa now claims a mythical "Negro world's welterweight" title. The bout was held in Heinemann Ball Park, the first time in the history of the park that the colored gentry were permitted to show there. Marty Burke staged the performance, the only show held in New Orleans during the past month.

Fans in Willard Brown's adopted city of Baton Rouge, La., witnessed him in a quick win over Al Schneider, Barksdale Field soldier welterweight, through a kayo in round one. In support Bill Hogroder, Baton Rouge, stopped Vernon Palmer, Barksdale Field featherweight, and Sailor Forbes chilled Nick Graphia, both Baton Rouge lightweights.

An amended state boxing law was signed by the Governor which, among lesser articles, provides for a reduction in managers' and boxers' license fees and also requires a license fee of promoters.

OUTCROPPINGS—Marty Burke is the lone boxing impresario in New Orleans now . . . . However, his shows, to date, have been infrequent . . . . All other promoters have fallen by the wayside, including Wrestling Promoter Schlesinger . . . . Lack of patronage has been the cause in all instances . . . . Have received many letters from boxers and managers everywhere, seeking to show here . . . . There is only one answer to all, until such a time when boxing is re-established in New Orleans and vicinity, there is nothing to be had here.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 38)

best bout of the month by defeating Rudy Strongberg of Germany . . . . Rusty, a Honolulu swimming star, is a nifty flying-tackler . . . . Congratulations to George Fitch, whose heavyweight tournament in Vancouver, Canada, produced the best heavyweight wrestling contests of the month . . . . Add to the list of mat brothers: George, Chris, Tom and "Babe" Zaharias . . . . Our sympathies to Jim Londos for the recent loss of his father.

* * *

FROM Dixieland comes the following notes, sent by Bernice Sandboe, our charming Southern correspondent:

The wrestlers, at any rate, seem to believe that it's true what they say about "Dixie." They are moving to town by the dozens. Among those headquartering here in Houston now are Karl Davis, Ed White, Lew Plummer, Sol Slagel, Casey Berger, Cowboy Luttrall, Roland Kirchmeyer, Ellis Bashara, Len Macaluso and Bob Wagner.

* * *

Darna Ostopovich, the big Pole, still regards me with a superior smirk and eyelids at half mast, when I approach him for a story. Only once before have my attempts to write a story on a wrestler been foiled and that was by Pat Reilly. After pursuing him for over a year, I finally won out, as I hope to in the case of Mister Ostopovich. However, as a friendly tip, I wouldn't advise you laying any bets to that effect.

* * *

Another worry I have is obtaining a story on Tiger Daula and his big little brother, Fazul Mohammed. Not that the Hindus object to a story—the fact is I haven't gotten up the nerve to ask them yet. They are such ferocious, formidable looking individuals that I haven't quite conquered my fear of them. The other night I started walking up to the Tiger, but just then Fazul came lumbering along, and so I darted off. But give me a little more time and I shall down my fear of the dusky skinned grapplers.

* * *

Come what may, Leo Daniel Boone Savage shall always have my undivided attention when it comes to ring showmanship. He refereed the matches the other night and presented as comical a figure as I've seen. Whenever the boys got a hold Leo didn't understand, he would whip out a rule book which he kept tucked in his overall pocket to determine whether or not the hold was legal.

* * *

The two most superbly matched men that I have ever seen in the ring (excepting Jim Londos and Everett Marshall) are Leo Savage and Fazul Mohammed. True, both are considered freaks by the majority of fans, but notwithstanding their beards and quaint publicity, these two gentlemen can battle an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

* * *

I imagine that when Ellis Bashara was a youngster he was what is laughingly termed "l'enfant terrible" or, to be psychological, a problem child. One can veritably see the effervescent Ellis as a youngster, tweeking the long, golden curls of some little miss, putting tacks on teacher's chair and concocting all sorts of mischief. And I'll wager that he was superb at having tantrums, stamping his feet and holding his breath when Mamma Bashara wouldn't let him have his way.

* * *

The other night Lew Plummer, the boy from Notre Dame, wrestled Darna Ostopovich. Down the row from me sat two ladies, who evidently think more of Mister O. than I do, for they nearly swooned each time Plummer would hit him, and, knowing Plummer as you must if you're a wrestling fan, that was very frequently. Finally the match was over, Darna staggered out, whilst Lew strutted from the pit of punishment with the victory. His glory, however, was brief, for when he arrived at the point of our row, one of the young ladies (?) darted out and planted a swell left on Lew's jaw. The astounded Mr. Plummer could only check his return punch in mid-air and mutter, "Are you a lady?" whilst Miss Dempsey strolled nonchalantly back to her seat.

* * *

RAMBLIN'S ON RASSLERS—Tommy O'Toole, the youngster from out West, has gone home to have his tonsils removed . . . . the Pat Reillys are expecting that big white bird . . . . I hope it's a boy, Patrick, and he's as swell a guy as you are . . . . out on the Coast they call Vincent Lopez the Spanish mat-ador . . . . I hear that Juan Olaguivel, the little Basque boy, is making a mighty fine record out in California . . . . so far, I have gotten this much information on Darna Ostopovich . . . . his nickname is "Barney" . . . . his favorite pastime is eating . . . . he has a little brother who is bigger than he is, and is a boxer . . . . he has tailor trouble because he's such a size . . . . and (to quote him) he has difficulty reading and writing the English language . . . . Marvin Westenberg and Juan-Jack-Jacques (take your choice) Humberto, seem to come out about even as the femmes' favorite . . . . imagine the wresters going for that current game of "handies" . . . . they say Dick Raines is a whiz at them . . . . have been hearing reports as to the ability of that bearded grappler, King Kong, barnstorming the Middle West . . . . they say he's an excellent wrestler as well as a great showman . . . . what's happened to Ernest Kelley? . . . . Lew Plummer's husky little son (age five years, weight sixty-five pounds) was presented a loving cup by the late Governor Ritchie of Maryland for being the largest baby in the state . . . . and this amazing youngster can speak three languages! . . . . I wish to acknowledge a letter from Miss Lucille M. Calhoun, who promotes wrestling matches at Honolulu, Hawaii . . . . Thank you so much for your letter, Miss Calhoun, and here's wishing you worlds of success.

* * *

AND from J. Jimmie Amann, come these notes from the Middle West:

Johnny Stote, Schenectady's speed boy and formerly one of the leading contenders for the welterweight championship held by the veteran Jack Reynolds, recently entered the middleweight class, according to reports received by the writer . . . . through that statement, Stote leaves No. 10 ranking in the 147-pound division of my National Wrestling Ratings and starts in the 160-pound ranks on a par with the lower rated middles . . . . through his victory over Ali Baba fifteen days previous to the encounter with Everett Marshall at Columbus, Dave Levin, New York, became recognized world's heavyweight wrestling champion in my ratings . . . . this recognition has drawn the ire of many down upon my head, but, like Nat Fleischer, Editor of this magazine, I will continue to rate Levin as champion until he is beaten . . . . a decision stands.

National Wrestling Ratings, latest release, which includes the rankings of over two thousand of the leading heavy, light-heavy, middle and welterweight wrestlers of the world, is now on the market for twenty-five cents in cash and a self-stamped envelope to Jimmy Amann, 1702 State Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . I have also compiled an active list of National Wrestling Promoters which every independent wrestler in the country should get . . . . The promoters' list is on the market same as the Ratings, twenty-five cents in cash and a self-stamped envelope . . . . Bert Assirati, the English heavyweight, grabbed No. 2 position from Everett Marshall in the heavy ratings . . . . Assirati, according to his English representative, who is now in San Francisco, will soon come to America for a series of matches . . . . Assirati's foreign record speaks for itself that he should attain the keystone position among universal heavies.

Blondie Black, tri-Mid Western states welterweight champion by virtue of his defeat of Pancho Sanchez, returned to the wars after a one-month layoff to set down Paddy Davenport and Jimmy Maxwell in successful defense of his duo-titles . . . . Joe Toots Mondt, manager of Dave Levin, world's heavyweight champion, bulletined the writer than the Jewish champion is ready to defend his title against all of the leading heavyweights . . . . watch Earl McCready . . . . Earl tore through the best down Antipodes way and now is on his way back to the States . . . . a Levin-McCready championship bout, a Marshall-Assirati challenger tilt and the winner of each of these matches in an early September title match, would just about clean up the championship situation . . . . like good wine, Jack Reynolds, world's welterweight champion, flows on forever . . . . fifteen years since Jack first grabbed the spotlight as No. 1 man in the 147-pound ranks and he continues to hold the throne of the welters despite the occasional sway of some up and coming star . . . . however Jack's star continues to shine.

Eddie Nigel is an up and coming middleweight star from the East who expects to see action shortly in the Middle West . . . . Billy Weidner, new world's light-heavyweight champion, defeated George Dusette, former champion, again on one of Ross Lader's cards in Cincinnati . . . . Sammy Klein, former tri-state welter champion, is another wrestler to invade the heavier division . . . . unlike Klein, Joe Weggesser, another Cincinnatian, announced his new campaign among the light-heavies . . . . he started it off with a trio of victories . . . . Mexico City has become a mecca of the little men . . . . Doug Henderson of Dallas is a huge favorite in the Mexican metropolis . . . . and a reminder again that National Wrestling Ratings, latest release, is now on the market. Get them from Jimmy Amann, Sports Rater, at 1702 State Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

A. Joyce, Isobel, S. Dak.

Q.—Did Jack Johnson ever fight Peter Jackson? If the heavyweight champion is knocked out in an exhibition bout, does he lose the title? Did Bob Olin fight and whip Maxie Rosenbloom for the title or was Maxie ousted? Did Harry Greb whip Harry Wills?

A.—Johnson never fought Jackson. No. The title does not change hands if it is billed as an exhibition bout. Olin won the light-heavyweight title from Rosenbloom. Greb never fought Wills.

Ray Clyne, Nampa, Idaho

Q.—I am seventeen years old. I have had nine fights, winning three. I have no manager. Could I make out better if I came to California. If so, please answer in the next issue.

A.—You need more experience before you can travel so far from home. There are many good preliminary fighters on the Coast and it is difficult for them to make much headway because there are too many of them right now. Find a capable manager and trainer near your own section to acquire that experience.

Buddy Jones, Prattville, Ala.

Q.—Please tell me what kind of exercises will develop the shoulders. How long does it take punching a heavy bag to develop a good punch and how long should you punch the bag each day?

A.—Bar exercises and the pulleys will be beneficial for shoulder development. Punching the heavy bag will not necessarily improve your hitting. It is good exercise and if you depend upon that form of exercise only about four rounds of three minutes each with one minute's rest, or six rounds of two minutes' duration, with one minute's rest.

Albert J. Champlin, Ridgewood, N. Y.

Q.—Would you please tell me something about Knockout Brown? Also, what is Joe Rossi doing? Is he to fight again?

A.—Nothing to tell except that he was a southpaw and a dangerous lightweight in the days of Freddy Welsh. Joe Rossi is still fighting and has been in action lately.

George McMiller, Beckley, W. Va.

Q.—Who was the last Negro to hold the lightweight championship and what year?

A.—Joe Gans was the last champion of the black race to hold the lightweight title. He lost it to Battling Nelson on July 4, 1908.

Harry Katz

Q.—I should like to know Mickey Serrian's address. I believe he comes from Pennsylvania. I would like to know if a boxer has to weigh in at the commissioner's office throughout the country, and if not, where? In what states is this not so? Does a fighter need a passport to fight in the possessions of the United States, such as the Philippines or Hawaii? How are passports arranged throughout Europe? For instance, you have a bout in England, and some time later in France or Germany. What is the procedure? How can you protect your money? And are all contracts for purses made up to be paid on the American value of money?

A.—Mickey Serrian can be reached at Lew Stillman's Gym, 54th and Eighth Ave., New York City. Boxers invariably have to weigh in at the boxing commission offices. You need a passport to leave this country on a vacation, but you must get a labor permit from the country to which you are going. England is very strict on labor permits and those are passed by the British Board of Boxing Control, which passes over the boxer's qualifications before they allow him to box there. You will not need a visa to enter the Philippines or Hawaii. For foreign countries you will have to obtain your visa through Washington, D. C. The agreement is made at the time the fight is under negotiation. You work under their system of money but you generally have a knowledge of the rate of exchange and make your price accordingly. If you are skeptical about the guarantee, you can make them deposit it with the American consul in that country and have it so stipulated in your contract.

Ring Reader, Montreal, Can.

Q.—Who was Joe Grim? When did he fight and why was he called the Iron Man?

A.—He fought in the time of Corbett, Fitz, etc. Was fearless and took much punishment.

Q.—Is Paulino called the Joe Grim of To-day?

A.—No.

Q.—Why is a contest called a No-Contest? Does that mean that it is a no-decision bout?

A.—No. It signifies that the referee has been displeased with the performance of one or both fighters and has "tossed" them out of the ring.

Q.—How old were Bob Fitzsimmons and John L. Sullivan when they died?

A.—Sullivan died Feb. 21, 1918 at the age of 60 after a long illness. Boz Fitzsimmons died October 17, 1917 in Chicago from double pneumonia.

A Reader

Q.—I am 18 years old and weigh 145 and am five feet 7½ inches tall. Will I be a heavyweight at maturity? I am studying your Height Increase Course. Will that help me to attain greater growth than normally?

I am interested in Jowett course but my friends tell me that is good only for fellows who want to become strong men and that for a boxer, it will tie up the muscles. What is your opinion?

A.—At 21 you should be about 170 and five feet 10½. If you take the stretching exercises regularly, you'll be a six footer. Jowett course is O.K. Nothing wrong but don't overdo the strong man stuff.

Lewis E. Smith, Lorton, Va.

Q.—I would like to have the following question answered. Does an amateur boxer have to have a license?

A.—An amateur boxer must be registered with the Amateur Athletic Union before he can engage in amateur bouts under their jurisdiction.

N. S. New York

Q.—Was Eddie McGoorty ever world middleweight champion?

A.—No. He was only a claimant. He, Jack Dillon, Frank Klaus, George Chip, Billy Papke, Jimmy Clabby and Mike Gibbons claimed the title after Ketchell's death.

Jeff Smith was in Australia at the time, and he also claimed the crown. He beat Mick King and then lost to Les Darcy. Darcy then fought King for the Australian middleweight championship and won it and then a bout was arranged between him and McGoorty and was advertised as for the world title and Darcy knocked out McGoorty in 15 rounds and next Darcy beat Jimmy Clabby in 20 rounds in another fight advertised as for the world title. That was in 1915. It was a very complicated affair.

Art McCaffrey

Q.—Is Joe Louis the Negro heavyweight champion of the world?

A.—There is no recognized title holder but I should say that Joe would lead the field at this writing.

Marty Fisher, Bismark, N. D.

Q.—I understand from Mr. Ed Patterson, owner of the Patterson Hotel and The Ring Tavern adjoining it, that he received all those great pictures that decorate the walls of his tavern from The Ring. Is it possible to purchase any old photos from you?

A.—Yes. We furnished all of the photos of famous fighters for Jack Dempsey's Tavern, Mickey Walker's, The Ring of your city and other famed taverns too numerous to mention. We have 16,000 photos from which to make your choice.

John Joe Sheehy, Listowel, Ireland

Q.—What became of that iron-jawed South American lightweight of a few years ago, Justo Suarez? Was Jack Dillon the real name of that Indianapolis light-heavyweight who fought back in the War Days? Was he Irish born? How could I reach him? Please name Jim Jeffries' ten opponents before he beat Fitzsimmons, with the results of the fights? Please give me particulars of Jack Johnson's two comebacks in 1916 and 1926. Whom did he fight and how did he get on?

A.—Suarez returned to South America and after a few mediocre engagements retired from the ring after his United States tour. Dillon's real name was Ernest Cutler Price. He was born in Indiana and came of Scotch-Irish stock. He is now living in Los Angeles and might be reached in care of Jim Jeffries Barn, Burbank, Calif. Jim Jeffries beat Bob Armstrong, Tom Sharkey, Pete Everett, Peter Jackson, Joe Goddard drew with Joe Choynski and Gus Ruhlin, kayoed Henry Baker, T. Van Buskirk and Dan Long before he won the title from Fitzsimmons. Jack Johnson fought, he lost the title to Jess Willard, kayoed Blink McCloskey in Spain, beat Captain Bob Roper in Mexico, kayoed John Allen, Marty Cutler, Joe Boyken. He fought a no decision bout with Ray Neal, kayoed Frank Owens, whipped Topeka Jack Johnson, a no-decision bout with Jack Thompson, beat Farmer Lodge and won from Homer Smith in Montreal, which was his last fight on record.

T. B. Bello, Hartford, Conn.

Q.—Do you handle any gymnastic or athletic material?

A.—Only Lind-Hendrickson hand grips, skipping ropes, spring exercisers, elastic cables, all rubber exercisers, chest expanders, home gym outfits and fighters and wrestlers outfits in box, containing one heavy athletic jump rope, one pair strong grip machines, one extra heavy 10 cable chest expander.

Q.—How may I reduce excess weight on my legs?

A.—By much walking—Take long hikes. Do rowing and swimming exercises.

Q.—Is it possible for a normal person to develop himself from a Jowett course?

A.—Yes. The Jowett and Atlas courses are O.K.

John H. Anderson, Belize, British Honduras

Q.—Was Schmeling ever floored at any time, by Joe Louis in their last fight? Who is the hardest hitter among the following three: Joe Louis, Max Schmeling, Max Baer?

A.—No. I think Louis is the hardest hitter of the three mentioned.

George Cook, Concordia, Kan.

Q.—Was Jack Dempsey knocked out when he was in the same stage of development as Joe Louis is today? Is it true that skipping rope is injurious to the heart? Is it true that beginners in boxing must take it easy on the heavy bag for fear of becoming muscle bound?

A.—Louis was far more advanced than Dempsey when they both suffered knockouts. Not necessarily injurious but some boxers do refrain from including skipping rope among their exercises. Heavy bag punching will not cause muscle bound condition but it is almost as strenuous as actual boxing and you have to be well conditioned physically before you begin heavy bag punching.

Nick P., Denver, Colo.

Q.—I am eighteen years of age and am six feet 4 inches tall. I weigh about 180 pounds. What will my height and weight be at full growth? How can I keep from growing more?

A.—You will not grow much further but your weight will increase past the 200 mark. There is no way of checking your growth.

James L. Bolitho, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Where was Battling Siki born? How many fights did he have? What does he do for a living now?

A.—Siki was born in Senegal, September 16, 1897. Siki engaged in about eighty professional contests. He was killed in a drunken brawl by an unknown assailant December 14, 1935.

James J. Hart, Jr., New Orleans, La.

Q.—Is Popper Stopper, who fought Maxey Rosenbloom and Al Ettore in 1933 and 1934 around Philadelphia, a Negro or a Caucasian?

A.—Popper Stopper is a Negro.

John P. Boyd, Langdon, N. Dak.

Q.—Should a short, stockily built lightweight concentrate more on developing a straight left or a left hook? Is the weave and bob style of fighting an effective style for a shifty, hard hitting lightweight?

A.—Those who are short and stocky and are handicapped by reach generally adopt the hooking and swinging style and both bob and weave in their attack. It is a method of getting away from the other fellow's lead and enables you to attack with more success.

P. H. Pederson, Tacoma, Wash.

Q.—Why, if Louis was the best fighter in all history (sports writers agreed) has not Max Schmeling replaced him in that class in view of Max's wonderful victory?

A.—Upsets often happen in the boxing game and the winner of that particular upset does not necessarily take the place of the loser. Dempsey was beaten by Tunney the first time yet he never replaced Dempsey as one of the greatest fighters. Schmeling will go down in history as the man who scored one of the most remarkable upsets in the history of boxing, but certainly cannot be acclaimed as the greatest because of that victory.

Buck Hinote, Milton, Fla.

Q.—Does a knockdown automatically give the round to the one who knocks his opponent down?

A.—In almost every case, yes. Sometimes a fellow scores a lucky knockdown but is beaten decisively in the balance of the round then it is up to the discretion of the referee or the judges to decide who won the round.

George W. Rutherford, Oakland, Calif.

Q.—Who in your opinion were the five best lightweights fighting in the East in the year 1916? How would you rate Ever Hammer in that list? Who do you think gave Benny Leonard one of his toughest battles? Would greatly appreciate a list of all featherweight champions?

A.—Benny Leonard, Lew Tendler, Johnny Dundee, Freddy Welsh, Charley White. Hammer was a tough, rugged, boring-in fighter, but did not belong in the above group. Lew Tendler gave Leonard his hardest fight. Leonard was given many tough battles by Irish Patsy Kline, Johnny Dundee, Charley White, Ritchie Mitchell, Willie Ritchie and many others. Ike Weir was the first recognized featherweight champion. In succession there followed, Billy Murphy, George Dixon, Terry McGovern, Abe Attell, Johnny Kilbane, Eugene Criqui, Johnny Dundee, Louis Kid Kaplan, Benny Bass, Tony Canzoneri, Andre Routis, Battling Battalino, Kid Chocolate, Freddy Miller, Petey Sarron.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE indoor season is rapidly approaching and consequently there was very little action displayed by the headliners. Max Baer still continues his siege of fighting in small towns and scoring over mediocre material; John Henry Lewis whipping Al Gainer and Barney Ross scoring over Phil Furr in overweight matches. Petey Sarron defended his featherweight title successfully against Baby Manuel; Henry Armstrong won the Coast featherweight title by trouncing Baby Arizmendi; Indian Quintana scored a big upset in winning over Sixto Escobar and Urbinati, an Italian, stepped into the limelight with a victory over Valentin Anglemann.

Starting with the heavyweight division the following action was observed: Max Baer scored knockouts over Bob Williams in one, Jimmy Merriott in two and Junior Munsell in five. Maxey Rosenbloom won his second Australian bout by whipping Leo Kelly. Red Burman disposed of Hans Kohlhaas in two sessions. Ray Impellitiere scored over Andre Lenglet. Al McCoy fought a draw with Tommy Loughran. King Levinsky whipped Big Boy Brackey. Buck Everett scored over Al Delaney. Hank Hankinson kayoed Leonard Dixon in seven rounds. Frankie Hammer whipped Charley Coates, drew with Jack Roper and was kayoed by Bob Nestell in ten rounds. Jack Roper disposed of Moose Irwin in seven rounds.

Bob Pastor scored over Unknown Winston and Billy Ketchell. Abie Feldman battled to a draw with Trader Horn. Nathan Mann scored over Louis Le Page. Bob Olin whipped Jimmy De Sola. Tony Galento kayoed James J. Taylor in one round. Leon Ketchell disposed of Roy Bennett in the first. Sandy McDonald kayoed Larry Johnson in six. Leo Lomski beat Edide Boyle and Jack Petric but was beaten by Pal Silvers. Pepe Del Rio defeated Butch Rogers. Lee Savoldi scored over Don Conn but was beaten by Sonny Walker. Jimmy Mendies drew and licked Izzy Singer.

The light-heavyweight division has a champion who is a credit to his class. He defeated Al Gainer while Gainer kayoed Frankie Simms in five rounds. Jack Gibbons defeated Fred Lenhart. Ray Actis whipped Carmen Barth but Barth returned with a three round knockout over Swede Berglund. Bud Mignault scored over Charley Weise. Leroy Brown finished Ralph Barbara in four rounds. Nick Masters defeated John Anderson.

In the middleweight class, Ken Overlin leads the active contenders with a three round knockout over Billy Hood. Young Corbett whipped Mike Bazzone. Harry Balsamo stepped into the elite circle with a one round knockout over Paul Pirrone. Paul disposed of Ralph Chong in the second. Gorilla Jones drew with Art Taylor. Ben Jeby won from Jackie Aldare. Ben Brown whipped Young Terry. Tommy Freeman scored over Johnny Phagan. Marty Simmons finished Mark Hough in seven rounds. Alabama Kid defeated Roughhouse Glover and kayoed Dynamite Reed in one round. Frankie Caris bested Bob Turner. Arizona kid defeated Joe Smallwood.

Barney Ross, welterweight champion, scored handily over Phil Furr in Washington. Ceferino Garcia scored knockouts over Kid Azteca and Leon Zorrita in five rounds each. Fritzie Zivic disposed of Laddie Tonelli in six and defeated Mickey Duris. Jimmy Leto whipped Cleto Locatelli and kayoed Mike Barto in one round. Jack Portney kayoed Johnny Nieves in six, defeated Eddie Connolly but was beaten by Cocoa Kid who also kayoed Young Peter Jackson in two rounds. Izzy Jannazzo scored over Johnny Jadick. Ray Napolitano was beaten by Johnny Clinton and Ralph Vona.

Bobby Pacho drew with Gaston Le Cadre and lost to Glen Lee. Mickey Serrian disposed of Joe Legon in eight rounds. Chuck Woods won over Milt Aron, Sammy Chivas and kayoed Joe Sutka in two rounds. Young Gene Buffalo won over Frankie Blair who whipped Tony Falco. Falco scored over Andre Jesserun. Joe Pennino won from Bobby Cortez. Teddy Loder stopped Frankie Bruno in five rounds. Tracey Cox kayoed K. O. Castillo in the sixth, Bobby Wilson disposed of Jack Stanley in two and Paul Cortlyn in four. Wildcat O'Connor drew with Vinve De Angelo. Eddie McGeever whipped Danny Koplick. Mickey Makar scored over Red Cochrane. Tony Herrera whipped Tiny Kline. Norman Snow disposed of Johnny Toomey in five rounds.

Frankie Klick went down to defeat twice this month and removed himself from the lightweight picture for the time being. He was beaten by Howard Scott and Jimmy Vaughn. Enrico Venturi defeated Honey Mellody. Wesley Ramey drew with Indian Hurtado and disposed of Joe Zodda in five rounds. Aldo Spoldi kayoed Jackie Berg in two rounds. Danny London was kayoed by Young Casanova in four but he stopped Tin Can Romanelli in five sessions. Chino Alvarez whipped Roger Bernard and kayoed Stumpy Jacobs in five rounds.

Phil Baker kayoed Young Zazzerino in five rounds. Al Roth whipped Pete Mascia and drew with Orville Drouillard. Joey Costa disposed of Al Dunbar in two rounds but was beaten by Billy Beauhold. Billy also kayoed Chang Collura in two rounds. Lew Feldman whipped Joey Greb and drew with Johnny Morro. Greb whipped Ray Nash who was also beaten by Red Guggino. Guggino defeated Charley Gomer who was also beaten by Norment Quarles but Gomer scored over Johnny Johnson. Tony Fisher won over Red Cochrane and Frankie Terranova. Davey Day kayoed Gene Salvatore in four. Davey Finn scored two victories over Mike Piskin, Johnny Durso defeated Mervin McLean. Charley Burns won from Cecil Payne.

Petey Sarron retained his featherweight title in a championship battle with Baby Manuel. He also whipped Davey Abad. Henry Armstrong trimmed Baby Arizmendi. Freddy Miller scored over Jimmy Buckler. Buckler also lost to Young Rightmire. Mike Belloise finished Joe Doherty in the ninth. Nel Tarleton whipped Maurius Beaudry and kayoed Ivor Drew in eight. Juan Zurita outpointed Midget Wolgast. Varias Milling finished Johnny Di Sopa in six. Joey Brown lost to Kid Chocolate and was kayoed by Conrad Conde in one round. Sammy Angott defeated Victor Vallee. Tommy Speigal whipped Bobby Dechter. Lloyd Pine kayoed Johnny Green in two rounds. Jimmy English scored over Joey Wach.

Indiana Quintana furnished the surprise of the month when he whipped Sixto Escobar. Johnny King kayoed Tommy Steele in five rounds. Henry Hooks whipped Armanda Sicilia. Jackie Brown won over Nipper John Cusick. Nat Litfin whipped Joey Archibald. Frankie Martin defeated Kid Hart. Len Hampston kayoed Bobby Magee in eight rounds, Johnny Ladao whipped Baby Face Mathewson and Peppy Sanchez.

In the flyweight class, Urbinati whipped Valentin Anglemann while Anglemann scored over Pierre Louis. Phil Milligan disposed of Billy Nash in five rounds. Joe Hardy lost to Tiny Bostock but kayoed Peter Miller in nine rounds.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Jim McStravick, Ireland.
Bantamweight—Maxie Rubin, Montreal, Canada.
Featherweight—Johnny Rohrig, Clifton, N. J.
Lightweight—Patsy Kelly, Cleveland, Ohio.
Welterweight—Bobby Venner, Omaha, Neb.
Middleweight—Billy Conn, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Light-Heavyweight—Tom Henry, Philadelphia, Pa.
Heavyweight—Matt Rhodes, Denver, Colo.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending August 12:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Freddy Steele	Jack Carroll
2—Joe Louis	Leo Kelly	Lou Brouillard	Jimmy McLarnin
3—Al Ettore	Jock McAvoy	Fred Apostoli	Ceferino Garcia
4—Jack Sharkey	Jack Gibbons	Ken Overlin	Fritzie Zivic
5—Max Baer	Ray Actis	Erich Seelig	Jimmy Leto
6—Maxey Rosenbloom	Carmen Barth	Young Corbett	Cocoa Kid
7—Leroy Haynes	Fred Lenhart	Babe Risko	Jack Portney
8—Red Burman	George Nichols	Harry Balsamo	Izzy Jannazzo
9—Phil Brubaker	Steve Carr	Al Quaill	Gordon Wallace
10—Ray Impellitiere	Bud Mignault	Solly Kreiger	Johnny Clinton
Lightweights	**Featherweights**	**Bantamweights**	**Flyweights**
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Petey Sarron	World's Champion Tony Marino	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Henry Armstrong	Baltazar Sangchili	Jim Warnock
2—Pedro Montanez	Freddy Miller	Louis Salica	Small Montana
3—Howard Scott	Mike Belloise	Indian Quintana	Benny Lynch
4—Laurie Stevens	Baby Arizmendi	Sixto Escobar	Pat Palmer
5—Enrico Venturi	Nel Tarleton	K. O. Morgan	Peter Kane
6—Leonard Del Genio	Dick Corbett	Johnny King	Urbinati
7—Jimmy Vaughn	Dave Crowley	Henry Hooks	Valentin Anglemann
8—Indian Hurtado	Maurice Holtzer	Pablo Dano	Jim Campbell
9—Wesley Ramey	Juan Zurita	Jackie Brown	Syd Parker
10—Aldo Spoldi	Tony Chavez	Nat Litfin	Phil Milligan

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ARCHIE PIROLLO

FRANKIE THOMAS is devoting plenty of time to the colored lightweight, Johnny Johnson. This chap won 103 bouts in the amateurs out of 112 and has lost but one bout since turning professional, against the well seasoned Charley Gomer in a sensational scrap. Joe Gramby, who piloted Johnson in the amateurs, is now his trainer.

Bob Mitchell, clever colored heavyweight, is now handled by Joe Middleton. We predict a bright future for this hard-punching heavy . . . . Roosevelt Rowe is coming along fast and in his last scrap he held Johnny Duca to a draw . . . . Willie Felton, 130-pound youngster, is back after a Western invasion and will be seen in the local clubs soon . . . . Jack Stanley, trainer, is at the Olympia Gymnasium daily. He is training Bobby Dean, Kirk Burke, Billy Nichie, Ralph Chong, among others.

Young Gene Buffalo, welterweight, is fast making the grade. Buffalo defeated Johnny Jadick, Fritzie Zivic and Mickey Blair. This places him in competition with the topnotchers hereabouts.

Atlantic City—Young Gene Buffalo won over Frankie Blair in fifteen rounds. Charley Gomer defeated Johnny Johnson. Bobby Green outfought Sammy Bocelle. Baby "Kid" Chocolate defeated Danny Murphy. Billy Mariner and Al Narciso drew.

Camden—Billy Ketchell and Joe Walcott drew. Joey Allen won over Johnny Toomey. Joe Stragis T.K.O.'ed Billy Mariner. Freddy Lewis and Joe Duca drew. Tony Rico won over Jimmy Russell.

Camden—Joey Allen outpointed Frankie Wallace. Wickey Harkins and Johnny Lucas drew. Joe Stragis outclassed Norman Rahn. Joe Reno stopped Eddie Michaels. Al Narciso K.O.'ed Eddie Trainer.

Billy Ketchell lost to Bob Pastor. Tony Falco was stopped by Fritzie Zivic but came back to outpoint Andre Jesserun. Izzy Jannazzo defeated Johnny Jadick. Henry Taylor won over Joe Banovic. Arizona Kid defeated Joe Smallwood.

Tommy Loughran returned from Montreal, where he drew with Al McCoy. Loughran is expected to leave for the Coast soon, where he has several offers.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

TAKING raps at the New York State Athletic Commission seems to be a popular pastime these days. The local Commission has been the target of some expert thrusts and there doesn't seem to be anything that one can do about it. There is a vast deal of difference between constructive and destructive criticism. With all the differences of opinion that has existed between the Commission and myself it has never been my policy to become destructively vicious.

It is my opinion that the Commission alone is to blame for all the censures that have been thrown at them. A domineering body of men who are very sensitive to criticism yet do not do anything to amend their faults. A person brought before one of their meetings would imagine that he were being tried for life. There is an air of martial arrogance in their rulings and their vindictive attitude does not impress one with their power. It is more like a comic opera with the meeting given every appearance of a court trial, from a humorous standpoint of view.

Less majestic appearances and more common-sense friendliness with the people over whom they command would lend to more amiable conditions. The boxers and their managers are not criminals—gentlemen. But you would never suspect that fact if you witnessed someone being brought up under charges.

These same managers and boxers are responsible for you occupying the high, honorable posts you have. Even though there is no compensation for the work the commissioners do, there is plenty of glory and international publicity attached to the post which makes the job one worth while. Hence why not carry on in a real business manner instead of in a manner that befits a general court martial? Why not give all hands a square deal—something they do not get now because of the high-handed methods adopted not only by the New York Commission, but practically every ruling body of boxing in this country?

The latest bit of miscarriages of justice was rendered in the Tony Canzoneri angle and the suspension of Joe Jacobs. At a later meeting the Commission reversed their previous decisions without injury to the dignity of these officials.

Tony Canzoneri, one of the few bright spots in the boxing game, was brought before the board for failing to go through with the Lou Ambers match which went through three postponements. If the Boxing Commission is aware of Canzoneri's record, and their posts should entitle them to that knowledge, they would know that Canzoneri never dodged any dangerous foe—in fact he insisted on selecting the most dangerous rivals as his competitors at all times.

Canzoneri requested the postponement because Jimmy McLarnin's potent right hand shattered Canzoneri's nose to such an extent that he was forced to go through an operation which required twenty stitches before the operation was pronounced a success.

Without taking into consideration the individual, they assailed his character, had him appear before the Commission on several occasions and made it altogether miserable for one of the finest inspirations that boxing ever offered. For no possible reason they made it appear that Canzoneri was deliberately ducking their own hand picked candidate—Lou Ambers. It is a known fact that Pedro Montanez is considered the most formidable opponent that Canzoneri has in the lightweight ranks but that means nothing when the vanity of the Commission must be appeased.

Joe Jacobs' license was revoked because he committed the horrible crime of omitting to file his contract with Max Schmeling. A detail like that is a trivial matter and something that happens every day in the course of daily affairs but Jacobs was selected as the example—a reason for which only the Commission can find an excuse. Later they reinstated Joe when he produced the said contract, a fuss created for which there was no occasion.

An instance of the unfair attitude of the Commission towards the boys who do the boxing may be found in the case of a four-round preliminary boy, whose name would not make the story any more important. He was booked for a preliminary bout at a local club a few weeks ago and the day of the weighing in his opponent failed to appear. Instead of protecting the boy who had trained faithfully for the bout and was in condition to fight that night they gave the matchmaker five minutes time to secure a substitute or else replace him with another bout.

One of their late rulings was to change the official weighing in time to twelve noon rather than the usual 2 P.M. It is difficult to find anyone in the gymnasium at that early hour and it was impossible to secure a heavyweight substitute on such short notice. Rather than give a helping hand to the club and to the fighter who had paid his license fee and trained two weeks for the bout, they decided in a high-handed manner to toss this boy off the card and order a substitute bout.

It is just as easy to deal properly with the boxers, managers and fight clubs as it is to act in a manner befitting the old Czar's attitude toward his subjects, and I see no reason why Messrs. Phelan, Brown and Wear don't see the light in this respect. Something must be radically wrong when a number of the New York newspapers repeatedly attack the Commission's acts, hence I am not alone in my complaint. Again I repeat that such tyrannic methods do not befit the gentlemen who have been honored by New York as its boxing commissioners.

Harry Balsamo, Harlem middleweight, established himself as a figure to be reckoned with in the future by the manner in which he disposed of Paul Pirrone, veteran Clevelander, in the first round of their bout at the Queensboro Arena. This was another big upset at the club of upsets and it paved the way for the coming of a new middleweight star on the horizon. Balsamo dropped Paul three times but Paul got up and floored Balsamo with a wild right. Without taking the advantage of a count Balsamo tore after Paul and after dropping him two more times, the referee called a halt.

Jes Cortes has returned from the Philippines with another array of Filipino stars and is still seeking more Eastern talent to exploit on the Pacific Coast. He can be reached in Room 344 of the I. W. Hellman Bldg. in Los Angeles—That $70,000 house that Freddy Steele drew with Babe Risko in Seattle established Nate Druxman as a first class promoter—John Henry Lewis and Al Gainer drew a remarkable gate of $35,000 in an overweight match in Pittsburgh which re-established that town as a high class boxing center—A return match between this pair for the title at stake might double that figure—It's just one of those amazing miracles that crop up every now and then—Two outsiders drawing money like that is little short of miraculous—Frankie Jacobs who recently made a successful trip to Porto Rico with Mickey Serrian managed to snare one of their best bantamweights in the person of Kid Jaramillo, ranked next to Escobar in the hearts of the Porto Rican fans.

Johnny Clinton, native New York welterweight, seems to be on the upgrade. After winning a lucky decision over Gustave Eder, he came through in good style by whipping Ray Napolitano—Bob Olin made his first start in this country since returning from England by winning the decision over Jimmy De Sola, Spanish light-heavyweight—Lew Feldman had no trouble in whipping Joey Greb on the same show at the Coney Island Velodrome—Barney Ross made an eastern appearance by winning an overweight match from Phil Furr in Washington—Jack Dempsey was imported to referee the bout for Goldie Ahern—Al Roth broke up the Queensboro Arena jinx by whipping Pete Mascia after a gruelling battle. Eddie McGeever repeated his victory over Danny Koplick—Petey Sarron defended his newly won featherweight title against Baby Manuel in Dallas, Texas, and came through a clear winner at the end. Sarron continued his itinerary by winning over Davey Abad at the Hollywood Stadium—Max Baer hurt the aspirations of a promising heavyweight when he stopped Junior Munsell in five rounds.

Aldo Apoldi, Italian thunderbolt, put a halt to Jackie Berg's American aspirations when he stopped the plucky Berg in the second round at Ebbets Field—Berg had nothing left but an abundance of courage and the referee halted the unequal match after he had hit the floor three times. Berg announced his retirement after that bout. It would be cruel to see this plucky Englishman being battered around by mediocre competition any longer and nothing else could happen—Jimmy Leto displayed the best form on the program when he whipped Cleto Locatelli in a scintillating encounter. Leto had Cleto in bad shape in the second round but Locatelli made a courageous comeback and was fighting back desperately every inch of the way—Wesley Ramey and Indian Hurtado did everything but hurt each other in their ten round bout which closed the show—Abie Feldman battled to a draw with Trader Horn in the opening ten. The show attracted close to $10,000 at the box office.

Izzy Jannazzo scored over Johnny Jadick at the Dyckman Oval for the United Palestine Benefit Fund. Jannazzo scored three knockdowns and won all the way. Lew Feldman and Johnny Moro battled their way through ten rounds to a draw. Al Reid scored over Young Jack Sharkey in a special six—Enrico Venturi, busy punching Italian invader, whipped Honey Mellody after a tough battle at Dexter Park in Brooklyn. Young Casanova made his initial bow in New York when he disposed of Danny London in four rounds—Joe Basco takes time out to deny that it was not his charge, Lloyd Pine, who was recently credited with losing to Lucius Fleet, of New Orleans. "It's a phony commercializing on the good name of Pine," indignantly exclaims Joe, and we heartily agree with him—Ben Jeby, after two attempts to stage a comeback, has again announced that he is through with boxing. Ben won both fights and looked pretty good but the financial returns were far from inducive to urge him to stay in the game.

What a jinx that Queensboro Arena is to good fighters! The latest headliner to fall under that category was Sixto Escobar, claimant to the American bantamweight title, when he was thoroughly beaten by Indian Quintana in ten rounds. Quintana was such an outsider that no one even attempted to wager on his chances. Bigger odds than were offered on the Louis-Schmeling debacle were tempted to the short enders but no one could concede Quintana the slightest opportunity of winning and consequently lost a chance to clean up—Paul Pirrone had no trouble with Ralph Chong and put him away in two rounds in Newark—This aroused the elation of Eddie Walker into believing that Paul was a rejuvenated figure but the Balsamo disaster dispelled his hopes for the time being—Jerry Conway, who formerly had the dubious honor of being Maxey Rosenbloom's trainer, is now handling an array of talent in his own light. He is handling the affairs of Trader Horn, Freddy Foran and Harry Gentile.

The latest entries into the gymnasium field are Johnny Keyes, the eminent ex-mayor of Chinatown—he lost that title when he deserted the eastern coast—and Babe McCoy, the corpulent brother of Al McCoy, old time middleweight champion—Johnny and Babe are running the Ringside A.C. in Los Angeles and seem to be doing nicely—Billy Haack, Jr. has taken the place of his Father in the promotion of boxing matches in Memphis, Tenn. Haack is one of the few old timers whose word was his bond and it is hoped that young Billy will emulate the success that his Father enjoyed. He is looking for fistic talent and can be reached at 105 Clark Place, Memphis.

Boxing was never intended to be a cut and dried affair which is essential to a legitimate business enterprise—Color, glamour and plenty of imagination is needed to lure the fight fans from their radio these days and the Boxing Commission is trying to destroy that—We need the swagger of Max Baer, the magnetic punching power and uncertain chin of Ruby Goldstein, the fighting ferociousness of Ace Hudkins—Fight managers also share in their display of color—who presents a more picturesque figure than "Two Gun" Wirt Ross with his ten gallon hat, explaining the virtues of his Henry Armstrong, the toughest, fightingest and gamest featherweight in the game today—On September 14 I shall become a publisher. On that day I shall place on sale my new boxing magazine, "Bang." This publication will be a trade journal for boxers, managers and fighters. It will be a weekly and will be devoted to boxing news and comment which should help those in the game. Boxing needs such a journal, hence I've decided to publish one. My address is Eddie Borden, Hotel Forrest, New York City.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

EDDIE (BABE) RISKO is back home again, shorn of his middleweight laurels, which he lost to Freddie Steele at Seattle. The bout drew $61,000, according to the Babe, and he received a guarantee of $25,000 for putting his title at stake, and $1,000 training expenses. Nate Druxman promoted the show, and is reported seriously considering re-matching the boys. Risko made a gallant stand, and although he was on the floor twice during the fifteen rounds, he was gradually forging to the front in the last four frames.

Before he returned to Syracuse, Risko purchased a new automobile and then underwent an operation to remove scar tissue over his eyes. The plastic surgeon did an excellent job on the ex-champ, and if anything, he is handsomer than ever. Babe tells me he has three bouts on the Pacific Coast lined up for this fall. He plans to take things easy on his big chicken farm at Constantia, about twenty miles north of Syracuse, for a month or two.

Joey Brown made a bid for fame and fortune at Havana, Cuba, but failed to achieve his goal. Joey lost to Kid Chocolate, the once famous Cuban bon-bon, in a ten-rounder at the Cristal Arena, and two weeks later tackled Conrado Conde of Havana at the same club with more disastrous results. Conde knocked him out in the first round of a scheduled ten-round bout.

Babe Amos, phantom of the middleweights, is in great shape and ready for such boys as Frankie Battaglia, Paul Pirrone, Babe Risko, Fred Apostoli, Young Corbett, Jack Gibbons or any of the other top-notchers willing to risk a decision with him. Babe is the owner of an educated left and he carries plenty of zing in his right. A tall, well-built youngster with a world of class and color he is one of the ring's outstanding showmen.

Ralph De John, another crack Syracuse middleweight whom we have been raving about, turned in two more impressive wins at Buffalo. Ralph defeated Paul Mahoney and Tony Tozzo in the Bison City, and is now gunning for bouts with the leaders.

The Arena has been repaired from the damage caused by fire, and amateur boxing is once more in the limelight. Tiny Jim Brown of Syracuse University decisioned Pete Tamalonis, Buffalo deaf mute, in the main go on the initial show, while Sam Leta of Rochester whipped Bob Heitzman of Utica in the wind-up on Irv Robbins' second offering.

Amateur boxing shows now offer the only fistic entertainment available with pro boxing in the doldrums. Now and then Utica bobs up with a card featuring Bushy Graham, Elmira is making a desperate attempt to revive interest in the game, and occasionally Al Stern stages a show in Binghamton. The answer to the ever growing question, "What is the matter with pro boxing in this section?" as I see it, is the current lack of local attractions. Even the amateurs have to import their talent from out-of-town.

Bank night at three downtown theaters on fight night is hurting the attendance at the amateurs . . . . The movies often give out as much as $1,200 to the lucky winners . . . . Bert Courage, the Hobart College light-heavyweight, is working with a pick and shovel hardening his muscles for a return to the ring wars this fall . . . . Joe Moran, once handled by bow-tie Jimmy Bronson, is now refereeing amateur fights in his spare time . . . . Moran also teaches physical education at Auburn and Syracuse . . . . Johnny Mastrella, Syracuse University boxer, pulled one for the book at a recent amateur show . . . . Johnny lost every round to a lad named Carl Delberta of Oneonta, and when the officials handed Mastrella the decision amid a storm of boos, Johnny got back in the ring after the main bout had started and the fans were still putting up an awful din, and announced he "refused to accept the decision" . . . . He no doubt made many friends, for the boos turned to cheers and the cry "Rematch them" could be heard for blocks . . . . It was the first time we ever saw a fighter refuse to accept a victory, no matter how unfair . . . . Steve Halaiko is attempting a comeback. He is training hard at Elmira . . . . Steve says he will not accept another bout until he is in tip-top shape . . . . Sam Birney, local fight judge and dispenser of fight tickets, claims Braddock will whale the daylights out of Schmeling . . . . Sam saw Jim work at Loch Sheldrake and was greatly impressed with the champ.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE Rochester Amateur Boxing Association ran its first outdoor boxing show last month and drew a fair house. The fans didn't like the fights so well.

The following boys fought on the card: Sam Leta won a five-round decision over Lou Presto; Eddie Thomas defeated Dean Hoffman of Bingo, five rounds; Steve Kuhol of Johnson City defeated Bobby Owens, five rounds; Ken Horton defeated Willie Neclin, five rounds; Frankie Kouac defeated Johnny Shero, five rounds; Jack Garlin K.O.'ed Pete Fiore, one round.

The Watertown Amateur Fight Club put on a great show in honor of Governor Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey. His party of state officials were guests of honor. Hoffman, with his short, snappy jokes, made a big hit with the fans. He said that the bouts were the best amateur bouts he has seen in years, and that he enjoyed them very much. He also said that he will give a medal, with his name and the New Jersey seal on it, to the winner of each bout.

The following bouts were put on at Watertown in honor of Governor Hoffman: Hughie Smith, Rochester, defeated Harold McLeod, Canadian lightweight champion, five rounds; Jimmy Coletta, Watertown, defeated Cecil Breathwaite of Montreal, five rounds; Joey Stefano, Rochester, defeated Wally Potvin, Montreal, five rounds; Johnny Netti, Auburn, defeated Lloyd Ryan of Montreal, five rounds, and Ross Armstrong of Watertown defeated Ray McIntyre of Montreal in the third open bout.

At the Binghamton pro show, Joey Nealon, Scranton's welterweight star, and Tony Grebb of New York fought a nice eight-round draw. Wade Lumkin and Vincent Funk fought an eight-round draw in the semi-final. Georgie Carlo held Midget Doyle to a six-round draw. Indian Billy Hill stopped Ray Pabon in one round. Carl Gilmore defeated Young Fitzsimmons in four rounds.

The following boys are training daily at Billy Baird's gym: Joey Stefano, Sammy Goritz, Jim Flood, Hughie Smith, Don Stevens, Hank Smith, Joy DiCarlo, Jack Garlan, Al Traino, Wild Bill Fogarty, George Polito, Eddie Thomas, and others.

Irish Jim Flood is training daily and would like to fight Bert Courage or Sammy Leta. Flood said that if he doesn't lick both of them he'll forfeit his purse.

Rochester will run weekly amateur shows during the summer months. Rochester has one of the best amateur boxing teams in the country and would like to hear from amateur clubs. Address the writer at 238 Lyndhurst Street, Rochester, New York.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

AT the Walnut Beach Stadium, Milford, Leroy Brown, Charleston, S. C., leather-tosser, opened a deep cut over Ralph Barbara's right eye to gain the referee's award on a technical knockout in the fourth round of their billed ten-round bout.

A ring victory was scored on a technical kayo by Johnny Bellus, New Haven scrapper, over Willie Hagen of Haverhill, Mass., in the fifth frame in the six-round semi-final. The battle between Mike Valente from Norwalk and Mike Silacka, New Haven, ended in the second round with Valente declared the victor on a technical kayo. Pin Boy Jumbo, lightweight, battled four rounds to an even decision with Jimmy Stewart. Snooks Lacey, Norwich featherweight, took a four-round decision from Pete Moskowitz of Meriden.

In the star attraction at South Park, Hartford, Jimmy Leto outpunched Casper Larosa, New York, to win the victory by decision in a feature ten-round bout. Eddie Reed, Hartford featherweight, came through with a triumph by outpointing Fred Foran of East Hartford in the eight-round semi-final. Johnny Compo, New Haven featherweight, decisively defeated Harry Gentile of Hartford in six. Gene Bonin, heavyweight from Willimantic, and George Fitch, New Haven Negro fighter, battled four rounds to a draw. Johnny Mack, New Haven lightweight, flattened Nat Kolin of Southington in two rounds.

FISTICUFF TOWER TOPICS—B. Gordon Fyfe, San Francisco, Calif.: Names of active wrestling promoters and where they can be reached, Al Caroly at the New Haven Arena, New Haven; Joe Smith, Pyramid Mosque, Bridgeport; Jack Hurly, Foot Guard Hall, Hartford, and George Mullingan jointly with Joe Zonin. They can be reached at the following address, George Mullingan's Restaurant, Phonix Ave., Waterbury, Conn. . . . Bob Capocy, Chicago, Ill.: Having a little difficulty . . . . Pinkie George, Waterloo, Iowa, notified this scribe that he has under his wing a good young welterweight in Bob Venner . . . . Harry Gentile, Hartford featherweight, was kayoed by his ring foe, Johnny Rohrig, in the fifth . . . . Jimy Leto, welterweight, decisioned Cleto Locatelli in a ten-round contest and disposed of Mike Barto in one . . . . Frankie Smith was put to sleep by Vincent Pimpinella in two rounds . . . . Phil Baker, South Norwalk, dropped a ten-round decision to Indian Hurtado . . . . Louis "Kid" Cocoa, popular colored welterweight, decisively outpointed Vince De Angelo in ten rounds at Valley Arena . . . . Eddie Unknown Winston, heavyweight slugger, was held to a draw by Lou Poster, Pottstown, Penn., warrior, in the feature ten-round bout at the Walnut Beach Stadium.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

KID AZTECA, the Mexican with the quizzical countenance, was flattened before a sellout house at Hollywood by Ceferino Garcia, leading welterweight of the Coast. It was the first time Azteca had ever heard the birdies sing their full chorus.

The end came with startling suddenness after one minute of fighting in the fifth round. The Kid threw a right hand. So did Garcia. The Kid missed. Garcia's punch landed squarely on Azteca's jaw. Before the Mexican could cover up, three more thudding punches followed in rapid succession—a stinging left and two jolting rights, Azteca falling flat on his face.

A match between Garcia and Tony Canzoneri at catchweights would do better than forty thousand dollars in Los Angeles this fall. The Filipino is "hot" right now and fighting at top speed. Garcia would be an even money bet out here against the lightweight king, many fight men believe.

Dolph Thomas, veteran boxing manager of San Francisco and the outstanding fight trainer of the West, was one of the few boxing men on the West slope who picked Max Schmeling to stop Joe Louis. Two weeks before the battle, the genial Latin of San Francisco told me he favored the Dutchman to stop the colored boy from the cotton fields of Alabama. Thomas, who operates the Royal Gymnasium in San Francisco, one of the finest in the country, has a stable of young scrappers in the city by the Golden Gate, several of whom will be ready for top billing before the end of the year.

Jack Singer, brilliant fight critic of the Los Angeles *Times*, picked Schmeling to defeat Louis. He was the only critic on the Coast to pick the Teuton.

Gus Wilson has finally bobbed up with a young heavyweight that looks like the "money." His name is Bob Nestell. The kid won the amateur heavyweight title in the Golden Gloves in Los Angeles this year and as we mailed in this column, Nestell had registered five wins in a row in the pro ranks, four of them by knockouts.

On the Coates-Hammer show at Joe Waterman's Olympic, Nestell flattened Dizzy Dugan in six rounds. A smashing right cross to the chin sent Dugan spinning to the floor and Dizzy was really dizzy for a couple of minutes.

Wally Hally, the Los Angeles featherweight, accuses Jerry Pelton of being one of those "he can't hurt us" managers. A "he can't hurt us" manager is the type that says "we win that one" when his fighter has gained a decision, but "he blew that one" when his fighter has met defeat.

Daily papers of Los Angeles have carried headlines on Wally's break with his pilot. Hally's specific charge against Pelton is that when he returned to his corner after the second round of his bout with Baby Arizmendi and told his manager he had broken his hand, Pelton shouted: "Well, get in there and break it right!"

Art Lasky, on the short end of ten to six betting, belted out Johnny Pacek of Chicago in five heats of their main event go at Olympic. The big Minneapolis Hebrew mercilessly hammered the man the gamblers had picked as his grave-digger until Pacek was no longer able to protect himself and Referee Frankie Van had to stop the affair.

A week later, Lee Ramage of San Diego gave King Levinsky a sound licking in ten heats, and Messrs. Levinsky, Pacek and Manager Hal Steinman departed for Chicago for the summer and winter. Levinsky should hang 'em up—he's all washed up!

I ran across Speedy Dado at Willie Orner's Main Street gym. The veteran Filipino bantam told me he is earning fifty dollars per week, chauffering Mae West around Hollywood. Without a whimper, the little brown-skinned boy told me the races were his ruination. He went through better than fifty thousand dollars' worth of savings in a year and then discovered that he was washed up. He enjoys his present job and says he'll never raise his six-year-old son to be a boxer.

The California Boxing Board picked up the license of Donald "Reds" Barry, Washington, D. C., heavyweight, whom Frank Bachman booked in a semi-final match against Moose Irwin at the Olympic on the Lasky-Pacek show. A veritable ball of fat, Barry was far out of condition and Irwin flattened him in two sessions. Barry told a boxing scribe after the fight that he was going to join the Army.

Freddie Steele, new middleweight champion, will appear in an overweight bout at the Olympic in Los Angeles during early October, according to Promoter Joe Waterman, who sat at ringside when Steele won the title from "Babe" Risko.

"I have Steele signed for a fight," Waterman told me. "All I have to do is to select an opponent. Steele says he will box an overweight match with anybody I select and says he doesn't care how tough his opponent may be.

"Steele proved himself a real champion against the tough Risko," added the Olympic promoter. "I thought Freddie would win by a K.O., but Risko is tougher than they think.

"Steele has youth and fire, and will be champion for quite a while or I miss my guess."

Hankus Pankus Hankinson chalked up another knockout to his long string when the towering Swede flattened Leonard Dixon in seven rounds in Oakland. The same night in San Jose, Jack Roper stowed away "Moose" Irwin in six rounds. Hankinson and Roper may clash at the Los Angeles Olympic during October.

Bill Miller, the Valter Vinchell of the fight game, contributes the following to this column: Did You Know That—There was a fighter in England over a century ago who fought under the ring monicker of "Death," because he was so pale and skinny? . . . . That Andy Bowen and Jack Burke fought 110 rounds in seven hours and nineteen minutes on April 6, 1893, and everyone but the fighters was asleep at the end?

George Zaharias, the Greek grappler, who is a big attraction in Los Angeles, is a sad figure these days. He was called to double for Vic McLaglen in the role of a tough guy. After scanning his features critically, the director said: "Why, you're much too good looking for this part, Mr. Zaharias." After they had revived the giant burper, he made the mistake of telling Suey Welch, the fight manager, about it. Welch is the type of guy who points out the fact that even the Battle of Bunker Hill wasn't on the level, and he quickly ruined Gentleman George's sweet reverie by asking: "Can't cha take a joke? Those movie guys are all ribbers."

The current standing in Joe Waterman's fistic derby for the $1,000 prize follows:

	Points
Bobby Yannes	36
Rudy Villa	26½
Emilio Magana	26
Georgie Crouch	24
"Tiger" Enos	21½
Billy Barnes	21
Sammy Christian	21
Tommy Hart	20
Bob Nestell	19
Buddy Holzhauser	16

The contest ends December 22. The boxers are scored on the basis of points—five for a knockout, three for a decision, two and one-half for a draw, two for a decision defeat and one for a knockout loss.

Yannes is managed by Bill Miller; Villa by Sam Eisen, the Patent Leather Kid; Magana by Jerry Pelton; Crouch by Harvey Pettit; Enos by Joe LaBarba; Barnes by Bumps Sherry; Christian by Jack (Kid) Means; Hart by Suey Welch; Nestell by Gus Wilson, and Holzhauser by Wirt Ross.

Hans Steinke, one of the favorites at Lou Daro's weekly cards at the Olympic, once aspired to be a fighter. He fought in Los Angeles about ten years ago. His opponent was "Long" Tom Hawkins, the giant Negro.

Benny Whitman, who refereed the match, disqualified Steinke for biting the colored fellow on the arm. Hans protested vigorously.

"What's the matter vit you?" he raged. "I read the rules book all over and it don't say notting about biting."

And the big Teuton was right, too. There wasn't anything in the rules covering such an offense.

Peter Jackson's knockout at the hands of Louis "Kid" Cocoa in New Orleans proved quite a shock to the Los Angeles fight brigade, as Cocoa's record shows very few knockout victories. Perhaps Ceferino Garcia, the Manila puncher, softened Jackson for Cocoa. Garcia handed Jackson a terrific beating in Los Angeles a few weeks before the New Orleans go, twice dropping his Negro foe.

Says Bill Miller, the crack press agent: Gene Tunney may run for Governor of Connecticut and Jimmie Bronson may handle his campaign.

DOTS AND DASHES—(Philadelphia) Joe Stanley is in charge of the business men's class at Ringside gymnasium, operated by Johnny (The Mayor) Keyes and "Babe" McCoy . . . . Chief Paris, Oklahoma Indian welterweight, now on the Coast, is being trained by Mons. Stanley . . . . Paris' real name is Sequoia Greenfeather . . . . Bill Potts, boxing critic of the Los Angeles *Examiner*, garnered his second T.K.O. win (?) in as many starts the other night at Hollywood Stadium when he stifled one of the Hollywood Legion Stadium finger men . . . . The "Finger man" is nursing a bruised jaw, while one of Potts' typewriter digits is hors de combat . . . . Wolfish managers are now baying at Potts' heels for a contract . . . . There has been a lack of suspensions and sleuthing on the part of the California Athletic Commission due to traveling inspector (Giddy) Sam Gitleson vacationing at Lake Tahoe . . . . as this column was mailed in, his rowboat had not overturned, much to the regret of the mobsters.

Looks like the Greeks would have a word for it if the crop of "Kellermans" that are being imported to San Francisco for George Theodoratus ever run short . . . . Ken Strickland and Flash Roulette, the Greek's first two foes, showed careful training in low-board aquatics . . . . Ralph (Whis-

tling) Norwood, who has been immersed ever since Hank Bath put him in the showers, has been dried out again by the boxing board . . . . a life threat is his next warning which may mean that his comeback is short lived . . . . Pasadena Arena called off a show there the other night due to "lack of talent" . . . . that's right—those five-dollar purses won't buy many T-bones . . . . Chief Chewaki, nee Gypsy Daniels, has drawn another six months' layoff, due to dobbing his foes' faces with mercurochrome . . . . the cash customers thought the poor bozo was bleeding to death.

Johnny Conde, Mayor of Main Street in Los Angeles, has decided against leaping from the Frisco Bay Bridge . . . . looks like Steve Brodie's feat will remain intact for a time . . . . Moon Mullins has not come over the mountain since his "odorono" with Tony Chavez at Hollywood . . . . it looked like the latest in swing songs . . . . Hollywood fans appear to be easily satisfied . . . . The "Little Tex" of Hollywood Stadium made a big gesture of posting a five-hundred-dollar weight forfeit for a fighter recently—wonder if the athletic commission tested it for bouncing qualities? . . . . Looks like we are going to have a new Filipino peril such as paralyzed California boxing in the past with a flock of tankeroos if the recent crop of importations start making the boys do "Houdinis" in order to obtain work with them . . . . amateur boxing injuries continue unabated in southern California and none of the Simon-pure clubs contribute enough to foot the bill so they are drawing upon the much-maligned pros . . . . Paul (Tennessee) Lee, who shook a fist in Referee Johnny Indrisano's face, has been reinstated although he is far, far away—to date, promoters have not been clamoring for his services based on showings here.

Ribbing in the fight colony continues unabated, and the latest victim was Wirt (Two-Gun) Ross, the Kentucky hill-billy, who made a dozen miles speed run to a hospital to see his "injured" fighter, Henry Armstrong . . . . Ross' "pump" went aflutter when he thought of losing the natty purse for the Arizmendi battle . . . . Armstrong, when found, was at home unscathed and devouring a neat portion of chicken . . . . it took three mint juleps to reduce the Colonel's blood pressure . . . . Gene Vinassa denies that he doubled for the soft spoken nurse in the case, although we hint that he is singing soprano . . . . The managerial crop appears to be growing like an overnight avalanche and of late a dusky belle is trying to out-talk "Gig" Rooney, "Silent Al" Lang, "Weeping" Harvey Pettit and a few of the other portable broadcasting stations . . . . to date, her gladiator is training and dreaming of fistic glories ahead.

Jerry Pelton, the bald eagle, is generating a new array of enthusiasm over his young stable and even goes so far as to style a couple of them "uncrowned champions" . . . . Toby Vigil may justify Pelton's outbursts if the pilot doesn't feed him to the wolves after taking on a few belts of white vino . . . . Juan Zurita, imported from Mexico City by "Babe" McCoy, edged out a close duke over Midget Wolgast in a fast ten-rounder at the film city arena . . . . Abe the Newsboy has a book containing his life story about to go to press . . . . Abe the Newsboy has been known as just that for years and years . . . . He had more than one thousand fights during his ring career and once he took a poke at President Teddy Roosevelt—but it was all in fun during a boxing match . . . . Fidel LaBarba quit the ring to become a boxing instructor—now he has quit instructing and is on the regular writing staff of Fox-Twentieth Century . . . . Fidel was an honor student in high school, entered Stanford, but withdrew to get married . . . . the former flyweight champion is one of the nicest men we have ever met . . . . Boxers coming to Los Angeles can get plenty of action on the coast with Al Lang, Barbara Hotel, Sixth and Westlake Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

By SHERIDAN BROWN

RAY IMPELLITIERE, the 243-pound New York Italian, was awarded an unpopular ten-round decision over Andre Lenglet of France in a main event at Tony Palazolo's Dreamland Arena.

The Big Imp got off to a fine start and in the first five rounds he was complete master of the 215-pound Parisian. Early in the third he nailed Lenglet with a jolting right uppercut to the jaw and Andre sat down hard and took a count of nine. In those first five cantos, Ray worked a straight left with punishing accuracy and his ripping hooks to the body turned Andre's midsection to a lobster red. In that first half the Imp looked the part of a heavyweight to be reckoned with in the scramble for championship honors.

But in the latter half of the ten-round "Battle of the Giants," the Italian pachyderm encountered very stormy weather as Lenglet made a determined bid for victory. Particularly in the sixth and seventh, the Frenchman dished out a two-fisted shellacking to his towering rival, scoring repeatedly with swinging left hooks that the Imp couldn't seem to avoid. In the seventh a smashing right cross to the jaw rocked Impellitiere from stem to stern.

Lenglet had an edge in the eighth and ninth, landing solid punches to the head and body. The Imp seemed leg weary and had lost all the snap which he had displayed in the earlier stages of the bout. Ray came on to gain at least an even break in the final stanza, but Referee Toby Irwin's decision was the signal for a storm of vociferous disapproval from the well-filled gallery.

Ray Actis, pride of the Excelsior district, chalked up the most impressive victory of his career by taking a ten-round decision from Carmen Barth, highly touted Cleveland middleweight, in the feature bout at the Dreamland Arena. The local boy, a deadly puncher with either hand, had the 1932 Olympic Games champion on the floor twice, once in the second round and again in the ninth. Actis had a clear edge in at least seven of the ten rounds, chasing the extremely cautious Barth all over the ring. After being knocked flat on his back and saved by the bell in the second round, Carmen went into full retreat and only opened up in one round, the seventh, when he plastered Actis with a barrage of lefts and rights to the head. But Ray came back slugging with both mitts and Barth took to his bicycle for the remainder of the contest.

Actis must definitely be ranked as a topnotcher. The broad-shouldered San Franciscan packs a terrific wallop and will, without a doubt, drop anyone he hits. Besides this, he showed heretofore undisplayed boxing skill in the Barth bout, working a straight left to good advantage against the supposedly ultra-clever Ohioan. Both fighters weighed in at 165 pounds.

Young Corbett III, popular Fresnan, former welterweight champion of the world, inaugurated his comeback in the middleweight ranks by scoring a knockout over Johnny Diaz, rugged New England Portuguese, in the seventh stanza of a scheduled ten-round top at the Dreamland Arena. After taking a two-handed pasting for six rounds, Diaz went down in the seventh from a left hook to the body and took the full count while in a sitting position. There was much skepticism as to the surprising conclusion, many observers claiming that Diaz went down from a comparatively light tap on the chest. Diaz, who formerly boxed under the name of Frankie Britt, claimed that an injured rib was responsible for his downfall.

At all odds, the 31-year-old southpaw, always a popular figure in local rings, is on the way up the comeback trail, seeking to emulate the supposedly impossible performances of Schmeling, Braddock and Canzoneri, the men who came back.

Hank Hankinson, the gangling Akron, O., Swede, smashed a right hand to the jaw of "Deacon" Leonard Dixon, giant Negro sparmate of Joe Louis, to win a knockout victory after seven rounds of a scheduled tenner at the Oakland Auditorium. Hank had things pretty much his own way throughout.

"Sonnyboy" Walker, Arizona heavyweight, took an eight-round decision over Lee Savoldi of St. Paul, Minn., in a weird battle at the San Francisco Civic Auditorium. In the very first round, Savoldi banged a right to the jaw and Walker went down, arising without any count. Sonnyboy came back to put Savoldi on the deck in the second, and then proceeded to administer a terrific pasting to the Minnesota boy for the next five rounds, dropping him three times and closing his right eye. Lee kept trying but Walker, ten pounds heavier, seemed just too tough for him to handle.

Early in the eighth, Savoldi was floored again and came up dizzy and practically out on his feet, as Walker rushed in for the kill. With his last ounce of strength Savoldi swung a mighty left that caught Walker smack on the button, and down went Sonnyboy! He came up too dizzy and shaken to know what he was doing, but Savoldi, in turn, was too tired to finish him! The bell sounded the end of the brawl with both boys out on their feet, and the assembled multitude afflicted with a bad case of nervous protration. 'Twas a sensational scrap and is a natural rematch for Promoter Johnny Sylvester.

Other results: At Oakland—Frankie Hammer, 180, Oakland, fought a ten-round draw with Jack Roper, 195, of Roanoke, West Virginia.

At San Jose—Jack Roper technically knocked out "Moose" Irwin, 200, Long Beach, Cal., in the seventh round.

Varias Milling, 126, Philippines, stopped Johnny DiSopa, 126, San Jose, in the sixth round.

With the San Francisco Preliminary Boys—"Little Tiger" Wade, flashy Chicago 138-pound Negro, defeated Jimmy McLeod, 136, Tacoma, in six rounds. McLeod stopped Frankie Nocella in six rounds, and whipped Frankie Catalina in the same number. George Theodoratus, the giant Greek heavyweight sensation, belted out some big Negro by the name of Russell Strickland, in the first round.

Phil Brubaker, the young Dinuba heavyweight, is back in San Francisco after dropping that one to Jack Sharkey in Boston. A Fresno promoter has offered Phil a bout, with Frank Rowsey, Art Lasky or Jack Roper. Methinks the former parson would have little or no trouble with any of THAT trio, although Roper, a hurricane for the first three rounds, is dangerous.

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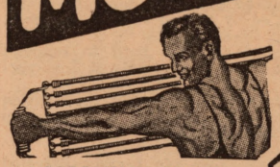

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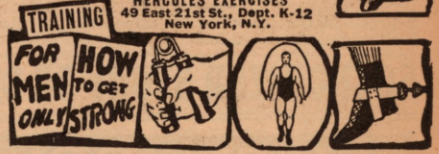

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

MAURICE STRICKLAND knocked out Eddie Steele in the seventh of a twelve-round bout at Plymouth. Steele ran into trouble in the sixth, and after being put down for nine in the seventh was K.O.'ed by a hard right to the head.

Ginger Foran had to fight hard to outpoint Harry Edwards after twelve rounds at Liverpool Stadium.

Joe Brahms was very lucky to get the decision when he met Ginger Roberts after a great scrap over twelve rounds at Hackney.

Archie Sexton, weighing 160 pounds, defeated Charley Bundy, weighing 173 pounds, in a gruelling twelve-round contest at Mannesmann Hall, Swansea.

Jimmy Taylor put in a spurt in his twelve-round bout with Chris Benson which enabled him to receive a draw at the Stadium Club, London.

Jim Lawlor stopped Mick Miller in the third of a twelve-round bout at Deptford.

A large crowd attended George Dingley's open-air show at Glasgow, where Jake Kilrain, making his first appearance since winning the title, handed a first-class beating to Jean de Beaumont, France, for the whole of twelve rounds.

The other star bout was between Kayo Morgan and the British bantamweight champion, Johnny King. For twelve rounds Morgan forced the pace and administered severe punishment to the British champion, who was forced to hold, and the decision in Morgan's favor was a foregone conclusion.

On the same card, Peter Kane again won by the short route, when he scored a T.K.O. in the third of a ten-round bout against Jim Maharg, former Scottish bantam champion.

Jack McLeod proved successful against Jim Mount. It was a hard and punishing bout, which provided the crowd with plenty of thrills, but the younger McLeod lasted the pace better and deserved the decision.

Frank McCudden narrowly outpointed Jim McInally over fifteen rounds at Glasgow, after a good bout in the semi-final of the featherweight championship series.

Billy Hughes overcame the faster but less effective hitting of Con Flynn and proved a comfortable winner after ten rounds at Darlington.

Harry Lister, the heavyweight southpaw, again demonstrated his prowess and gained another victory by defeating Alec Bell on points after twelve rounds at Newcastle.

A capital twelve-round bout was seen at the Junction Stadium, Manchester, when Ken Barret outpointed Andy Byrne in a match at 120 pounds.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Petersen on the birth of a son. Jack will now, I suppose, be known as Pa Petersen, Junior.

Jimmy Walsh outpointed Boyo Rees, Welsh champion, over twelve rounds in the open air at Wrexham Football Ground. Walsh peppered Rees with left leads to the face without a return and was an easy winner.

Len Beynon gave a good exhibition of hit and miss when he met Idris Morgan and forced the latter to retire after six rounds of a twelve-round bout, with a damaged nose.

Gene Stanley, who is touring Europe, boxed a ten-round draw with the Roumanian cruiserweight champ, Cherbanescu, after a great bout at the Salle Wagram, Paris.

On the same card, Pancho Villar, who at one time was heralded as a coming champion, was forced to retire in the first with a bad eye injury.

Kid Janas stopped Claude Nioche in the seventh stanza of a ten-round bout at Cherbourg.

Motzi Spakow outpointed the Holland champion, Reinus De Boer, over ten rounds at Bucharest after a great bout.

Boxing like a champion, George Daly gave the fans a big surprise by readily outpointing hard-hitting Joe Connolly over ten rounds.

The first surprise on the bill was given when Paddy Peters was K.O.'ed by Jim Toohig in the third of an eight-round bout.

George Marsden stopped Jimmy Lester in the sixth of an eight-rounder.

Nat Franks fought a game fight of twelve rounds with a damaged nose to win narrowly on points against Roy Mills, in the final bout of a good evening's sport.

The open-air show at Wandsworth promoted by Jim Wicks provided the crowd with fine sport and three upsets to the betting boys.

The chief bout between Harry Mizler and Antoine Arts provided plenty of action, and the decision went to Mizler after the Belgian had been staggered by three rights to the jaw.

The death of David Cope, a sportsman without an enemy in the world, shocked the British sporting world. He was sixty-four years old. David Cope was one of the outstanding personalities in boxing and racing, and his generous gifts to hospitals will be missed by many, and also his loss as a patron to charity boxing.

"May his dear soul rest in peace."

George Rose gave a boxing lesson to Chris Benson for ten rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, and won with ease.

Paul Schaefer gave a sparkling display of hard hitting when he K.O.'ed the Scottish middleweight champion, Jack McLeod, in the twelfth and last round at Plymouth.

Peter Clarke was returned the winner over Alby Day when the latter was disqualified in the third round of a scheduled ten-rounder at the Mile End Arena.

Dusty Welland gained a good victory over Pat Cassidy in a twelve-round contest at Becontree, which caused a mild surprise, as he was at least twelve pounds lighter than the Irish boy.

Ex-P.C. O'Grady was disqualified in the heavyweight competition at Hendon for not agreeing to box a four-round bye with an opponent named by the promoter, Fred Whitehead. Thereupon the semi-final became the final, wherein Bill Wainwright beat Sid Jewson in the fifth on the intervention of the referee.

In the novices' heavyweight competition, Nelson Park was declared to have lost to Tom Casey in the final of six rounds.

In the eight-round contest, Tiny Bostock outpointed Herbie Hill after a good bout.

Jake Kilrain scored a good points victory over Chuck Parker after twelve rounds of good fighting at Belle Vue, Manchester.

The supporting bouts of ten rounds resulted as follows: Sonny Lee upset the odds in outpointing Frank Barton. Joe Hardy defeated Peter Miller, Gateshead, in the ninth when the referee intervened.

Len Beynon outpointed Cuthbert Taylor in one of the most exciting contests of twelve rounds seen for many a day.

Jack Mussen is a lad who will want some beating when he has gathered more experience. At the Belfast Arena, he scored a T.K.O. over Johnny Carlin in the third of a ten-round bout.

Jimmy Warnock is sure an unlucky kid, for after creating all the interest wanted in the fly-weight division, he was matched to meet Pat Palmer for the right to meet Benny Lynch for the latter's three titles. He met with an accident in the gym, when a sparring partner, using his skull, fractured Warnock's jaw, and this will keep the little terror out of the ring for some time.

It's tough luck on the promoter, who reluctantly had to call off the show, and he is sparing no expense for Warnock to have every medical attention.

Whatever title ambitions Ginger Foran had were dashed to the ground when Maurice Holtzer outfought him for twelve rounds at the Liverpool Stadium. The Frenchman forced the bout throughout and pummelled "Ginger" about the body, and was a ready winner at the end.

Tom Curran gave twenty pounds in weight and a good beating to Ex-Seaman Harry Rowles in their ten-round contest at Epsom Town Football Ground.

Jackie Brown will go forward to meet Len Hampston for the Northern Area bantam championship.

The outcome of this was because John Cusick came to scale one and one-half pounds overweight for his contest with Brown, and after reducing only two ounces, was declared overweight. He met Brown over fifteen rounds and was defeated after a very good contest.

The supporting bout was full of interest when Phil Milligan met Billy Nash at 118 pounds and won in the fifth when the referee stopped the bout, with Nash in a bad way.

Jack Lewis knocked out Chris Dawson in the ninth of a fifteen-round contest at 147 pounds after a good bout.

Frank Hough had an easy task when he met Dai Beynon in what was scheduled for twelve rounds at Becontree. Three rounds were sufficient for Beynon, who was receiver from the start, and had taken three counts before retiring.

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by Lud-

foreword by DAMON RUNYON

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Len Hampston again proved too good for Bobby Magee at North Shields, when he stopped the latter in the eighth after a great bout. The harder punching of Hampston proved too much for Magee, who was forced to take two counts before the final count.

Harry Lister scored another K.O. at the expense of Harry Briars, who was forced to take the count in the second of a twelve-round contest at Rotherham, amid loud cries of foul. The referee kept up his count and the decision went to Lister.

Jack McKnight gave weight and a points defeat to Ed Steele Martin in a twelve-round bout at Belfast.

An open-air show at Crusaders Football Ground, Belfast, for the funds of the local branch of the National Union of Boxers was a huge success. Before the star bout, two famous little men of the past and present were introduced, Jimmy Wilde, ex-world's flyweight champion, and Jimmy Warnock, Ireland's sensational flyweight champion, and the crowd gave them a big hand.

The two ten-round bouts resulted as follows: "Spider" Kelly stopped Spike Robinson in the seventh round when the latter was forced to quit owing to a nasty cut eye.

The outstanding bout of the show was between Jack Bunting and Jack Mussen, two clever bantams, and after a great bout, the referee declared a draw.

Len Beynon successfully gave weight and a beating to Eddie Cullen in their ten-round bout at Pontypool, and was an easy winner at the end.

A large crowd gathered at Wrexham Racecourse to witness the contest between Nel Tarleton and Ivor Drew, the clever Welsh lightweight, who were meeting over twelve rounds. Eight rounds were enough for Drew, and the referee intervened and stopped the contest to save Drew unnecessary punishment.

Evan John proved too clever for the strong and aggressive Welsh welterweight champion, Ivor Pickens, over ten rounds at Maesteg Town Hall and won on points.

Tommy Martin was too fast for Billy Viner at Plymouth and it came as no surprise when the latter retired at the end of the fifth.

Alby Day, the popular Old Ford lightweight, punched too hard for Jimmy Griffiths of Barnsley, so that the latter lost all sense of direction, and after a few low blows was disqualified in the third round at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Jake Kilrain again demonstrated his power of punch when he knocked out Mick Miller in the sixth of a twelve-round bout at Edinburgh. A right uppercut to the chin finished the bout early in the sixth.

George "Panther" Purchase, who is now domiciled in Wales, gained a narrow points victory over Jackie Moody at the end of twelve rounds at Pontypridd.

Harry Lister met his first defeat in the ring when he was counted out in the initial round of a twelve-rounder at Portobello, when his opponent, Manuel Kid Abrew, shot a left to the body and a right to the jaw.

Jack Powell put up one of his best performances of his short career when he stopped the fast improving Bethnal Green lad, "Buster" Osborne, in the eighth of a twelve-round contest at Mile End Arena.

Frank McCudden scored a T.K.O. over Johnny McMillan in the thirteenth when the referee stopped the contest as McMillan was in a bad way. McMillan, it was stated, has fought his last bout, as he intends to hang up his gloves and let the youngsters have the ring to themselves. Very wise, Johnny.

Angel Cliville journeyed to Vienna to meet the champion, Poldi Steinbach, in a return contest of ten rounds, but one round sufficed as Steinbach was knocked out with a right to the jaw.

The much-travelled Egyptian, Saleh El Din, who has been knocked out in the ring by quite a few heavies that I know, gave Vienna a chance to see him K.O.'ed, this time by Havelick of Austria in round four.

A draw was a fitting verdict at the end of ten fierce rounds between Young Perez, ex-flyweight champion of the world, and Ruiz, the fiery Spanish ex-bantam champion, in a Paris ring.

Valentin Anglemann, the I.B.U. world's flyweight champion, met the national champion, Pierre Louis, in a ten-round bout in Paris. Anglemann gained the decision by a narrow margin after a great scrap.

The suspension of Jeff Dickson Promotions, Ltd., by the B.B.B.C. was lifted within ten days of its announcement. It would be a great pity that such a live wire promoter as Jeff Dickson has proved himself to be, would have been forbidden to promote shows that have helped to keep boxing in England alive.

Nel Tarleton, British featherweight champion, boxed in great form to outpoint Marius Baudry, ex-French lightweight champion, over twelve rounds at Liverpool.

Tarleton was conceding Baudry twelve pounds, but made little of his disadvantage by his brilliant display and was an easy winner at the end.

Johnny King gave a brilliant display at Sheffield when he easily defeated Tommy Steele of North Shields. The bout, scheduled for twelve rounds, ended in the fifth when Steele's seconds skied the towel to save their man unnecessary punishment.

Felix Wouters won the European welterweight championship when he outpointed Len Saunders, Holland, over fifteen rounds at Brussels.

Since my paragraph that THE RING Magazine can be obtained by sending Postal Order of one shilling and fourpence to the writer, 3 Edward St., London, E.1, I have been overwhelmed with letters for this and other such fine publications as are advertised in THE RING.

Anybody wishing to obtain any of these books should send a stamped addressed envelope to the above address, and the Ring Bookshop price list containing all the books, listed in English money, will be immediately sent.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—Before twelve hundred mat fans at Town Hall, Ernie Dusek pinned Jack Donovan after a hard tussle in the feature finish match. In the semi, Joe Cox threw Eddie Meske in thirty minutes. George Koverly had no trouble in pinning Texas Morgan. The end came after fifteen minutes of clowning, which the paying customers loved. Abe Coleman threw George Lenihan in ten minutes. In the opener of thirty minutes, Al Billings drew with George Wilenski.

In the first outdoor wrestling show ever staged in Scranton, which attracted around two thousand fans, Ernie Dusek pinned George Koverly. Rudy Dusek drew with Joe Cox. Gino Garibaldi pinned Joe Dusek. Nick Compofreda pinned Firpo Wicox. Harry Finklestein lost to George Wilenski.

At Rocky Glen (amateurs)—With the annual amateur tournament now in progress to determine the yearly champs of northeastern Pennsylvania. In the opening round of the tournament, Tony Julio knocked out Jack Debver of Scranton in the flyweight division. Walter Romey, Old Forge, lost to Al Inazzio of Dupont. Frankie Mandel of Dunmore defeated Eddie Doc of Avoca. Mickey Donovan, Plymouth, won from Dick Edwards, Scranton. Rego Dell, Dunmore, won from John Cellipi, Tobyhanna. Chuck Volash, Swoyersville, defeated Fred Dolgash, Old Forge. Red Davis, Scranton, knocked out Stanley Lycho, Greenwood. Gene McCalligan, Scranton, kayoed Joe Toye, Moosic. Jack Munley, Old Forge, decisioned Bob Llewelyn, Avoca. Tom Callahan, Taylor, won from Johnny Pitt, Swoyersville.

In the second round of the tournament, Mickey Early, Dunmore, got the nod over John Enas, Swoyersville. Bill Speary, Nanticocke won from Tony Julio, Scranton. Rego Dell, Dunmore, stopped Gene O'Hop, Avoca. Andy Pompey, Minnooka kayoed Red Davis, Scranton. Pat Corbett, Minnooka, stopped Gene McCalligan of Scranton. Al Inazzano, Dupont, won from Frankie Baptist, Moosic. Stanley Dediesko, Avoca, lost to Chuck Volash, Swoyersville.

In the third round, Andy Sinko, Taylor, lost to Mickey Early, Dunmore. Mike Donovan, Scranton, defeated Chuck Volash, Swoyersville. Frankie Mandell, Dunmore, won from Al Inazzio, Dupont. Rego Dell Dunmore, stopped Ray Biscontine, Old Forge. Jack Munley, Old Forge, won from George Marinko, Swoyersville. Tom Callahan, Taylor, won from Tom Bryk, Avoca. The winners of all the above tournaments will meet in the finals to be staged at Rocky Glen. The tournament is sponsored by Dinty Wileski, manager of the Rocky Glen Amusement Park.

JUST RAMBLING—Wildcat O'Connor, Forrest City, won by a T.K.O. from Lew Massey, and drew with Vince Del Angelo . . . . Joe Nealon, hard-punching Scranton lightweight, drew with Tony Greb in the feature eight-round wind-up at Bingo, this being the third meeting for the pair in three successive shows held at the Kalurah Temple.

Local promoters are idle these hot months and plan to conduct boxing matches in the fall . . . . Mickey Chapin, former Scranton lightweight star of a few years back, is planning to open a hotel in Scranton . . . . Charlie Rossi, assistant sports editor of the Scranton *Times*, is doing a fine job covering the amateur tournament at Rockey Glen . . . . The wrestlers are having Hank Stezar in good humor with the crowds they draw . . . . THE RING is on sale at all newsstands throughout the Coal Fields . . . . When in Scranton, you can purchase THE RING at Spec's Book Shop located at the corner of Linden and Wyoming Streets.

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

HENRY HOOKS, the fifth ranking bantamweight of the world, is making Sioux City his headquarters for the summer season. Hooks, coming in from California, where he scored over a number of the topnotchers of his class, has had little or no opposition since his arrival here. In his first start he lost to Jimmy Buckler of Louisville, Ky., in the fourth round by the foul route. Following this bout he dished out a neat licking to Armanda Sicilia of Springfield, Ill. In both bouts he was forced to give away considerable weight. Hooks, a slashing two-fisted little fighter, merits his high rating.

Results of the fights staged here during the past month are as follows: Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, scored over Albert Manriquez, also of Sioux City, in ten; Henry Hooks lost to Jimmy Buckler on a foul in four; Angelo Puglisi of St. Paul won over Battling Nelson, Norfolk middleweight, in six; Billy Porter, Indianapolis welterweight, knocked out Mel Rice of Sioux City in five; Georgie Feist, Grand Forks, N. D., featherweight, edged in a decision over Mickey Slater of Sioux City in six; Henry Hooks won over Armanda Sicilia in ten; Andy Miller won over Joe Goeders, Albert Lea, Minn., light-heavyweight, in eight; Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, won over Angelo Puglisi of St. Paul in eight rounds.

Bob Venner of Hastings, Nebr., defeated Billy Porter of Indianapolis in six; Peter Doss, Sioux City Negro heavyweight, beat Stan Savoldi of St. Paul in six; Ray Mann drew with Andy Miller in six; Bob Venner repeated over Billy Porter in six; Mickey Slater scored over Young Kid Chocolate of Omaha in six; King Morocco, Charleston, W. Va., welterweight, beat Jack Harding of Sioux City in six; Young Newsboy Brown, Sioux City featherweight, knocked out Harold Perice of Omaha in two; Andy Miller won over Pret Ferrar, Des Moines Negro heavyweight, in six; Angelo Puglisi repeated over Battling Nelson in six; Al Pahl. Sioux City welter, beat Billy Porter in six; Peter Doss repeated over Stan Savoldi in six; Terry Griffiths, Sioux City lightweight, won over Buddy McCrea, St. Louis Negro, in six.

Pinkie George, popular Waterloo, Ia., boxing promoter, paid Sioux City a visit with his latest protege, Bobby Venner, a promising welterweight from Hastings, Nebr. Venner, only a youngster, appears to be going places, and under the capable management of George, he will no doubt have the wise ones taking notice before many moons. This writer rates him as the best prospect for the month in this section.

Waterloo, Ia.—Al Pahl, Sioux City, won over Johnny Higgins of Oakland, Ia., in a fast sixer. Nick Fazio, young Des Moines Italian, and Jackie Dugan, Waterloo welter, battled in a thriller, with Fazio gaining a hairline decision in six rounds. Dixie Taylor, Waterloo Negro welter, beat Jack Mullie of Marshalltown. Harry DeCario of Des Moines won over Ted McDonald of Waterloo. Willie Anderson scored a T.K.O. over Frankie Wry in two heats.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Young Mickey Walker, Fort Dodge, Ia., featherweight, defeated Jackie Sharkey of Minneapolis in a fast ten-rounder. Dixie Taylor, Waterloo, Ia., won over Goldie O'Hara. Eddie Spencer of Coon Rapids beat Johnny Higgins. Johnny Walker of Pratt, Kans., scored a T.K.O. over Max Harriman of Des Moines in three rounds. Donnie Schneck of Waterloo and Jackie Meyers of Lake City, Ia., battled to a split decision. Nazzi Habhab of Fort Dodge battled to a fast draw with Doc Smith of Pratt, Kans.

Waterloo, Ia.—Dixie Taylor, local Negro, won over Ronnie Malcolm of Jessup, Ia., in a fast sixer. Gene Waller, Des Moines lightweight, won over Howdy Dawson. Nick Fazio beat Nazzi Habhab of Fort Dodge. Goldie O'Hara of Fort Dodge won over Willie Anderson.

Graettinger, Ia.—Pret Ferrar, Des Moines Negro heavyweight, won over Frankie Androff of Minneapolis in a ten-rounder. Young Chapman of Emmetsburg, Ia., beat Kid McKenna of Dubuque, Ia. Kid Spragg of Albert Lea, Minn., and Johnny Goodson of Ruthven, Ia., fought a draw. Battling Carrigan of Spencer, Ia., won by the kayo route over Kenny Schuler of Curlew, Ia., in three rounds. Don Conway and Georgie Johnson went to a draw.

Waterloo, Ia.—Nick Fazio of Des Moines lost to Jackie Dugan in a fast sixer. Floyd Barker of Marshalltown, Ia., knocked out Sammy Hollingsworth of Waterloo in the second round. Al Hoosman of Waterloo stopped Blaine Scivens of Cedar Rapids in the second round. Harry DeCarlo of Des Moines and Johnny Perkins of Cedar Rapids went to a good draw.

Burlington, Ia.—The Iowa-Illinois amateur boxing tournament drew nearly two thousand fans, the largest crowd to attend a boxing card here in years. Two knockouts featured the preliminary round of the tournament, Ray Coleman, Oakville C.C.C. team representative in the 135-pound class, putting Wesley Kinnard, Burlington Negro, out in the third round, and Phil Bethurem, Burlington, scoring a technical knockout over William Gross of the Oakville C.C.C. in the second round of their 160-pound class bout. Jack Lee, Burlington, former Golden Gloves middleweight champion for this district, fighting as a heavyweight, won the only bout in this division by defeating Richard Brockhagen, Burlington, in three rounds.

Preliminary round results in the 112-pound class: Robert White, Burlington Negro, defeated Louis Nelson, Burlington; Robert Markey, Carthage, Ill., defeated Earnest Fischer, Oakville C.C.C.

Des Moines, Ia.—Dave Fidler, Des Moines boxing promoter, staged amateur boxing cards during the past month. Fidler, in search of talent, is developing a number of new faces in the fistic sport around Des Moines and has high hopes of bringing out some very good boys for the indoor season.

Webster City, Ia.—Jimmy Salvadore, rugged Fort Dodge featherweight, won over Kid Sweezy of Spencer, Ia., in a fast eight-round bout. Benny Salvadore and Nazzie Habhab went to a draw. Kid Nelson of Story City, Ia., beat Les Miller of Webster City. Milo Dalbey beat Ken Richardson.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—After three ringside judges had unanimously awarded a fight to Armanda Sicilia over Young Mickey Walker of Fort Dodge, Referee Denny O'Keefe called the bout a draw. The decision was jeered by a record-breaking crowd. The fans were unaware that the judges, Dr. L. M. Martin, Dr. W. R. Turner and Al Sinnott, had given Sicilia the fight. The judges presented their score sheets showing Sicilia the winner to O'Keefe before he announced the draw decision. O'Keefe was unable to be reached for any press comment, and Promoter Roy Gillman, who is also manager of Walker, was unable to explain the arbiter's action. In the other bouts on the card, Johnny Higgins of Oakland, Ia., beat Ted Crouch of Denver, Colo. Eddie Spencer beat Joe Jackson of Springfield, Ill. Goldie O'Hara won over Ronny Malcolm, while Sig Carlson of Lorraine, Ia., beat Larse Larson of Albert City, Ia.

While we are on the subject of decisions, the writer has been flooded with letters, phone calls, and approached on the streets of Sioux City, by fans asking for a comment on a recent reversed decision that took place in the Uptown Arena. The bout in question was between Andy Miller of Sioux City and Joe Goeders of Albert Lea, Minn. In the seventh round, with Miller ahead on points, the latter landed a low punch that put Goeders down. The writer noted the punch, which was below the line. Harry Gibbons, the third man, gave the fight to Goeders on a foul. Goeders is not in the habit of winning fights by the foul route. Matchmakers Tommy O'Loughlin and Ty Dillon called a doctor and after an examination in which the M. D. suggested that Goeders leave the ring, the decision of the third man was reversed, forcing Goeders to resume the fight, which he did. Miller had been ordered out of the ring by the referee and was on his way to the dressing room, when he was herded back for the fight. The questions the fans ask, "who is in charge, the third man, the doctor, or the matchmakers?" My opinion is this: Gibbons' action was correct. There is nothing in the rules of boxing pertaining to doctors or the matchmakers. The third man, according to the rules, is in complete charge of the ring.

Valentine, Nebr.—Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, knocked out Jack Charvez of Topeka, Kan., in the fourth round of a billed ten-rounder. Charvez was on the deck in the third and fourth rounds before going out for keeps. Ray Watson of Reno, Nevada, who is making Sioux City his headquarters, lost by the T.K.O. route to Clyde Peterson, Omaha welterweight, when he suffered an injured hand.

Webster City, Ia.—Benny Salvadore, Fort Dodge, knocked out Jackie Meyers of Lake City, Ia., in the final round of a six-round bout. Jimmy Salvadore of Fort Dodge won over Kid Crouch, Mason City featherweight, in another sixer; Kid Nelson of Story City and Nazzi Habhab of Fort Dodge fought to a draw. Ken Richardson of Webster City won over Georgie Hall.

Sioux Falls, S. D.—Bob Morley, Sioux City lightweight, won the feature bout on an A. A. U. boxing card before a crowd of nearly fifteen hundred fans. Lou Larson of Sioux Falls was third man while Al Hagberg and Joe McDonnell were judges. The results of the card were as follows:

Al Baker, 104, Madison, defeated Young Riley, 100, Madison.

Wilbur De Cora fought an exhibition with Levi De Cora.

Chet Ketner, 146, Sioux Falls, defeated Harold Bakke, 144, Madison.

Wilbur Bielke, 127, Sioux Falls, defeated Harvey Herrington, 130, Rock Rapids.

"Snook" Rave, 147, Winnebago, defeated Floyd Huntley, 147, Sioux Falls.

Grover Oien, 145, Madison, defeated Wilmot Snake, 146, Winnebago.

Lyman Hetrick, 143, Rock Rapids, defeated Wilbur Whitebeaver, 139, Winnebago.

Harold Burham, 126, Sioux Falls, defeated Don Perry, 126, Yankton.

Chet Hetner, 146, Sioux Falls, defeated Frank Thompson, 147, Winnebago.

"Red" Herrington, 161, Aurora, defeated Claire Ortmayer, 161, Howard.

Bob Morley, 133, Sioux City, defeated Walter Brey, 135, Pender.

Waterloo, Ia.—Nearly eight thousand boxing fans jammed every available spot around the Electric Park Arena to see Dixie Taylor of Waterloo drop a six-round decision to Ronny Malcolm of Jesup, Ia. Malcolm outgeneraled and outpunched his Negro opponent. Howdy Dawson, Waterloo lightweight, won over Fred Reed. Floyd Barker of Marshalltown, Ia., beat Sam Hollingsworth. Harold Humphries knocked out Paul Seaman in the second round. Seaman hit the deck five times before he was counted out.

Don't forget to have your notes in my hands by the first of every month, and mail same to the writer at 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa. Recently the writer lost a file containing a number of unanswered letters, hence, if any of my readers mailed letters to me and have not received an answer, this is no doubt the reason, so please write again.

During the summer months, Sioux City is one of the leading fistic centers of the Northwest, with many of the country's first and second string fighters making their headquarters here. The logical spot to book out of during the summer, many fighters and managers pitch camp until fall and then move on. Large crowds of fans attend the afternoon workouts in Hawkins Gym, which is located in the Kaysee Building. Such boys as Henry Hooks, Everette Rightmire, Jimmy Buckler, Frankie Wolfram, Angelo Puglisi, Ray Mann, Andy Miller, Joey La Pelle, Ted Garica, Mickey Slater, Dick Demaray, Jackie Rogers, Johnny Durso, Stan Savoldi, King Morooco, Armanda Sicilia, Georgie Feist, are just a few who have put themselves in first rate condition in the local swat shop.

THE MAIL BAG—Louis Fox, Sydney, Australia: Glad to hear you like my notes, and I hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you again . . . . Mike Getz, Cleveland, Ohio: Keep me posted from time to time . . . . George Griffing, Reno, Nevada: The matchmakers have your boys under consideration . . . . Tommy McHugh, Kansas City, Mo.: Understand how those things happen . . . . Mickey Weston, Eudora, Kansas: Replying to your letter. Why did Bruce Brown fail to show up for his billed bout with Andy Miller here, leaving the matchmakers holding the sack for a main event? You asked to show the boy here, and when given the chance, he fails to show up. There is nothing I can do for you under such conditions . . . . Johnny Miler, Australia: Thanks for your kind letter . . . . Howard Barry, London, England: Enjoyed your letter very much . . . . Jack Finney, Dallas, Tex.: In your travels, don't forget the clippings . . . . Frankie Wolfram, Detroit: Waiting for a letter.

Belle Fourche, So. Dak.—Ted Garcia, Belle Fourche featherweight, won over Sol Levinson of Denver in a ten-rounder. Lee Baca, Denver lightweight, won over Harold Jepson of Fargo, No. Dak., in a close, hard-fought battle. Lloyd Harmon, Belle Fourche welter, and Gradydon Bakke of Madison, So. Dak., battled to a six-round draw. Solly Stark, Belle Fourche welter, stopped Mons Olson of Morristown, So. Dak., in three rounds.

St. Paul, Minn.—Jack Gibbons, St. Paul light-heavyweight, scored over Fred Lenhart of Tacoma, Wash., in fifteen rounds. Eddie Wenstob of Canada beat Georgie X of St. Paul. Joe Goeders of Albert Lea, Minn., and Jimmy White of St. Paul fought a draw. Mickey Walker of Fort Dodge beat George Feist of Grand Forks, N. D. Frank Doty knocked out Johnny Dobbin of St. Paul in four rounds. Pancho Martinez beat Battling Ginsberg in four rounds.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS — Sammy Verse, Omaha lightweight, was stopped in three rounds . . . . Earl Puryear, the veteran bantamweight, is located in Omaha and promoting boxing cards . . . . Glen Lee, rugged Omaha welterweight, scored a decision over Jackie "Kid" Burke in ten rounds at Hollywood . . . . Sailor Burke, former Sioux City boxing manager, is now located in Omaha, where he has a number of boys under his wing . . . . Everette Rightmire, Sioux City, marked up a win over Jimmy Buckler in ten rounds at Louisville, Ky. The Sioux City featherweight has plans for a number of bouts in Eastern fight centers this winter . . . . Ruthven, Ia., has plans for a number of boxing shows. John J. Washington is the promoter, and he is looking for talent . . . . Tony Cordaro, popular boxing writer on the staff of the Des Moines *Register*, was third man for a boxing card in Fort Dodge, Ia., the guest of Promoter Roy Gillman . . . . Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight, was forced to call off a number of fights owing to a badly cut eye . . . . Pinkie George of Waterloo is making plans for a number of big cards this winter.

We note that Glen Lee punched out a neat win over Bobby Pacho, Los Angeles Mexican, at Los Angeles . . . . Andy Miller, Sioux City, after winning twenty-two straight bouts, ran into Ray "Spoiler" Mann, a fellow townsman, and was held to a draw . . . . Art Lasky, Minneapolis heavyweight, is back in the race with a T.K.O. win over Johnny Pacek of Chicago . . . . Carroll, Ia., has returned to the fistic map with regular shows . . . . Harvey Woods, promising St. Paul featherweight, dropped a close decision to Edwin Waling in Chicago . . . . Lee Savoldi, another St. Paul boy, is going good out on the Coast . . . . Savoldi, fighting in the heavyweight class, has plenty on the cuff . . . . Young Mickey Walker, Fort Dodge featherweight, won over Chief Webster of Milwaukee at the latter city . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin and Ty Dillon are at the controls of Sioux City's boxing industry, assisted by a well-balanced staff . . . . The writer often wonders if O'Loughlin ever sleeps . . . . A twenty-four-hour stretch is nothing for him . . . . John Eliades, local wrestling promoter, has closed down until the indoor season, when he intends to present several big names . . . . All John needs is a few new faces and he will have packed houses . . . . Ross Abramo, local boxing manager, has a neat list of fighters under his direction . . . .

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Victor, Colo.—Young Joe Louis, sensational Walsenburg colored middleweight, successfully defended his Rocky Mountain region middleweight championship by outscoring Ritchie Proo, Denver warrior. Louis carried too many guns for the Denverite.

At Ten Sleep, Wyo.—Matt Rhoades, Denver heavyweight, continued his kayo string by shoving over Al Jackson, Cheyenne heavy, in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-round go.

Personally, I think Rhoades might go a long ways in the ring game, but I can't see for the life of me what his handlers think he can gain by having him shove over a long list of round-heeled gentlemen of the Jackson variety. Sooner or later he will have to face the acid test and a long kayo list of pushovers won't help him in the least.

At Walsenburg, Colo.—Young Joe Louis turned in another impressive victory when he outscored Johnny Johnson, lanky Las Vegas, N. M., southpaw, in a ten-round go. Louis almost had the Mexican out in the third ound when he landed a terrific right to the midsection. By going on the defensive thereafter, Johnson managed to last it out.

Joe Perry, Fort Sumner featherweight, and Bobby Valdez, San Luis, staged one of the most furious four-round battles in Walsenburg's history. There was nothing to do but call it even.

Jim Perry has heeded the "go West, young man," call and is undertaking an invasion of Pacific Coast rings. At that, Perry might go over big out there with his walloping, slambang style of milling.

Seems like Hank Bath has decided that the ring game is a bit too rough for a boy of his ability. Maybe Hankus isn't a world-beater, but we'd like to see the kid get back in there and throw a few more. Leo Lomski has been begging for a Colorado match since he began his "comeback." Wonder if Hank couldn't be induced to take him on?

Cowboy Frankie Edgren, Denver's sole heavyweight of any importance, is vacationing in the towering Rockies. Somehow I can't get used to that Frankie Edgren title. I still remember him as Frankie Lande. Under that monicker, he cut quite a swath in Mountain ring circles a few annums back.

H. H., Toledo, Ohio: Luther McCarty was of Sioux Indian-French extraction. He has been dead over twenty years.

Remember, I have a list of active promoters out this way that you can have for a dime. Also, will be glad to answer any questions relative to the fight game in this neck of the woods, but don't forget to inclose return postage. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS

By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

RED LODGE—In one of the greatest ring duels witnessed in Montana, Leo Lomski, the veteran Aberdeen Assassin, and Ford Smith, the heavy from Kalispell, fought ten hard rounds to a draw. Blow for blow was matched by the headliners from the starting gong in the first round to the final bell in the last. In the semi-windup, "Wild Bill" Hasselstrom, Bismarck, N. D., stopped Algin Taylor, Seattle, Wash., Negro, in three. The special event between Sollie Strecker, Billings, and Jimmy Knight, Bismarck, N. D., was declared a draw. Harry Hunter, Roundup, and Eddy Strecker, Billings, drew in a fast four-rounder. Strecker had an advantage of ten pounds in weight.

Lovel—Last issue the writer stated that Al Webster, "the Billings Iron Man," had hung up the gloves and was contenting himself as a referee. Shortly after Al had decided to quit the fight game he was offered a main event at Lovel with Killer Pearce, Salt Lake City, Utah. Web stopped his young tough opponent in the sixth round. Bob Petty, Billings, took an easy six-round semi-final from Danny Morgan, Lovel.

Worland—Matt Rhodes, Denver, Colo., stopped Al Jackson, Cheyenne, in the fourth of a ten-round main event. In the six-round semi-final, "Little" Adam Schneider, Worland, drew with Mike Martenez, Denver, Colo. These boys stole the show. Carl Maul, Worland, stopped Fritz Hartman, Basin, in one. Kid Leiper, Tensleep, stopped Jack Taylor, Worland, in one. Tom Rogers, Worland, won a four-round decision over Kid Morrell, Worland. John Brown is entitled to credit for putting on some swell shows.

Get your dope in early. I will answer questions regarding clubs, managers, fighters, etc., if the proper postage is enclosed.

Belle Fourche—Ted Garcia, Belle Fourche, won a ten-round decision over Sol Levinson, Denver. Lee Baca, Denver, decisioned Harold Jepson, Fargo, in eight. Lloyd Harmon, Belle Fourche, drew with Graydon Bakke, Madison, in six. Solly Stark, Belle Fourche, stopped Mons Olson, Marristown, in three. Joe McDonald, Rapid City, won a decision over Phil Brandes, Fargo, in six. Fred Sankey stopped Bob Schlaredt, Sundance, in three.

Billings—Billings is still on the shelf as far as professional boxing is concerned. It is rumored that the last club is trying to sell more stock, thereby reimbursing their financial losses on their last shows. Should this fail, there will be a new club formed and boxing will again be on its way in Billings. Spot Roth has a nice string of amateurs, all weights, which he is taking to Sheridan for the amateur tournament.

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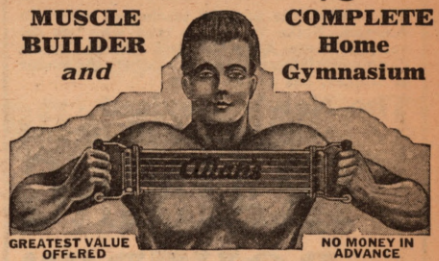

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

BY MICKEY McINTIRE

BIG time boxing is returning to Detroit, mainly through the efforts of Nick Londes, erstwhile wrestling impresario. After running several shows at the Naval Armory, Londes invaded Navin Field, the home of the Tigers, and at this writing has done well with two shows.

His first show at Navin Field was that featuring Eddie Simms and Roscoe Toles, a bout which Toles won after a gruelling battle. On the same card, Jimmy Adamick, local heavyweight sensation, turned in a sterling performance in stopping Chief Bernhardt, youthful Indian from Canada. This was a vicious bout in which both were on the floor, and Adamick had to show his best form to win. They will be rematched soon.

In Londes' most recent show at Navin Field, a card in which local talent was used exclusively, Chuck Woods and Joe Sutka were matched. Sutka had come like a house afire since turning professional, dropping only one decision in thirty bouts, but was no match for the cagy Woods. Before the echo of the opening gong had died away it was evident that Sutka was in for a lacing, as Woods wasted no time going to work. Left hooks to the body followed by sharp rights to the chin soon had Sutka on the floor, and after several trips the youthful Wyandotte lad was counted out in the second round.

Sammy Chivas, Greek welter, earned a bout with Woods when he flattened Wad Sidorski, protege of Woods, in a preliminary. Sidorski had previously outpointed Sammy, but this time he was outclassed.

Dynamite Jimmy Adamick looked good in belting out Johnny Morris, colored slugger from Chicago in a special attraction. Adamick has had eighteen knockouts in nineteen pro fights. He is one of the best local drawing cards. He started out as an amateur in the Golden Gloves of 1933, when he was a resident of Midland, Mich. He won the championship of the Saginaw district, went on to take the Flint title, and advanced to the finals in Detroit, where he lost to Lorenzo Pack, later a well-known heavyweight. He turned pro in Saginaw, but was unimpressive in his first fight.

Later he came to Detroit and hooked up with Jimmy Brady, former star lightweight, and now Detroit's leading fight manager, and since being connected with Brady, Adamick has come a long way. His trainer Julius Gonzales, keeps him in good shape at all times, and the three make a good combination.

Joey Miehielove, Serbian star lightweight, whipped Carl Fasnough on the Woods-Sutka fight, and earlier in the month boxed a draw with Orville Drouillard at Hazel Park. Miehielove has been impressive in every one of his bouts in the last year.

Stan Evans, former amateur star, won over Al Grayson in a good battle at Navin Field. Evans, who defeated Joe Louis in the amateurs, had Grayson down twice.

Frankie Wolfram returned from an extended tour of the Middle West, where he participated in nine bouts. He has always been a favorite in Iowa, Kansas, Missouri and other states in that sector. Celebrating his return to his home town, he turned in a ten-round victory over Al Gilette, classy New Yorker, and then journeyed to Dayton, Ohio, where he won his bout handily.

George McKeegan is running regular boxing shows at Adrian and is doing well. His current sensation is Georgie Lees, a young welterweight who came to Detroit from Pennsylvania. Lees immediately signed up with Jimmy Brady and Julius Gonzales, and at this writing has had ten pro fights, winning each, seven by knockouts. His last three bouts were for McKeegan at Adrian and in each he had his opponents down. He won decisions over Jimmy Harper and Steve Shea, dropping Harper twice and Shea four times. In his other Adrian appearances he put the crusher on Bob Sellini, winning by a knockout in the third round.

Frankie Misko returned to active competition, after being out with a bad hand, to take a ten-round decision over Willie Peak, local colored star. Peak, a graduate of the amateur ranks, gave Misko a good fight, and the week after gave George Sutka plenty of trouble, though losing the decision. Peak has had something like four professional bouts and already boxing such seasoned campaigners as Sutka and Misko, the latter being state middleweight champion.

Jakie Swartz, one of the best amateur boxers ever turned out around Detroit, and still a good pro, is in the gymnasium business. Though still undefeated as a paid performer, Jakie doesn't care to box himself, but continues to be active in the boxing game as operator of the Recreation Gym, along with Al Burwell. These two enterprising young men have a fine gym, located right downtown, and it is one of the most popular in town.

Little has been heard of Roger Bernard and Bobby "Red" Wood, Flint's two leading gladiators, who are forever on the go. They boxed down in Florida recently, and were scheduled to battle in Cincinnati at a later date.

A new club opened up at Mack Park with Johnny Webber doing the matchmaking, and his first show saw Chief Bernhardt, the sensational Indian, win the decision over Mickey Benson. Bernhardt is a colorful chap, possessing as his main asset an explosive wallop.

Eddie "Swede" Anderson, former southpaw lightie from Detroit, who always seemed to know how to take in the sheckles, is doing well with his cabaret, "Anderson Gardens," which is located at 4255 Third Street. Anderson was still a good battler when he retired, the reason being that there wasn't enough money in boxing for him. He now weighs 170 pounds.

Fanis Tzanotopoulis, the Greek light-heavy, finally made his Detroit debut, winning the decision in a gruelling ten-round fight with Battling Bill Bommer, local pride. The Greek was scheduled to box Paul Pirrone several weeks earlier, but an infected eye cut caused a cancellation of that match. Bommer gave Tzanotopoulis a great battle, both boxers being covered with blood at the finish.

Chuck Woods and Joey Miehielove, Detroit's Serbian sockers, were victorious in a show at Marigold Gardens. Woods, boxing in the ten-round main event had little trouble winning from Milt Aron, Dubuque, Iowa, and Miehielove defeated Art Brewer, Chicago Negro.

Jackie Young, colored welterweight flash of Detroit, recently returned from a trip to Greenville, Miss., where he had won a bout. He won by kayo from Robert Herberts, Mississippi's welterweight ruler, in the fifth round.

Howell King, Detroit's leading amateur welterweight, and a member of the American Olympic team, made the trip to Germany, but was removed from the team shortly after landing. This writer has been unable to find a reason as yet, but it's a shame that Howell isn't going to box. He would have had a swell chance, as he is a very good fighter, one of the best ever turned out of Detroit.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

THE latest to fall before Chino Alvarez's battering rams was Stumpy Jacobs, claimant to the Virginias' lightweight championship. Before five thousand fans at Savannah, and with Benny Leonard as the third man, Chino chopped his man down in seven rounds. Stumpy was no match for Chino.

Add Warren is now promoting at Atlantic Beach in North Carolina. In his first match, Norment Quarles, who is gunning for a championship bout with Petey Sarron, scored over Pete Nebo when he sent the Spaniard to the showers in seven cantos. In his second bout, Joe Spangler took the nod over Little Boy Safrit.

Asheville, N. C., is rapidly coming back to the front and John L. Loy, who is now at the helm, promises he is going to bring only fighters who can and will produce the fireworks. In his first contest, Ken Overlin scored over Billy Hood when he sneaked over the fatal punch. Up to the ending it was a grand fight and Warren Magee claims that Billy's defeat was due to his carelessness. In the semi-final, Sailor Born flattened Pete Sumter in three sessions. Watch this Born, for he is going places.

Tommy Keene, Georgia's leading featherweight, added another victim to his list when he flattened Johnny Mayo . . . . Carey Sutlive, sports editor of the Brunswick *News*, is a strong booster of the sport and doesn't hesitate a moment to give a promising lad a write-up . . . . Johnnie Stonaker, 220 Hendrix Avenue, East Point, Ga., is connected with Dr. Lanfaord of Atlanta in the presentation of fights there . . . . Boys wishing work at Atlanta should get in touch with Johnnie . . . . Johnnie Dean is gunning for Chino Alvarez, so writes his manager, B. Hale of Miami . . . . Lewis Barks is promoting at Fort Benning and is looking for talent.

Silent Stafford, colored sensation of Savannah in the featherweight class, added another notch to his enviable record when he stored away Earl Williams . . . . Silent is being managed by Young Puggy, another colored youngster, who won the middleweight championship at Fort Benning . . . . Jim Downing of Tampa is the peer of all Southern promoters when it comes to staging a match . . . . Wonder if Joe Knight will ever don the gloves again? . . . . Jake Denning, the Carolinas' light-heavyweight champion, is campaigning around Asheville and doing mighty fine . . . . Tommy Tood stopped Lee Mallard at Claxton . . . . Billy Dyer and Kid DeLoach fought to a draw at Savannah . . . . Meyer Sable of Savannah has a promising youth in Mickey Counihan . . . . One has to hand it to Lou Diamond, manager of Chino Alvarez . . . . He knows the game thoroughly and it was his knowledge of the sport which enabled Chino to come to the top . . . . Will some good lightweight write to me at 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Ga.?

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS

By G. A. M. TUTTY

FROM East to West we are getting reports of various boxing and wrestling commissions being formed. One comes from Moncton, N. B., where they have formed one, or at least have appointed four of the city council to act as a commission.

Danno the Dud supposedly again lost his "title," this time to the French-Canadian from the city of queer verdicts, Montreal.

Billy Parsons, veteran Cape Breton and former lightweight champion of Canada, is now refereeing boxing bouts in the Scotch Hielands of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton.

Spider Armstrong is down where the breezes come from off the sea, Halifax, N. S., and wants to fight them all immediately. Toronto's native sons have gone East with a vengeance, and we wish them well.

"Baby" Yack and Sammy Luftspring, the two Canadian amateur boxers who were competing in the Barcelona Games, did not get a chance to show much owing to the revolution in Spain, but it ruined Canada's chances of the help of two boys who would probably have made the team, as Luftspring had recently beaten the Canadian champion, M. Camytree. But the ban in "Hitlerville" against their race made them choose Barcelona to Berlin, for which we can hardly blame them.

The two Lemieux brothers from Edmundston, N. B., K.O.'ed their opponents. Biff Lemieux K.O.'ed Dale Fope of Maine, and Joe K.O.'ed Al Bonchard of New England in eight rounds. Both these boys are going to New York shortly to be with Bobby Orr in the MacDonald stable there. These two French-Canadian boys have had a good sound record in the New England rings for the last two years and should show well in Gotham. They will make a three-manned Canuck team in New York, and we wish them well.

The Apex A. C. of Toronto staged a boxing show in London, Ont., where they did not get any more support than in their last start in the Queen City, only five hundred fans. London does not take to boxing for some reason or other. "Tiger" Worth of Winnipeg K.O.'ed Pat Flannigan of London, Ont., in the sixth. Pat was a recent winner of a heavy show in Toronto. Worth is a fair to middling boy who has met some good boys out West. Cliff McWhirter of London, who, if he'd take the game seriously, would make a good boy, K.O.'ed Moe Berg of New York in the second round. Frankie Genovese, another playboy who has championship possibilities, K.O.'ed Bud Dempsey of Rochester, N. Y., in twenty seconds of the first round. The Toronto Italian is a classy boy, but lacks concentration on the game. Phil "Red" Munroe, winner of the first Toronto tournament, received a T.K.O. when Ken Williams was forced to retire with an injured hand in the fifth. Jimmy Young, Toronto, beat his fellow citizen, Joe Abramovitz, on a T.K.O. in the third.

The Moncton, N. B., featherweight champ of the Maritimes, "Kid" Hart, took a good licking from Frankie Martin, Canadian bantamweight champ, this month down in the Hub city. At no time was Hart in the picture, and Martin, outweighed by seven pounds, proved altogether too clever for the circus freak, Hart.

Louis Donovan of St. John, N. B., writes this column the following: "Wanted, a welterweight boxer, of good character and capable of running a boxing school, and of fighting twice a month, is assured a good home, so send photo and record to the above, care of Matchmaker, Sportsmen's A. C., St. John, N. B." This might prove an attraction for any boy who is willing to put his heart into this proposition, and capable of running this club.

Tommy Bland, Canada's former lightweight champion, who is campaigning in Halifax, N. S., at present, beat Tiger Joe Harnett of Halifax in ten rounds there this month.

Larry Gains, Canadian heavy leader some time ago, is now in New York looking for work. Pretty late in the day for Larry now, although he may have picked up seeing the comeback Schmeling made, and Larry Gains holds a K.O. over the Black Uhlan.

Ray Cook, the featherweight champion of Canada, has not retired, so we are told, and we should like to see Ray in action. He was a real good boy, but has suffered from managerial trouble and, like Young Stribling, has been with his father possibly a little too much. He should either fight regularly or retire and let someone else take his place.

Playfair Brown, Toronto's boxing promoter, is looking for another "angel," Jack Corcoran forsaking the role of joint promotion. Until they realize that local talent has to be built up before you can get the fans interested, all the promotions in the world will be flat. They had their chance to bring Jack Dempsey here in the "White Hope" tournaments, but they wanted all the money—hence the flat tire. Brown is not liked by the fans for some reason and as soon as he advertises that he is promoter, the show does a fade at the gate.

Tommy Bland K.O.'ed Henry Emond of Taunton, Mass., in Halifax, N. S., in the seventh round of a scheduled tenner. Tommy draws far more down by the sea than he does in his home town, Toronto. He is not the type that the crowds rave over, being the boxer type.

A flash comes to us that Sam Gibbs, Montreal Jewish manager of pugilistic material, has "buried the hatchet" with Ray Cook, featherweight champion of Canada, and is taking him to England on a tour. This is good news but Ray has wasted his best years on the sidelines.

To Mrs. Mullinger, 33 Lily Street, Sunderland, England: Anyone knowing of the whereabouts of John W. Duffy, who left England twenty-three years ago, kindly get in touch immediately with this lady, please. He was a former boxer and was known to have settled in the state of New Jersey.

Leo Kid Fumano, Red Lake, Ont.: Your letter forwarded O. K. and wish you well.

Tommy Bland won by K.O. over Willie Carruthers of Montreal in the fifth round. Carruthers is about through and Bland will have to win over higher rated boys before taken seriously. "Kid" Lulu, who claims Hamilton, Ont., as his home, fought a draw with "Kid" Parsons of Halifax, N. S., in that city as the semi-windup to the Bland-Carruthers bout. These Ontarians have gone Eastern.

Carl Tremaine, who fought the best, including Bobby Eber, former Canadian bantam champion, has passed away at the age of thirty-six, from the effects of the heat. Cleveland, O., claimed this boy as a native son, but he was born in Listowell, Ontario, and was a real fighter in those days after the Great War.

Edmonton and Vancouver Boxing Commissions are forming into a combined Western boxing group, claiming that they receive no help or assistance from the Eastern body in Montreal. Anything that stands for the uplift of the game, we are right behind, and would like to see one body in charge that would be fair to all sections and not only to their own interests.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

LOU ALPERT, formerly of Utica, now of Chicopee Falls, made a hit at North Adams in his two fights there. Alpert, a nifty looking featherweight, disposed of Timmy Burns in one round, and a week later knocked out Angelo Manna in four rounds. Alpert will be a busy ring man if he keeps up the good work.

Jack Portney, Baltimore, Md., took North Adams fans by storm by the spectacular form with which he polished off the durable Eddie Conley of Danbury, Conn. Portney showed lots of class and will prove a big card in the Meadowbrook Arena the rest of the summer as he was given a grand ovation upon leaving the ring. In the semi-final, Lou Alpert registered a knockout over Timmy Burns of Gardner. Bob Burlingame of Adams won by a knockout over Fiere Maruco of North Adams in the first round of a scheduled six. Carlo Dapondi of Springfield knocked out Young Villa of Williamstown in the last round of a six, and Tommy Grady of Springfield won over Jack Willis of Greenfield in a four.

Bobby McClellen of Nova Scotia won over Phil Verdi of Worcester in the final of three eight-round star bouts at North Adams; Pinky Morris of Bridgeport won over Francis Carter in eight, and Lou Alpert knocked out Angelo Manna.

Dug Murchie of North Adams knocked out Freddie Wright of Bennington in the fourth round. Johnny Mack of Gardner knocked out Tommy Flynn of Bennington in two rounds.

Chick Ferrara is promoting at Westerly, R. I., and has put on some fine shows there. He has Billy Stevens, the traveling boxing writer and manager, giving him advice.

Keene, N. H., is running shows semi-weekly. The promoter is Charlie Beaudette. He has put on a few bang-up cards so far. Hildreth Erickson of Holyoke knocked out George Gemas of Franklin, N. H., in three rounds. In the semi-final, Willy Hagan, Haverhill, knocked out Jack Kay of Denmark in four rounds. Joe Coll, Jaffery, N. H., K.O.'ed Babe Doucette in two rounds. Al Coll fought Mike Paul a four-round draw, and Bobby Simpson received a decision over Art Coll.

Al Annone informed the writer that the rumors of his retiring were false and that he would like to meet any 140-pound boy in the business. Annone has been giving plenty of weight to his opponents but from now on will confine his boxing to boys in his class.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

KNOCKED down four times and given a severe shellacking, Big Boy Brackey proved no match for King Levinsky, Chicago heavyweight, at the Offermann Stadium here. Levinsky failed to show much form but he stood head and shoulders over Brackey as a fighter and Big Boy was well whipped after ten slow rounds of boxing.

Nearly four thousand fans turned out for the Queensberry Club's show, which provided some fireworks in the prelims, even if the main event lacked class.

King Levinsky, 198, defeated George (Big Boy) Brackey, 217; ten rounds; official decision.

Ralph DeJohn, 165, defeated Tony Tozzo, 164; six rounds; official decision.

Tiger Worth, 194, defeated Stanley Evans, 181; six rounds; official decision.

Mickey Devine, 133½, defeated Tommy Howells, 133; six rounds; official decision.

Don Eddy, 135, knocked out Frank Flynn, 132; first round.

Lou Downs, 124, knocked out Joe Tambe, 122½; fourth round.

Referee, Luke Carr; judges, George Needham and Dan Russo; timer, Frank E. Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

Efforts are being made to get boxing off to a good start this fall, especially in Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Erie and Toronto. New clubs are being formed to offer some real competition to the present promoters.

Lack of competition in Buffalo has resulted in the game being in worse shape for attractions than at any time during the past twenty years. New faces, especially big fellows, are badly needed. A young heavyweight or a light-heavy who can punch and has a little class will make a fortune here.

Good young boxers of experience and who are free from managerial contracts and alliances should write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Steve Halaiko and Tommy Paul, both former national amateur champions, were knocked out on the same night last month. These lads were close to the top in their respective classes when they became professionals, but apparently the end of the fistic trail is near for them.

Paul won the N.B.A. featherweight title and lost it to Freddie Miller, getting a small purse for losing a good claim on a world's title. Halaiko started off like a sensation, beating Sammy Mandell, Wesley Ramey, Sam Bruce and many other good ones. Of late, however, he has been losing steadily and will probably retire from the ring before long.

Art Johnson, heavyweight promoter of the Orioles amateur cards, is planning a more extensive year of amateur promotion than he did during the winter of 1935-36, which topped all others in so far as Buffalo is concerned. Johnson staged some beautiful matches, developed Jimmy Clark, Negro sensation of Jamestown, and many others, and best of all, he showed a handsome profit for the Orioles.

The Eagles also offered some dandy boxing cards and finished the season in good shape.

Jack Singer has the only gymnasium in Buffalo for pro fighters. He has hung on during the boxing depression and now looks forward with some hope of a boom in the glove sport. Singer's gym is a large one and well equipped.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Mike Zona went down and out before Big Boy Brackey's thunderous fists in the tenth round of their third meeting . . . In previous bouts, Zona stood out as Brackey's superior, having the big lad down for many long counts . . . Manager Floyd Fitzsimmons wants a fourth try at Brackey, but the fans feel they've seen enough of this pair . . . . George Nichols, who beat Allen Matthews, Negro, at Chicago, will have another crack at John Henry Lewis . . . . this time it will be a ten-rounder at St. Louis . . . . Tommy Paul, local featherweight, is the proud daddy of a baby girl . . . . This makes three boys and a girl blessing the family of the one-time N.B.A. featherweight champion . . . . Jimmie (Doc) Mack, trainer of the Newark Bears of the International League, formerly conditioned Jimmy Duffy, Dick Loadman and other fistic stars . . . . Mack stands out as one of the best all-around trainers in professional sports . . . . He is considering a handsome big league hockey offer for next fall . . . . Mack's home is Buffalo, where he was born and lived many years.

Jimmy Dunn writes me from Cleveland that the Ohio metropolis expects a boxing boom soon and advises that a new club will soon get going there . . . . Dunn is an ace handler of fighters and formerly piloted Johnny Kilbane, world's featherweight champion; Carl Tremaine, who packed dynamite in his fists, and also Bryan Downey, one time a claimant of the world's middleweight championship . . . . All Buffalo needs is some new talent to get the turnstiles clicking at the Broadway Auditorium here again.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

TOMMY LOUGHRAN returned to Montreal to tackle the youthful local idol, Al McCoy (nee Florian LaBrasseur) again and Montrealers were treated to another heavyweight classic. McCoy got a disputed decision in their first battle, a ten-rounder at the Baseball Stadium, and the second tussle, a twelve-rounder at the Forum before a house that must have also netted near ten thousand dollars, went along much the same lines but was even more hotly contested and entertaining, resulting in a draw decision when all three judges turned in disagreeing ballots.

The battle was a humdinger, with Loughran holding a distinct edge in the early rounds with his masterly skill balking and baffling the aggressive young French-Canuck, and the halfway mark found the Philly phantom well ahead. However, in the stanzas from then on, McCoy bored in relentlessly, hooking with an effective left to the body and head and forced Loughran to mix frequently, clinch and backpedal in high gear. It looked none too good for Loughran in the eighth, ninth and tenth rounds but McCoy slowed up perceptibly in the eleventh and Loughran took the upper hand in the twelfth, making McCoy miss consistently, then plowing in with both hands himself. Both men, bleeding from cuts over the eyes, were tired, with little steam left in their clouts. It was a fast-paced battle for heavyweights and had the fans agog every minute.

The decision aroused varied comments, supporters of both men bitterly complaining they were robbed, though neither Bill Brennan, McCoy's mentor, or Joe Smith, Loughran's pilot, did any squawking. In fact, Smith looked pleased. "It's a moral victory for us, that draw decision, as Tommy had to beat him to get a draw verdict here with him," said Smith. It was a much more punishing fight than the first one, both men absorbing more punishment. Loughran scored with his left jabs, also long rights to the face and left hooks to the body, while McCoy, using his right hand less, found his left hook his most consistent clout.

Dave Castilloux, McCoy's cousin and stablemate, added another victim to his long string when he flattened Lou Fox, New York lightweight, in five heats of the scheduled ten-round semi-final. Castilloux jarred Fox into a subdued state in the first stanza with a few short jolts, carried him along for a few rounds, then applied the finishing touch in smooth fashion in the fifth stanza. Bill Brennan looks to have a real star in Castilloux.

Orville Drouillard, the Windsor bulldog, turned out to be a tartar for the return to local rings of Maxie Berger, promising local Jewish lightweight, who had been campaigning well in New York. Drouillard outbattled Berger in a special ten-rounder, getting an early lead which was wiped out in the sixth stanza when Berger's right crosses registered and had the blond Windsor clouter wobbly, but from the next round on, it was all Drouillard as his superior strength, experience, generalship and determination forced Maxie to a game defensive. It was the night's best battle, with Drouillard looking very good while Berger showed little improvement from his New York schooling. Berger's five straight knockouts over inferior opposition in New York should not have enthused his managers into rushing him into such a match.

The prelims were earnestly fought affairs. Maxie Rubin, former amateur champ, outscored Young Lamothe, Quebec flyweight, in a six-rounder. Rubin earned the duke clearly enough, but his debut would have been more impressive if the fans had had the same viewpoint, but for some strange reason they booed the decision, probably being impressed by the smaller man's willingness. The opening four-rounder was a comical tilt between local novice heavyweights, Jack Delaney and Paul Joffre (nee John Paul DeRepentigny) with both tiring in the last round, Delaney finally going to the floor just long enough for the count.

Al McCoy's next opponent in a Montreal ring will be a ranking heavyweight, either Andre Lenglet, the big Frenchman, who has been doing well in American rings, or King Levinsky, Chicago's slugging fish man. Either match should be a good attraction here, and we predict McCoy to show very impressively. This match would be around the middle of September, likely at the Forum. McCoy's bout with Charlie Belanger, Winnipeg veteran, at Quebec, will likely be an official Canadian heavyweight title bout.

STRAY SHOTS—John Long has resigned as boxing judge as a result of the controversies over the McCoy-Loughran decisions . . . . he acted in an entirely honorary capacity and had to stand for some criticism he didn't deserve . . . . in our estimation he was the best of the judges in those bouts . . . . he balloted a draw in the first bout and gave the second to Loughran by a clear margin . . . . we could do with more John Longs . . . . Loughran made a hit with the fans here . . . . Jimmy McKimmie may promote fight shows every Monday at the Mount Royal Arena . . . . build up local talent . . . . we'd like to see Jimmie put it over . . . . Myer Alper, young local lightweight, returned for holiday from campaigning around New York . . . . had seven starts, lost one, an unpopular verdict to Patsy LaRocco . . . . says decisions in preliminaries not given in New Jersey, just newspaper decisions . . . . Tommy Osborne, amateur heavyweight ace, and Rollie Potvin, his lightweight clubmate, may turn pro after being eliminated in Olympic trials in close bouts . . . . lots of interest attracted to Oliver Shank, Alberta light-heavyweight, who was knock-out king of the trials and least ballyhooed of the entrants . . . . his performances were standouts . . . . his forty-five-second knockout of Max Weibusch, German-Canuck lad, who was hot favorite, was perfect "killer" display . . . . best puncher yours truly ever laid eyes on in amateur ring . . . . ditto, says Max Alper . . . . Tommy Loughran says Shank will hit big time in pro rings . . . . gangway, Manhattaners . . . . we may be in New York for big fight next month . . . . cheerio.

CANADIAN OLYMPIC BOXING
By LAWSON BAMPTON

OLIVER SHANK, Edmonton and Athabaska, Alberta, and George Bird, St. Catherines, Ontario, were the sensations of the Canadian Olympic boxing trials staged at the Montreal Forum in mid-July. Shank, displaying the best punching prowess revealed by any amateur your correspondent and plenty of others have ever seen, blasted his way to the Dominion light-heavy title, while Bird, coming back from the shadows of defeat, shaking away the cobwebs created by a terrific wallop that had him on the floor in the first round, scored the biggest upset of the tourney in his only engagement in the trials by capturing the heavyweight crown labelled months before for the brow of Tommy Osborne, Montreal idol.

The 1936 Canadian amateur boxing kings are as follows: Heavyweight, George Bird, St. Catherines, Ontario; light-heavyweight, Oliver Shank, Edmonton, Alberta; middleweight, Irving Pease, Toronto; welterweight, Maurice Camryee, Winnipeg; lightweight, Harold McLeod, Montreal; featherweight, Billy Marquart, Winnipeg; bantamweight, Harvey Lacelles, Ottawa; flyweight, Mickey Hennessey, Montreal.

Shank's romantic background reads like a Horatio Alger story and the ending will be perfect if he cops the Olympic crown. With funds at a low ebb in Alberta, Shank got a job mixing cement for five weeks to get enough money to tide him over in Montreal. He then got a job on a cattle train, travelling 3,000-odd miles for a week, watering and feeding cattle, and when he had completed that part of his ambitious program he looked up THE RING correspondent, yours truly, when he got to Montreal and arrangements were made for daily workouts with Tommy Loughran for the latter's pending battle with Al McCoy.

Max Alper's cooperation in aiding to train him was enlisted and Shank boxed in a couple of warm-up bouts that were none too impressive, but revealed good material in the lad. Proper attention, a little intensive drilling and coaching, with a few tips from the Foremans helping along, plus a few more workouts with Loughran, fitted him for the Olympic trials. He drew Max Weibusch, Quebec Provincial champ and a hot favorite, for his first opponent. Shank flattened him with a few punches and the stunned fans awaited his next appearance to ascertain if it was a fluke or not, as Weibusch had battled Tommy Osborne, heavyweight favorite, and others plenty tough, without ever being in danger of a kayo.

Shank chased Austin Strathearn, Ottawa, around for two rounds, having a carefully covered target to shoot at when he did catch up. Early in the last round, the Ottawa boy made one mistake, left one opening for an instant, and—lights out. Then he met the experienced, clever and rugged Herb Dyment, a former champion, in the final. He gave a brilliant display to outscore the Ontario champ in every round and win the title. Shank, in our estimation, is one of Canada's main hopes for an Olympic ring title. Watch him. He is twenty years old, quiet, regular fellow and very well liked by acquaintances.

Bird, a cocky, happy-go-lucky youngster of nineteen summers, came to Montreal certain of his ability to beat Tommy Osborne and any other heavyweight aspirants for the trip to Berlin. Only three heavies were entered and Bird got the bye into the finals. Osborne knocked out Tommy Burns, a good football player, in two heats and then it looked as if he had Bird slated to go out quickly, too. In the first heat he caught the shifty, speedy Ontario lad near the ropes, crashed him for a short count, then tore after his shaky, retreating foe with a relentless savagery that boded ill for Bird's Berlin hopes.

Bird lasted out the round, boxed defensively in the early part of the second round, then gradually took the play away from Osborne, who is not noted for his ring generalship. The third round saw Bird letting Osborne lead, then banging away with two or three counters and gearing up until he was outslugging Osborne in a wild slugfest at the finish, with Osborne tiring rapidly. The decision was bound to be close, Osborne's big edge in the first heat, including a knockdown, being hard to overlook. Two judges split and the third took his time, while the crowd roared for a decision, then named Bird.

However, they might just as well have sent Osborne along as Bird sustained a fractured jaw that didn't heal up enough at Olympic Village to satisfy the Canadian Olympic officials he should be allowed to compete. So Osborne had returned the compliment. Bird had kept Osborne from fighting in the Olympics, but that wallop in the first round not only floored Bird but kept him out of Olympic competition, though he did get a trip there, only to be sent back after being there more than a week. Pease, Camryee and Marquart are figured pretty good chances to make showings as they were title repeaters, and experienced ringmen, but somehow we like the chances of that sharp-shooter from Alberta who came 3,000 miles on a cattle train to win a Dominion title—Oliver Shank.

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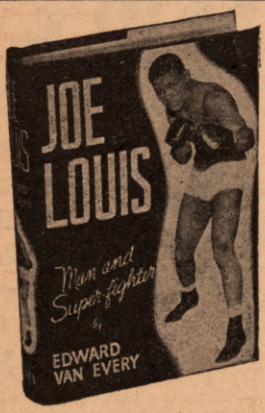

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MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

COWBOY HOWARD SCOTT, former Texas cowboy now making Washington, D. C., his home, and Frankie Klick of San Francisco, fought a hectic ten-rounder at the Griffith Stadium in Washington with Scott taking the nod. The bout was the fastest seen in these parts in many a day. The Cowboy was the better puncher and rocked the highly-touted Klick on many occasions but Klick was the master on the inside.

The fight was a close one with the majority in favor of Scott having the edge. The Pacific Coast boy made a strong bid to overtake Scott in the latter rounds, but this Texas ranger refused to wilt and was in there giving as well as he received at the final bell.

Buddy Scott, younger brother of Howard, made a favorable showing in his first appearance in Washington by knocking out Young Cox in two rounds. Killer LaMar, colored Washington boxer, ran his string to fourteen knockouts when he flattened Huey Turner of Brooklyn in three heats.

Barney Ross, the welterweight champion, made a showing in Washington before some eleven thousand fans, who paid better than fifteen grand. Phil Furr, Washington's best welter, was in there with Barney, with Jack Dempsey acting as the referee. Ross handed the local entry an honest-to-goodness pasting, putting Phil down for a no-count in round four. As the bout progressed, Furr gave Ross stiffer opposition, but at his best it was only a workout for the champion, who showed the Washington fans more class than they have seen before.

Lew Raymond of Baltimore and Ritchie Mack of New Orleans fought an interesting six-round semi-final with honors even. Dominic Mancini of Pittsburgh had the better of Frankie Litt of Newark in another six-rounder that showed plenty action.

Petey Sarron, world's featherweight champion, knocked out Bobby Dean of Philadelphia in five heats before a small house in Washington. Dean gave the champion plenty action for three rounds but wilted under the pace and took quite a licking before going down for the full ten. Joey Green of Washington took a terrific pasting at the hands of Jackie Clark of Allentown in a six-rounder. Green sustained a fractured jaw in the second round but gamely stayed the route and caught plenty for his game effort.

Ben Brown, rangy middleweight from Richmond, scored over Young Terry in ten rounds at Baltimore. Brown gave the rough and ready Terry a boxing lesson most of the way but caught plenty body punches in return. Although the decision was unanimous, many of the fans thought Terry deserved a better fate and voiced themselves accordingly. Charley Marshall of Biloxi knocked out Bunker Hill of Richmond in the first round of the eight-round semi-final. Joe Raspi flattened Jimmy Letto in the third round after taking a beating for two rounds.

Buck Everett of Gary, Ind., handed Al Delaney of Buffalo a good licking in ten rounds at Washington. Delaney was a topheavy favorite to flatten the veteran Everett, who was making his first fight in six months. Buck was entirely too smart and game for his younger opponent, who tired badly in the latter rounds. It was Delaney's first ten-rounder in these parts and evidently he is not ready to go more than eight rounds.

PICK-UPS—Jackie Portney of Baltimore and Phil Furr of Washington are booked for a bout in Baltimore for the Southern welterweight title . . . . The two boys are the outstanding welters in the South, and in the event Portney scores decisively over Furr, Baltimore promoters will make an effort to book the Baltimorean with Barney Ross, although Barney has consistently turned down Portney thus far . . . . Ross took down five grand for his bout with Furr in Washington and can get double that amount for a Portney go in Baltimore . . . . Jackie Laken, Pittsburgh fight manager, is now making Washington his headquarters and his youngster, Jackie Clark, has taken the Nation's Capital by storm thus far . . . . Laken also looks after Billy Nitchie, who is quite a card in Washington . . . . Lew Raymond, the Baltimore welterweight, is making a great comeback in Washington rings . . . . His last showing with Ritchie Mack was a whang . . . . Cowboy Howard Scott traveled up to Hartford, Conn., and repeated his win over Bat Battalino . . . . The boys recently fought a great bout in Washington with Scott a winner . . . . Matchmaker Goldie Ahearn is angling for Howard Scott-Pedro Montanez in Washington, D. C., and with Scott's recent win over Frankie Klick there is no telling what such a match would draw.

IN HAWAII

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

HONOLULU—It's getting to be a habit of Kid Moro and Tony Roccaforte waltzing in the ring, for they have done it for the fourth time. On each occasion, Moro came through with the decision by a considerable margin. Moro retained his title again to the same man, winning an eight-rounder. Moro is still the favorite of his fellow countrymen by his clowning act.

Adolph Samuels forced Kid Javellana two times to the floor in the first round and kept him reeling. The end came in the second round with a hard right to the jaw when Samuels finished his man in one minute and fifty seconds. Tony Leopoldo finished Manuel DeGuzman in two. Chris Crispin won from Battling Pering easily. Kid Evaristo beat Young Lapinid. Baby Bermuda decisioned Kid Harry.

Kaimon Kudo, Japanese heavyweight wrestler from the Pacific Northwest, is yet to be defeated in his local campaign. His victims include: Sheik Mar Allah, Wildcat Pete, Al Szasz and Jack Terry.

Honolulu—On his first leg of the world jaunt, Small Montana, flyweight title-holder, added another title to himself when he defeated Augie Curtis for the Hawaiian bantamweight crown. Montana received a healthy cheer when he entered the ring. Montana proved a little too clever and fast for Curtis, who had a hard time connecting the elusive target the whole evening. The champion weighed in at 109 pounds, while Curtis hit the beam at 114½ pounds. A capacity crowd of more than five thousand saw the fight, paying two dollars top.

In the semi-windup, Adolph Samuels, in his return match with Chick Delaney, proved too good by winning an easy decision. Delaney was floored three times in the second round for a count of eight, another of seven, and on the last knockdown the bell saved Chick from being counted out. Again in the third round, Samuels connected with a right swing and floored Delaney for a nine-count, but failed to finish him. Cris Crispin won from Kid Mamaclay. Larry Santana fought a draw with Kid Waianae. Hitoshi Tanaka beat Benny Dawson. Manuel Bouchan T.K.O.'ed Lefty Davis in four. Gilbert Minn T.K.O.'ed Jack Nishi in one round.

Joe Neves, local boxing promoter, is dickering for the service of the Baer brothers, Buddy and Maxie. He offered the Baers $5,000 guarantee and round trip tickets and it is most likely the brothers will accept the terms offered. No definite opponents are announced.

"Iron Man" Rogers, formerly of Honolulu, was offered $1,500 to return to the island for a couple of fights. He may get a crack at one of the Baers should the present negotiations go through.

Small Montana, flyweight champion, and his manager, Leo Leavitt, are making a personal appearance at the various movie houses on Big Island. A rare treat to fans is the fight picture with Midget Wolgast in which Montana gained the crown, which runs about half an hour. He is also introduced to the audience by Leavitt, who gives the life and the record of the champion. The championship belt is displayed to the fans, while the champion speaks in his native tongue, Tagalog.

Kauai—For the fifth straight time, Kid Moro defeated Tony Roccaforte after being floored in the first round by a right hook. He earned the decision by punching Roccaforte full of holes. One of the best performances staged by both for a long time.

Joe Velasco beat Freddy Buck. Alejandro Pazmore and Max Tanaka fought a draw. Kid Nenoy won from Young Kid Short. Little Boy Delfin beat Benny Guzman. Bill Mande polished off Carmelo Morales.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

KID CHOCOLATE placed high hopes in his staunch admirers who have been eagerly watching him in his comeback role. This time the Kid defeated Joey Brown of Syracuse in ten rounds at Cristal Arena. For ten rounds the Chocolate Kid displayed a brilliant brand of punches. Brown was on top of the Kid at all times, but Chocolate's timing was perfect, his footwork accurate, and the clever and masterly manner in which he outpointed Brown proved that the Cuban Wonder will soon be ready for a New York invasion. Louis Gutierrez, his manager, has not definitely decided the date, but it won't be long.

Havana Kid, another of Pincho Gutierrez's boys, scored a technical kayo over Kid Salgado in two rounds. Havana Kid is a sterling prospect, and watching him in action, he looks just like Kid Chocolate in his preliminary days when he was campaigning around New York for recognition in the high spots.

Kid Juancito scored over Julio Montero via the kayo route. Juancito is one of Cuba's topnotchers.

Baby Louis, dusky bantamweight, is fast coming to the top. He looked impressive in scoring over Kid Pintado at the Cristal Arena.

Francisco Cascante, Cuba's popular referee, was appointed Professor of Self-Defense by Comm. Engenio Menendez, Chief of Police. Cascante is doing some good work in that department.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

FREDDIE STEELE—"The Idol of the Pacific Northwest Fight Fans." Although Freddie Steele is only recognized as the middleweight boxing champion of America, we of the Northwest believe him to be the best of all the middleweight fighters in the world.

Freddie Steele is the greatest box-office attraction on the Pacific Coast at the present time. When he fought Vince Dundee, he shattered Northwest records by grossing a total of $17,000. He topped this by drawing $22,000 with Eddie "Babe" Risko in a non-title bout which attracted a crowd of 10,000. The Seattle Civic Auditorium was jammed to capacity. But through the efforts of Promoter Nate E. Druxman, Steele was given a chance to fight Risko in a title bout before his home crowd. It will take a superman of the ring to outdo the $70,000 that Freddie Steele drew with Babe Risko. Steele received a huge total for a challenger's cut, which amounted to over $12,000, while Risko received $25,000 and $1,000 for training expenses for placing his title on the block. Undoubtedly, this proves that what the fight game needs is more fighters like Freddie Steele.

Despite the fact that Steele has never left the shores of the Pacific Ocean, he has achieved world-wide fame by virtue of his important wins over topnotch boxers. Much of his fame he owes to Manager Dave Miller, who picked Freddie up when he was a sixty-five-pound stripling, and nursed him along until today he is one of the world's greatest boxers.

Experts will naturally ask the following question: "Can he take it?" In the opinion of this writer, the answer is definitely *yes*. He proved it when Leonard Bennett broke his jaw, yet Freddie Steele came back to win the fight. Fans gaped in amazement as Ceferino Garcia had him on the verge of a knockout but the Tacoma boy knocked out Garcia in the next round. He repeated his victory over the hard-hitting bolo puncher in Hollywood. When Gorilla Jones held him to a draw, Steele was determined that Jones would not stand in his way in his title quest. In a return match, the present champion fought an uphill battle to defeat the Akron Negro.

Freddie Steele is one of the greatest punchers in the middleweight division. He has proved it time and time again. He knocked out such stars as Vinee Dundee, Ceferino Garcia, Fred Apostoli, Swede Berglund and Sammy O'Dell, and in his title fracas, he had Babe Risko down for a count of six.

His rise to fame has by no means been without mishaps. From the time Freddie began fighting he has met with accident after accident. Experts predicted the end of his welterweight career when he suffered with a serious kidney operation. However, the Tacoma Terror pulled through successfully, and after a layoff, rose to the top of the fistic ladder as a middleweight. Injuries cannot be counted. In the first Risko fight, he broke a bone in his hand. While training for the title fight, his sparring partner bumped into him and in a head-on collision his right eye was opened, forcing him to take a holiday during his training grind.

What is in store for Freddie Steele? He can have all the non-title fights he cares to undertake. He has been offered title bouts with Fred Apostoli, Ken Overlin and Lou Brouillard at $35,000 per fight. In all probability he will appear in a non-title bout in his home town of Tacoma, which turns out en masse to see their idol, and then will probably defend his laurels right in Seattle. The Pacific Coast expects a lot from Steele now. Freddie Steele marches on. The Northwest is waiting.

The fight game was rather slow in the Pacific Northwest this month except for the Steele-Risko fight, which grossed $70,000.

Competition will be thick and heavy in the very near future around these parts as Nate Druxman will get some opposition. This scribe and Bud Davies will give John Finlay Allen a run for his money.

F. S. Douglas is making efforts to match his welterweight, Johnny Blochlinger, with Gordon Wallace for the welterweight championship of Canada, but Wallace is still trying to get Barney Ross to defend his world crown.

Attempts are still being made to have the Canadian Government form a Dominion-wide body to control boxing and wrestling in Canada. This movement is gaining momentum every day and the sooner the H. of C. takes some action, the better for all concerned.

Bud Davies, former Coast bantam star, seems to have the real "goods" in Manny and Danny Paul, the brother heavyweights. The greatest drawing cards in western Canada, the promoters certainly missed a good bet when they passed up these fighters.

"Buzz" Brown pulled a "Schmeling" when he trounced Al Spina in ten rounds with the Northwest featherweight championship at stake. Spina was an overwhelming favorite to win by a knockout.

Bobby Orr seems to be doing very well for himself in his eastern United States invasion under the direction of Chas. McDonald. Orr has great possibilities.

Kid Osborne, Edmonton: Send MacSporran and I will try to give him chance he deserves.

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KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, KANS.—Jack Slattery will stage the big boxing show for the Shriners at Heller's Grove early in September. Jack usually gets this assignment each year.

Emporia, Kans.—Lester Holzapel has a large stable of amateur boxers and listed among them are three heavyweights and one light-heavy, just the kind of timber most of the promoters are looking for. He can bring most any weight fighters you desire. You can reach him at 117 South Mechanic Street, Emporia.

Oxford, Kans.—C. A. Boggs, president of the Oxford Athletic Club, called on the writer of this column and stated he is making excellent headway in getting lined up to stage pro and amateur shows this fall and winter. This is one of the best little spots in the state for getting crowds. Boggs and those assisting him always give the boxers and managers a square deal.

Chanute, Kans.—Orval Cox will start this city off in September with a wrestling show and possibly alternate with boxing shows. It is rumored a three-day amateur boxing tournament is scheduled for this fall. We have been promised one for the past four years and this time it may materialize.

It would be a return to the good old days to see a revival in the fight game this fall, with such towns as Independence, Ft. Scott, Parsons, Neodesha, Pittsburg, Coffeyville and Wichita sponsoring the sport. Any of these towns should go over this winter as they have been dormant long enough. The fans are eager to see a renewal of the fighting game.

Les Showers, the Middle West's greatest amateur boxing promoter, staged a three-day tournament at Sheridan, Wyoming, and packed them to the doors all three nights. Showers has not decided where his next tournament will be held. He is uncertain whether he will return to Kansas this fall or not, although he is much in demand in this state. This boy does pack them in, he knows what the public wants and what they will pay to see, and he really gives it to them with full satisfaction.

Kansas City, Kans.—This city continues to stage wrestling shows the year round. The hot weather does not seem to deter the fans from seeing the grapplers perspire and groan, and they have capacity houses at most every weekly show. This same promoter is capable of filling his house each time with a good fight card. It is possible he will alternate this fall.

Kansas City, Mo.—Steno Gatto is doing a fine job of bringing the fight game back to K.C. with capacity crowds, and giving local fighters a chance against some of the better fighters in the country. Some of the leading lights in the United States have shown their wares in Kansas City the past year. Better fights are in store for the Kansas City fans this fall and winter.

George Cox, one of the best referees in the Middle West, says he would like to get into action this fall. Cox is one referee who makes them fight or out they go. George is employed as division superintendent for the state highway department, but could find time occasionally to act as third man in the ring. Any club desiring his services this season can reach him at 814 West Main Street, Chanute, Kansas.

Tulsa, Okla.—Max Baer displayed championship form when he stopped game Indian Junior Munsell in five rounds. It was Baer's fight from the first round on, but he did clown and absorb some punishment but at no time was he in distress. Buddy Baer knocked out Jimmy Merriott in one. Amos Tiger and Pete Cutsinger fought eight torrid rounds to a draw. Tyrus Smith knocked out Doug Kutlman in two. Athel White defeated LeRoy Shadid in six. Red Chaney knocked out Chief Howell in one round.

Out of the forgotten past another old-time manager has returned to the fistic game, Chick Higdon. He is now managing a mighty clever little lightweight, Everett Simington, and this lad should go places. Several years ago when Warnie Smith, the Oklahoma Bearcat, was slaughtering the middleweights over the country it was this same Chick Higdon who was managing him.

Is Feinting a Lost Art?

Are Blocking, Hitting, Slipping and Ducking worth acquiring by the Fighter?

Who are the most successful ringmen?

History is full of boxing failures of men who carried a hefty wallop but who knew so little or nothing about the science of boxing that their career was a failure.

Who are the most successful boxers?

History proves that they are the fellows who possessed this combination—they knew how to hit and how to protect themselves.

Compare the fighting styles of Tommy Loughran, Tony Canzoneri, Jimmy McLarnin, Barney Ross, and Joe Louis with the methods used by the rank and file of the present day boxers and you'll find the reason for the success of the above mentioned quintet. You'll soon know why they are champions or near champions!

The answer? Very simple!

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Feinting was a lost art until recently when the above named five, headed by Loughran and Canzoneri, reintroduced it to the sport. They, with McLarnin, Louis and Ross, comprise the masters of scientific boxing today.

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MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

THE fight game in Boston has for weeks been enjoying one of those nothing-doing spells, which within the last year or so have converted the Bay State's capital city from a once red-letter center on the sporting map to a mere dot. And, at present, the dot is a bit of an exaggeration. The last fistic dole occurred when Jack Sharkey defeated Phil Brubaker, a bout over which there has been much how-to-do as a part of the Louis-Sharkey ballyhoo.

As Louis and Sharkey will have settled their argument before these notes appear in print, we are doing no harm in mentioning that, according to a source very close to Brubaker, the Californian had very little rest and sleep when he arrived here; furthermore, and contrary to custom, did no public sparring in Boston before his affair with the Square for fear the same might queer the show. So, how much of a real test he was for Sharkey the night he lost to him remains to be demonstrated.

And speaking of Louis, since his affair with Schmeling, he has lost caste with plenty of his own race here in Boston. Though his fight with the Teuton was a good one, Louis' seeming dumbness in spots, particularly as concerned Maxie's telegraphed right-hand blows, has dented him as an idol. The feeling also prevails that the Bomber will never make the grade as world's champion, though he may coax plenty of money into box offices as a runner-up. Consequently, while he is liked to defeat Sharkey, very little money is being wagered on him.

With the coming of fall and the toll of the horse and dog track temporarily halted, there is a chance of boxing springing up again, though mostly in a minor way. Eddie Mack, after three years with the ponies, has announced his intention of resurrecting his once famous Argonne A. A., while the Glover A. C. of South Boston, another "pro" organization, also the Irish-American A. A., an amateur club, will swing into action. It was Mack's plan to mark his return to the game with a big splash at one of the ball parks, but when he was shown that Boston had practically no talent with which to splash—that his opener might prove merely a ripple—he decided that a small, building-up club, a place where talent might be developed, would be more to the point. So the chances favor that he will establish his fistic headquarters in a South End theater seating about twenty-five hundred. About six bouts per weekly show, four- and six-rounders, topped by an eight, with a definite winner-loser purse for each fight, will probably be his program.

For three weeks we have had with us the veteran Tom Sharkey, old man of the sea and ring, who has been going over very big for the hot summer season as a referee of mat bouts here in Boston and vicinity. Despite his sixty-three years, Sharkey continues both hale and hearty and, as a third man within ropes, showed plenty of spryness. He knows the value of publicity and received plenty while making his headquarters in the Hub.

Like many of the old-time ringsters, sport followers and critics, Sharkey regards the present crop of heavyweights as a bunch of jokes. "Take the ten best heavies," he observed to us, "and out of the lot there is not one who could defeat either Joe Walcott or Sam Langford when they were in their prime. As for the entire ten, either Corbett or Kid McCoy, when at their best, could whip them all in a week's time or less. For either Jeffries or myself, while several of the present day heavies might outbox us for a few rounds, their blows would be but as mosquito bites. Any of the crashers Jeff and I passed to each other at Coney Island would settle them very quickly."

At this writing, Boston is eagerly awaiting the return of Al McCoy, one of the few outstanding heavies of any real merit in this section of the country, from Montreal. McCoy and Bill Brennan, his manager, have been up in the Dominion for more than a month in connection with the former's two fights with Tommy Loughran in that city. As may be known, Al won a ten-round decision over Loughran in their opener, and went to a twelve-round draw in their second. According to ringsiders, the draw verdict was unfair to McCoy, he being credited with having taken eight of the twelve heats. There is a possibility that they may have a third encounter in Boston, or that before many weeks McCoy may face either John Henry Lewis or Bob Olin. Any of these combinations would draw, McCoy being a real card.

McCoy, in the opinion of his admirers, can whip either Champion Braddock or Jack Sharkey, all of which may be laying it on a bit strong. His chances of meeting either, however, are remote. Though McCoy has a lot of makings—may yet come nearer to the top of the ladder than the tenth place which he now occupies—at this writing he lacks the right connections to break into big league company. While Al is no tightwad, he fears so-called "piece men" and "cut in" promoters, consequently his progress in the direction of the bright lights has been slow.

Aside from McCoy and Dave Castilloux, his nephew, a lightweight who has met with but one defeat in twenty starts thus far, Boston has another possible in Honey Mellody of Charlestown. He was recently defeated in a Gotham ring by Enrico Venturi of Italy, though he put up a very good fight. In the opinion of several Bostonians who saw the bout, were Mellody given more work he would blossom forth as a real card. However, with practically no boxing in Boston or vicinity, his chances of showing are limited. Mellody vs. Castilloux would be an ideal 135-pound scrap for this city—but find the club to stage it. That's different.

Charley Gordon, another of the Hub mat promoters, plans to reopen for the fall and winter season the first Tuesday after Labor Day. As has been his custom, his performers will be confined to the middle and light-heavyweight classes. In his opinion, the smaller men furnish far more action than the heavies.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO

By FRANK MAESTRO

CHUCK WOODS, veteran Detroit boxer, pricked the Milt Aron welterweight championship bubble at Marigold Gardens, beating the Dubuque, Ia., youngster in ten rounds before a record crowd at the popular North Side arena. More than 2,500 grossed $2,170 to see the upset.

Aron, who had won thirty-two of thirty-six starts in the professional ranks, his victims including Lou Halper, Frankie Sagilio and Billy Miller, was a two to one favorite. Nevertheless, he lost the unanimous decision of the referee and two judges.

Milt's handlers estimated that the defeat cost the fighter about ten thousand dollars in purses he would have realized from scraps in the next five months.

Aron was paid $596 for the scrap, his biggest purse since turning pro two years ago. The show made a profit in excess of $500 and emphasized once again that fans will turn out in sufficient numbers if given an attraction. Co-promoters Irving Schoenwald and Jack Begun announced that they are having their best season at the Marigold club. The weekly cards lost $1,700 last winter. For the first time last summer the regular Monday night program there was not held September 7 on account of Labor Day.

Barney Ross, welterweight champion, and Frank Battaglia, Palmyra, Wis., middleweight, were preparing to head for Australia on October 8 for bouts at Sydney and Melbourne this winter. Ross is booked to defend the crown in a fifteen-rounder against Jack Carroll, Australian king, at Sydney, December 8, and Battaglia was expecting to meet Fred Henneberry at Melbourne, November 24. The boxers will be accompanied by their handlers, including Sam Pian, Art Winch and Mickey (Soldier) Farr. Ross will be paid about sixty-five thousand dollars for his assignment and Battaglia has been guaranteed four thousand. Charley Lucas, who made many friends on a visit in America last May, will promote both matches.

Jimmy Barry, who retired undefeated as bantamweight champion thirty-nine years ago, is up and around again after conquering a siege of bronchial pneumonia in a North Side hospital.

Eddie Wenstob, Edmonton, Alta., winner of a heavyweight tournament in the Northwest last winter, may go under the management of Jack Hurley soon. Hurley, former manager of Billy Petrolle and Charley Retzlaff, is operating out of the Lincoln Hotel, Chicago.

Ray Pelkey, the old Pacific Coast middleweight star, is residing on the West Side of Chicago with his wife and nine-year-old son. Pelkey, employed as a night watchman here, ended an eighteen-year campaign in 1934 by losing to Babe Hunt, Ponca City, Okla., heavyweight, at St. Louis. Ray, whose foes included Mickey Walker and the late Harry Greb, recalls that he was Max Baer's first boxing instructor.

"Max was brought to my attention by his father at Livermore, Cal., in 1929," Pelkey said. "He was a big, good-looking fellow more than six feet tall and weighing about 192 pounds, but he couldn't box a lick. I taught him for three and a half months before he did any fighting."

Ray predicted that Baer's comeback campaign will be successful.

Ten Years Ago in the Ring—Mayor Baker of Atlantic City was an enthusiastic spectator at Jack Dempsey's workout in preparation for a heavyweight title defense against Gene Tunney at Philadelphia. At the same time, Tunney, the ex-Marine, was preparing to leave Speculator, N. Y., for his Stroudsburg, Pa., training camp . . . . With no hope of being proclaimed champion or declared in on a title bout, Harry Wills was getting ready to engage in a fight at New York, October 12, under the auspices of Humbert Fugazy . . . . Young Fisher, Syracuse, N. Y., middleweight, who engaged in an unsatisfactory bout with Jock Malone at the Southtown A. A. in this city, was banned for life from boxing in Illinois. Malone was suspended indefinitely.

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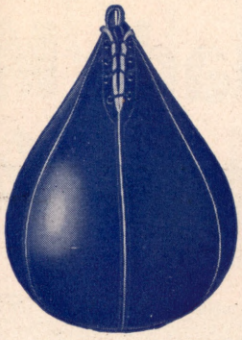

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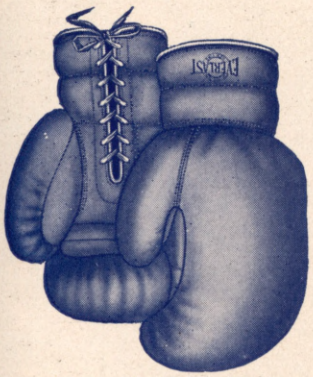

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I WAS then a 97 pound weakling. He was heavier, stronger, plenty tough. But I just couldn't pass up his direct challenge. A crowd gathered around to watch the slaughter. *And what a trimming I got!* He put more smashing power behind that one hand of his than I had in my whole body. It was the most embarrassing thing that ever happened to me!

But, as it turned out, that beating changed my entire life. For I made up my mind then and there to DO SOMETHING about myself—to learn something about my body and find a way to build it up—to become a HE-MAN instead of a HALF-MAN. And here's what happened:—

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I began to study the structure and play of all the muscles. Then I tested out ideas I had for building muscle power and endurance—through outside road work and also through indoor exercises. Then I compared my measurements, before and after. Checked the results carefully. Made other tests. Checked again. Time after time, for months, I did this.

And finally came the great day when I felt at last I had discovered the *natural* way to build powerful, rippling muscles—*without any contraptions that may strain the heart or other vital organs!* I at once put this system to work I call Dynamic Tension!

Well, the whole world knows what happened—and how "Dynamic Tension" changed *me* from a 97-pound weakling to the man who is now holder of the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man!" This amazing method built me up—gave me the evenly-developed body, the big muscles, and wonderful chest, that you see here.

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I'll whittle off waistline fat if you want me to. Slim down your hips and make your shoulders look a mile wide. Put new pep into your thighs, get the calves of your legs bulging big, add weight if you need it. With a body like that you'll be so brimming-over with health *inside* that you'll feel on top of the world—free from constipation, poor digestion, bad breath, pimples, and similar weaknesses that are robbing you of the good things in life that can be yours. The ruddy glow of health will show on your face—you will be the outstanding fellow in your crowd.

This Sterling Silver Cup Being Given Away

This valuable cup, made of solid sterling silver, stands about 14 inches high on a black mahogany base. I will award it to my pupil who makes the most improvement in his development within the next three months. Therefore, no matter what your measurements may be now, you have an equal chance to win this cup for permanent possession — and with YOUR name engraved on it!

Mail Coupon for My FREE BOOK!

Now make me PROVE I can do it. Let me send you the FREE BOOK that opens the door to he-man living.

This big book, *"Everlasting Health and Strength"*—packed with actual photographs and vital facts every fellow must know to face life—tells the whole remarkable story of *Dynamic Tension*. Privately printed for me, it's FREE if you act AT ONCE.

Are you ready to learn my secrets—ready to learn how I can give YOU the kind of body you've always *longed* to have? Then tell me where to send your copy of my book. Fill in the coupon below, and mail TODAY to me personally. Address: **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 80K, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.**

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115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of Dynamic Tension will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State.....

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